Howe to the Drama

A. G. Mulla.

The prevailing [illegible] of the plays do not illustrate poetic justice

poetic justice does not exist in life but rather that misfortune is just as liable to fall on the innocent as the guilty.

This is not we believe with deliberate calculation to instruct and educate the audience but rather because such ideas happen to be peculiar to Shakespeare's [illegible] sources. Shakespeare's aim was to amuse his audience, and [illegible] supply the type of drama which would appeal to his playgoers.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

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TWENTIETH-CENTURY ESSAYS & ADDRESSES

EDITED BY

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MY OLD FRIENDS,

THE PROFESSORS, LECTURERS,
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OF

THE DACCA COLLEGE.

NOTE

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INTRODUCTION

The previous collection of the same nature as that now published bore the title of *Recent Essays*. It owed its being, as a collection, to the expressed opinion of a number of Indian professors that for more advanced students the publishers should furnish something more modern in language, and especially in thought, than the annotated editions of authors of comparatively early date which often form the basis of teaching in Indian colleges. There was a great deal to be said in favour of their view. For however true it may have once been that " whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison," it can hardly be maintained that the reading of the best eighteenth-century prose will supply in any sense a complete training for students who have to acquire an idiomatic knowledge of the English language as it is written in the twentieth century. Addison, Swift, Sterne, Johnson himself in his letters and in his *Lives of the Poets*, Gibbon, Burke, and Cowper have all, it need hardly be said, much to teach. But they do not write the language of to-day. Writing is an art for which there are different standards at different times; and it is equally certain that different modes of style may and do exist at the same time. How far removed, for instance, is the prose of Lamb from that of other authors of his own day. No one would try to imitate him with safety now, and yet in one very important respect Lamb was the first of a school in that he was one of the earliest writers to use an intensely

personal style; hence he has been, to that extent, the forerunner of perhaps the most distinguished of the masters of language who have followed him.

For there is no doubt that although beauty of rhythm and phrase, the poetry of prose as we may roughly call it, attracts and always will attract, there is something more. We wish to hear and feel the man, or the woman, struggling to express a thought, and to express it with a personal force, or perhaps only a personal charm; or again perhaps with both. It is this striving to convey a thought, or an emotion, or a fancy, in the writer's own way, that gives the strength of stroke to Lamb, and to Thackeray, and to Newman, and to Charlotte Brontë. It can be felt in Garnett, in Dean Church, in Mark Pattison, in Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, in Andrew Lang, and in Dean Inge. It is indeed, we must repeat, the mark and characteristic of the great writers of the present day.

This element is, of course, most powerful, and certainly most highly appreciated, where it is unconscious. Men can by patient toil learn to persuade others that they are writing spontaneously, and there are some who by labour of this kind have reached a very high level of achievement. But theirs is not the foremost place, and never can be such. Really fine writing is the result of genius, and no training, no endowment, will supply that. The wind bloweth where it listeth. Our great writers have something to communicate, and they tell us their thought in their own way. The quiet but intense pleasure which we derive from reading noble prose is something apart from and beyond the appreciation of any instruction that we may receive; we may not indeed be very greatly interested in the message, although the greatest satisfaction comes where thought and language are both on a high plane, and both to our liking.

But while the art of the great masters is beyond the reach of most of us, much can be gathered from studying their methods. The student, for instance, will learn to avoid phrases that are worn out, if we may so describe them, that is, phrases that have been employed so often that they have grown stale. O. Henry has an amusing story of a correspondent in the war between Japan and Russia who managed to convey information by telegraphing the first portion of a number of these *clichés* as they are termed, being quite sure that his colleagues at home would be able to complete them, and choosing such as would in their latter portion explain the situation in the area of the war. And nothing is more irritating than to come across these *clichés*; their use is a certain mark of the inexperienced or tired writer.

The swing and balance of the sentences, the rhythm that must be secured to give pleasure, the due variation in length and arrangement, these are harder to achieve; they require much thought and care, that is, unless the writer be one who needs no further instruction than such as nature gives him. It will be at once apparent that some writers are fond of long sentences, others of short ones, and that excellence can be attained by both methods. In the main the old writers prefer the more elaborate mode of expression. Take, for example, the beginning of Dr. Johnson's famous *Life of Savage*:

> "It has been observed in all ages that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and that those whom the splendour of their rank or the extent of their capacity have placed upon the summits of human life have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station: whether it be that apparent superiority incites great designs, and great designs are naturally liable to fatal miscarriages; or that the general lot of mankind is misery, and the misfortunes of those whose eminence drew upon them an universal attention have been more carefully recorded, because they were more generally observed, and have in reality been only more conspicuous than those of others, not more frequent, or more severe."

This fashion of style came from the great writers, and especially from the great divines, of the seventeenth century. It required great powers, powers such as Johnson and Burke possessed, but it lasted long, and when it was adopted by lesser men it became intolerable. None the less we find some of the writers of our own time using the long sentence with force and even with charm. George Eliot, who knew much of the beauty of style, often employed it, with what magical effect need not be said. The first few sentences in the second chapter of *Silas Marner* will serve as excellent examples:

> " Even people whose lives have been made various by learning, sometimes find it hard to keep a fast hold on their habitual view of life, on their faith in the invisible, nay, on the sense that their past joys and sorrows are a real experience, when they are suddenly transported to a new land, where the beings around them know nothing of their history, and share none of their ideas—where their mother earth shows another lap, and human life has other forms than those on which their souls have been nourished. Minds that have been unhinged from their old faith and love, have perhaps sought this Lethean influence of exile, in which the past becomes dreamy because its symbols have all vanished, and the present too is dreamy because it is linked with no memories."

Now compare with this the prose of Matthew Arnold:

> " Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him for ever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer."

On the whole we may say that the short sentence has gained the day, though prose style must to some extent vary with the purpose for which it is intended. But this fact has increased rather than diminished the difficulty of the man who would write well. For short sentences very easily become monotonous, and the provision of the necessary variety requires care and intuitive skill. And

there is more than that: it is here that the personality of the writer manifests itself most strongly; if that is pleasing to us, well and good. Consider, for example, this passage by Thomas Mozley, a man of fine artistic sense. He is stating a fairly obvious proposition, and yet how he raises it above the commonplace:

> " The reader will notice that in this summary of two lives I have said very little indeed of Newman's works. My present purpose is to show what basis I have for Reminiscences. If I have a memory at all —if I have even a particle of truthfulness, I ought to be able to tell something. Newman's publications are before the world; they are before all time, as long as the English language is spoken, and as long as this is a people and an Empire. If I said not a word about them they would suffer no wrong from me. But my personal recollections, whatever they are worth, would be lost if I did not collect and publish them. Newman appears here as the centre of a group. I may honestly say that, with the exception of Keble, I do not think one of them would be a living name a century hence but for his share in the light of Newman's genius and goodness. Yet even as the planets of such a system they are worthy of a better record than I am about to offer."

Or again, let us take an example from Conrad, one of the greatest of our story-tellers, in some ways perhaps unsurpassed. Few indeed are they who can give so much changing beauty of form to a series of simple statements. We will find a very characteristic passage in the *Nigger of the " Narcissus "*:

> " The passage had begun, and the ship, a fragment detached from the earth, went on lonely and swift like a small planet. Round her the abysses of sky and sea met in an unattainable frontier. A great circular solitude moved with her, ever changing and ever the same, always monotonous and always imposing. Now and then another wandering white speck, burdened with life, appeared far off—disappeared; intent on its own destiny. The sun looked upon her all day, and every morning rose with a burning, round stare of undying curiosity. She had her own future; she was alive with the lives of those beings who trod her decks; like that earth which had given her up to the sea, she had an intolerable load of regrets and hopes. On her lived timid truth and audacious lies; and, like the earth, she was unconscious, fair to see—and condemned by men to an ignoble fate. The august loneliness of her path lent dignity to the sordid inspiration of her pilgrimage. She drove foaming to the southward, as if girded by the courage of a high endeavour. The smiling greatness of the sea dwarfed the extent of time. The days raced after one another, brilliant and quick like

The editor may be permitted to add that as the pleasantest hours of his teaching life were those passed in the old Dacca College, he has known by experience how much which at first sight seems obvious in essays such as those in this collection needs explanation if it is to be clear to the Indian student.

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TWENTIETH-CENTURY ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

I

WILLIAM WINDHAM

By the Earl of Rosebery

William Windham, though by no means flawless, was one of the greatest gentlemen of our history. Had he lived in the great days of Elizabeth, he would have been one of the heroes of her reign; indeed he almost seemed out of place in the times of George III. As a country gentleman no doubt he was not the equal of his friend and neighbour Coke, whom genius and fortune made the greatest of benefactors to agriculture; but Coke as a politician was narrow and fanatical. And with devotion to rural life and manly sport Windham combined much more. He was a statesman, an orator, a mathematician, a scholar, and the most fascinating talker of his day. He was brilliant in that galaxy which comprised Johnson and Burke, Pitt, Fox and Sheridan, though their memory will survive his. For, by the irony of events, he is now best remembered as the successful advocate of bull-baiting, so that it is worth while to revive his real character and repute.

As a statesman he was proud of his independence, a rare and intrepid quality in political life. It was indeed

reproached against him that he was so enamoured with this virtue that he sought out occasions of being on the unpopular side. This, indeed, if it were true of him, is not likely to be a contagious quality. It could only exist, so far as parliamentary life is concerned, in the House of Lords or in close boroughs, and Windham was at last driven to this latter refuge. He was more than once invited to join the House of Lords, but he greatly preferred Higham Ferrars or St. Mawes.

This aloofness, mainly due to the paramount influence of Burke, is shown by the fact that Windham in domestic politics could be found arrayed with both the great political parties. He was the enthusiastic advocate of Roman Catholic emancipation, and the unflinching opponent of parliamentary reform. He had a foot, therefore, firmly planted in each of the two camps. He was, however, in reality by temperament a Tory. No disciple of Burke could be other than a supporter of Catholic emancipation. But where Windham was left to himself his attitude to politics was strongly conservative. He was not, indeed, often left to himself. For it is strange to find of a man who piqued himself on independence that no one was so susceptible to personal influence. It is this circumstance which gives a strange and fickle appearance to his political career. He was called by turns a Foxite, a Grenvillite, and a Greyite, but was always and supremely a Burkite. Burke influenced many minds, but none so much as Windham's. It was his essential fidelity to the creed of Burke which made him apparently variable. No man, indeed, under an appearance of change was so truly faithful to his principles and himself. But as Burke was charged with inconsistency, so, as a necessary consequence, was Windham. He seemed to wish always to know what Burke thought or would have thought on any subject, and

when he knew, to feel no doubt or misgiving. In the great agony of the Whig party, when every Whig felt the anguish of a separation from Fox, Windham hesitated for a moment. He was under the charm of Fox, whose tastes he shared; but as soon as the voice of the master was heard, clear and imperative, Windham came to his side, without further question or doubt.

When the storm of the French Revolution broke, it swept all minor issues away; you were either a "Jacobin" or an "anti-Jacobin"; you either thought that good might come out of the convulsion while deploring its excesses, or you saw in it the root of all evil, you descried its poison in all sorts of unexpected forms and developments, and you proclaimed that the Revolution was the monster to be destroyed at all costs. The reader, indeed, becomes a little weary of the monotonous denunciation of "Jacobinism" and "Jacobins" in the speeches of Windham and the writings of Burke. No consideration of means or proportion weighed with either for one moment. The dragon must be utterly exterminated, even should it devour all the available St. Georges in the process. Then and then only should we have done our duty. Then and then only would the world know peace.

This violence of conviction kept Windham both uncompromising and independent. Though he joined Pitt, he regarded Pitt as little less than a necessary evil, as a minister who had parliamentary power and so was able to carry on the war with France, but who fell sadly short of grace. They were only colleagues in a war, as to the methods and objects of which they fundamentally differed.

To Pitt the war was a disagreeable necessity forced on him by circumstance, but from which he hoped that circumstance would relieve him and his country. To Windham it was a high and holy crusade to be carried on

to extermination. The object with him was to replace on the throne of France the sacred race of Bourbon. Pitt cared less than nothing for the Bourbons; his object was the preservation of his country, and of some sort of balance of power. Windham looked on him, therefore, as a Peter the Hermit may have looked on a soldier of fortune. When Pitt retired Windham felt relief; he was no longer linked to an uncongenial colleague, and was free to pummel the luckless Addington and Addington's peace. He thundered against this truce with the evil one, but some years afterwards acknowledged his error manfully enough to Addington. For he saw in 1809, what Pitt had seen in 1801, that a pause was necessary to recruit the exhausted energies of Great Britain. When Pitt returned to office, Windham thundered against Pitt; Pitt was inadequate, all that he did was insufficient. But Windham had yet to give a further and final proof of independence. For when Pitt died, he joined Grenville's Cabinet, and when that ministry came to an end in the ensuing year, was fierce against Grenville and on the brink of an individual resignation.

All these changes, though they were nominal and not real, put him in the bad books of both political parties. He obtained the nickname of the "Weathercock"; the virulent and pedantic Parr called him the "Apostate." But the independent man in politics must accustom himself to harder knocks than nicknames. Windham was, indeed, the most consistent of politicians. He was neither Whig nor Tory, but always an anti-Jacobin, and always, as has been already said, a Burkite.

His oratory must have been remarkable, though his voice was ineffective. But he had presence and charm. He was not indeed handsome, yet his deportment was manly and dignified. "A tall, thin, meagre, sallow, black-eyed, penetrating, keen-looking figure." We have

three volumes of his speeches, but reporting in those days does not seem vivid or exact, and latterly Windham, rushing, as his way was, to join an unpopular cause, quarrelled with the Press, and henceforth went unreported. But he revised and published several of his orations, from which a fair idea of his powers may be obtained. One of these, that in which as Secretary for War he developed his military proposals in 1806, was pronounced by Fox to be one of the most eloquent ever delivered. Fox's nephew, Lord Holland, who did not like Windham, gave him the highest praise as an orator. In fancy and imagery, in taste and above all in delivery, says Holland, he was far superior to the great god of his idolatry, Mr. Burke. In variety of illustration, in acuteness of logic, he scarcely yielded to Fox. In felicity of language he approached Pitt. In true wit and ingenuity he more than rivalled Sheridan. Testimony of this kind from a man who had heard Windham is worth a ton of criticism from the student who can only read him.

What a reader would say of his recorded efforts is that they are characterised by closely-knit and even philosophical argument, couched in the lofty style of those days. But their distinctive charm was originality, a felicitous agility and unexpectedness of mind, a raciness of expression and sudden bursts of pleasantry which probably drew to him fully as great a House as even Pitt or Fox could command. Of his quaint humour the best sustained example is the speech on the Repeal of the Additional Force Act in May 1806; its fun is still brisk and vivid. His most famous flash of fun was on the intention to take Antwerp by a *coup de main*. "Good God, Sir, talk of a *coup de main* with forty thousand men and thirty-three sail of the line! Gentlemen might as well talk of a *coup de main* in the Court of Chancery." This drollery convulsed the House, and

made, it is said, that grave and illustrious judge, Sir William Grant, roll from his seat with laughter. So happy a jest survives superior arguments on forgotten Bills. Another sally, still more memorable, was that with which he slew a Reform Bill, as with a smooth stone from the brook. "No one," he said, "would select the hurricane season in which to begin repairing his house": a happy metaphor containing sound political truth. There is no doubt that Windham at his death was the finest speaker in Parliament; the other giants had gone; Sheridan was extinct, and Canning had not reached his full development.

What is most remarkable is the rapidity with which he reached a high parliamentary position. He delivered his maiden speech in the House of Commons in February 1785, and in 1787 he was considered of sufficient weight to be entrusted with one of the charges, and nominated one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Nine years after his first speech he was admitted to the Cabinet, a far greater and more limited distinction then than now, besides being in virtue of a minor office which had never before been associated with Cabinet rank. He was, moreover, the only Cabinet minister in the Commons with Pitt and Dundas. So rapid a rise is seldom recorded, and proves a command of Parliament by eloquence and character such as few men of his standing can have achieved.

As a minister there is less to be said. He was always connected with the War Office, a territory which it is perilous for a civilian even in narrative to tread. It must be admitted that the few pebbles which he left on the shore of military history scarcely constitute a memorial cairn. But it must be remembered that during the first seven years of his administration he was not the Secretary of State, but a nominally subordinate minister, though with all the

influence of Cabinet office; and that he was only Secretary of State for a year. Still it was notorious that, though ardent and vigorous, he was a bad man of business. In his first office he was responsible for the disaster of Quiberon, which represented his personal policy of carrying on the war by supporting the French Royalists on the soil of France. During his second short tenure he countenanced the amazing scheme of despatching an inadequate army for vague purposes of conquest in South America, when we needed every man and every musket in Europe to grapple with Napoleon. This is no captivating record. On the other hand, it stands to his credit that he shortened the term of service in spite of the formidable resistance of George III. To the volunteers he was stoutly opposed, though he had a private but eccentric corps at Felbrigg in which he was the only officer. But few and rare are the British Ministers of War who have earned distinction, for the conditions of their office render success hardly possible. The nation which furnishes superb military material is absorbed in the primary interest of the fleet, and though it passively votes vast sums for its army, never gives that active interest and support which strengthens the arm of the minister. The one great exception is Chatham. But Chatham, like Napoleon, wielded the whole strength of the Empire, political, financial, naval and military, and was backed by the confident enthusiasm of his country.

The real reputation of Windham, apart from his oratory, lay in the charm of his conversation. In that vanished realm he was a prince. Testimony on the point is unanimous. It is safe to say that no one has recorded a meeting with Windham who is not a witness to his fascination. Miss Burney gives a lively account of her talks with him during the Hastings trial which enables us to realise in a measure how it was that he won, if not all hearts, at

least sympathetic admiration. His expression was various and vivid. He was earnest, playful and eloquent. He had the faculty, which is perhaps the most attractive of all, of appearing to give his very best to the person with whom he was conversing. Talk may be recorded, but its spell cannot. And so, though we rejoice in Miss Burney's record, we feel that we must rely on tradition, which, in so controversial a matter, must be held, when unanimous, to be an authority beyond dispute. The supreme judgment, from which there is no appeal, is that of Johnson. Windham had been elected to the famous Club when he was a country gentleman of twenty-eight, a sufficient tribute to his precocious repute. But in 1784 when the great man was near his end, Windham went far out of his way to spend a day and a half with him at Ashbourne. "Such conversation," writes the dying sage, "I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature; and there Windham is *inter stellas Luna minores*." Such a testimony from such a man is almost unique, but it is in truth confirmed by every witness.

Conversational fascination is apt to be a snare, and we are bound to hazard an opinion that Windham was a flirt. And yet there was no character that he condemned so strongly. Before going up in a balloon he addressed a testamentary letter to Cholmondeley, his closest friend, remonstrating strongly against Cholmondeley's conduct towards a certain Miss Cecilia Forrest. Cholmondeley, he declared, had ruined the girl's life, by inspiring her with a fatal affection of which he was unworthy. Thirteen years afterwards, with singular secrecy, Windham married the lady himself. He was then forty-eight and she past forty. And he completed this unusual transaction by making Cholmondeley one of his reversionary heirs. This is Windham all over. And we also learn that he had

fallen, perhaps unconsciously, into the same error with which he had reproached his friend. He had engaged the affections of a daughter of Sir Philip Francis, and a lady endeavouring to console the unhappy girl told her that Windham had long hesitated between Miss Forrest and a devoted widow. In this one letter, therefore, we are confronted with three ladies whose hearts were captured by Windham. He had, moreover, come under the magic charm of Mrs. Crewe. To Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Crewe alone, he confided the secret of his marriage, and he records his agitation at meeting her immediately after the event. But perhaps the most authentic basis for conviction as regards Windham's attraction for the other sex is Lady Minto's remark on his resignation in 1801: "I suppose he will return to his old line of gallantry." There let us leave the matter. It is worthy of observation as an essential part of a whimsical character. We may be sure that Windham's flirtations were unconscious, honourable and innocent.

Unhappily, he was fated to be something of a suicide, for he dealt an almost mortal blow to his own reputation. For we cannot doubt that it would have stood much higher but for his Diary. And yet he himself set store by it, as if, one would think, he regarded it as a sure basis for his future fame. He left the fourteen quarto volumes of which it was composed as an heirloom to pass with the entailed estates, and yet any judicious friend would have put it without hesitation behind the fire. Extracts of this strange record were published by Mrs. Baring in 1866, after the estates and entail had disappeared in the hands of a hapless and irresponsible spendthrift. As so much has been afforded, it is regrettable that more should not be given. Lord Holland and Charles Greville intimate that parts could not be made public. But it seems clear that we have not all the

decorous portions of the fourteen quarto volumes, and these we should possess to complete a veracious and candid, though damaging, autobiography.

In the Diary, which is almost valueless as a record of historical fact from the extreme vagueness of date and expression, we have an exact, though painful, picture of Windham's character, and an explanation of why it was that he did not achieve more in public life. It is full of vacillation on the smallest points of conduct, full of morbid self-reproach on every subject, and in a minor degree disfigured by a lavish use of the distressing substantive "feel," almost if not quite peculiar to himself. Windham indeed, though in public life he held firmly to his main convictions, in private life and in smaller matters was singularly variable. On the all-important question of marriage, as we have seen, he seems to have hesitated long. That may have been wise, but he records endless agitations about a ride, a walk, or a speech. Conscientious diaries are apt to make men morbid, and this one is certainly an instance in point. He seemed to worry himself with his pen. One passage, indeed, redeems the whole book: it is the pathetic description of his last interview with Dr. Johnson. That is classic. But it is counterbalanced by a denunciation of a literary "gem of purest ray serene," the delightful *Vicar of Wakefield*. We may surmise that this outburst may have been elicited by Windham's having heard it excessively praised, which would certainly drive him into extravagant reaction. Countless are the caprices of these strange journals. It had been better for his fame had this heirloom disappeared with the others.

Still, with all deductions, he remains a noble figure. The influence of Johnson and Burke, grafted on the stock of a fine and cultivated nature, could not but produce goodly fruit. His prime quality was independence, at

once the choicest and least serviceable of all qualities in political life. He was, on the other hand, excessive, like his great master, Burke: excessive in enthusiasm, excessive in resentment. To him, for example, when a manager of the great impeachment, Warren Hastings was the vilest of criminals. But to him also, though their relations were not always easy, Burke was among the gods. There was, in truth, a want of balance in this rare character which marred its great qualities. It was this, from a fanciful fear of deterioration in the British character, that made him preach bull-baiting. It was this which made him deem it necessary, in the midst of the national grief for Pitt, to stand up and oppose the funeral honours proposed—a course which brought him many enemies and which seemed in execrable taste. But the mere fact of isolation was the same temptation to him that the company of an overwhelming majority is to meaner minds. His argument, weak enough at best, for " 'tis not in mortals to command success," was that Pitt's policy had not triumphed, and that distinctions denied to Burke should not be given to failure. Most men who felt the same would at that tragic moment have held their peace. But such a decent compliance seemed cowardice to Windham; so he wound his melancholy horn.

This same irritable conscience made him an uncomfortable colleague, and it is noteworthy to observe how strenuously the idea of relegating him to the House of Lords was pressed by Grenville, as it had occurred to Pitt. It was strange, as Windham himself remarked, that Grenville should be so anxious to remove the best speaker that his ministry possessed in the House of Commons out of that chamber into the House of Lords. Promotion for another Grenville was no doubt the urgent cause, but, as that could be managed, and was managed in other ways,

there were probably reasons connected with Windham himself. Independence in a public man is, we think, a quality as splendid as it is rare. But it is apt to produce and to develop acute angles. Now a colleague with angles is a superfluous discomfort. And independence in a great orator on the Treasury Bench is a rocket of which one cannot predict the course.

His independence, then, admirable in itself, was a conspicuous bar to his success in politics. He was not, indeed, formed by nature for a politician in a country where party rules the roast. We will go a step farther, and hazard the opinion that his heart was never really in politics at all. He loved mathematics, he loved the classics, he loved reading, he loved country life; but for parliament he had no natural propensity. From his first contact with politics in Ireland he instinctively shrank. His self-conscious, self-tormenting nature was indeed wholly unsuited for public life. But he loved oratory. From the moment when he found that he wielded that rare power over his fellow-men he delighted in exercising it. And he was imbued with one burning enthusiasm, the crusade against Jacobinism. He conceived himself to be the bearer of the sacred torch handed to him by Burke. This was his single purpose; oratory and the French Revolution kept him in political life. Fox said cynically that Windham owed his fame to having been much frightened. But those who were apprehensive in that dark period were wiser than those children of light who, like Fox, were content to watch the Revolution with blind and heedless favour.

Such, then, was Windham. A noble gentleman in the highest sense of the word, full of light, intellect and dignity, loved and lamented. His best qualities, no doubt, as is often the case, he carried almost to excess; for his cherished independence led to a morbid craving for isolation. But

to the charge of vacillation in public affairs he was not obnoxious; he was always true to his faith. He was, indeed, vitally influenced by two men. But he chose his masters well, Johnson and Burke; the one gave him his religious, the other his political creed. In life he was brilliant and successful. In oratory, in parliament, in society, he was almost supreme. But he can scarcely be said to survive. He left no stamp, no school, no work. To those, however, who care to disinter his memory he displays character and qualities of excellence, rare at all times, rarest in these.

II

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY

By Arthur Symons

I

Coleridge defined prose as "words in good order," poetry as "the best words in the best order." But there is no reason why prose should not be the best words in the best order. Rhythm alone, and rhythm of a regular and recurrent kind only, distinguishes poetry from prose. It was contended by an Oxford professor of poetry, Mr. W. J. Courthope, that the lines of Marlowe—

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

are of a different substance from the substance of prose, and that it is certain that Marlowe "could only have ventured on the sublime audacity that a face launched ships and burned towers by escaping from the limits of ordinary language, and conveying his metaphor through the harmonious and ecstatic movement of rhythm and metre." To this it may be answered that any writer of elevated prose, Milton or Ruskin, could have said in prose precisely what Marlowe said in verse, and could have made fine prose of it: the imagination, the idea, a fine kind of form, would have been there; only one thing would have been lacking, the very finest kind of form, the form of verse. It would have been poetical substance, not poetry; the

rhythm transforms it into poetry, and nothing but the rhythm.

When Wordsworth declares, in the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, that " there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition," he is perfectly right, and Coleridge is certainly wrong in saying, " I write in metre because I am about to use a language different from that of prose." Both forget that what must be assumed is poetical substance, and that, given poetical substance, the actual language of the prose and of the verse may very well be identical. When Coleridge says that he would have preferred " Alice Fell " in prose, he is, very justly, criticising the substance of that " metrical composition," which is wholly unpoetical: there, and not in the language, is the distinction between its essential prose and poetry.

There is in prose, whenever it is good prose, but not necessarily inherent in it, a certain rhythm, much laxer than that of verse, not, indeed, bound by formal laws at all; but, in its essence, like the intonation which distinguishes one voice from another in the repetition of a single phrase. Prose, in its rudimentary stage, is merely recorded speech; but, as one may talk in prose all one's life without knowing it, so it may be that the conscious form of verse (speech, that is, reduced to rules, and regarded as partly of the nature of music) was of earlier origin. A certain stage of civilisation must have been reached before it could have occurred to any one that ordinary speech was worth being preserved. Verse is more easily remembered than prose, because of its recurrent beat, and whatever men thought worth remembering, either for its beauty (as a song or hymn) or for its utility (as a law), would naturally be put into verse. Verse may well have anticipated the existence of writing, but hardly prose. The writing-down

of verse, to this day, is almost a materialisation of it; bu prose exists only as a written document.

The rhythm of verse, that rhythm which distinguishes i from prose, has never been traced with any certainty to it origin. It is not even certain whether its origin is con sequent upon the origin of music, or whether the two ar independent in their similar but by no means identica capacity. That a sense of regular cadence, though n sense of rhyme, is inherent in our nature, such as it now is may be seen by the invariably regular rhythm of children' songs and of the half-inarticulate verse arrangements by which they accompany their games, and by the almos invariable inaccuracy of their rhymes. It is equally evident that the pleasure which we derive from the regular beat of verse is inherent in use, from the susceptibility of children to every form of regular rhythm, from the rocking of the cradle to the sound of a lullaby. Prose cuts itself sharply off from this great inheritance of susceptibility to regular rhythm, and thus, by what is looked upon as natural or instinctive in it, begins its existence a lawless and accidental thing.

In its origin, prose is in no sense an art, and it never has and never will become an art, strictly speaking, as verse is, or painting, or music. Gradually it has found out its capacities; it has discovered how what is useful in it can be trained to beauty; it has learned to set limits to what is unbounded in it, and to follow, at a distance some of the laws of verse. Gradually it has developed laws of its own, which, however, by the nature of its existence, are less definite, less peculiar to it as a form, than those of verse. Everything that touches literature as literature affects prose, which has come to be the larger half of what we call literature.

It is the danger and privilege of prose that it has no limits.

The very form of verse is a concentration; you can load every rift with more ore. Prose, with its careless lineage direct from speech, has a certain impromptu and casualness about it; it has allowed itself so much licence among trivialities that a too serious demeanour surprises; we are apt to be repelled by a too strait observance of law on the part of one not really a citizen. And there is one thing that prose cannot do; it cannot sing. A distinction there is between prose and lyrical verse, even in actual language, because here words are used by rhythm as notes in music, and at times with hardly more than that musical meaning. As Joubert has said, in a figure which is a precise definition: "In the style of poetry every word reverberates like the sound of a well-tuned lyre, and leaves after it numberless undulations." The words may be the same, no rarer; the construction may be the same, or, by preference, simpler; but, as the rhythm comes into it, there will come also something which, though it may be born of music, is not music. Call it atmosphere, call it magic; say, again with Joubert: "Fine verses are those that exhale like sounds or perfumes"; we shall never explain, though we may do something to distinguish, that transformation by which prose is changed miraculously into poetry.

Again, it is Joubert who has said once and for all the significant thing: "Nothing is poetry which does not transport: the lyre is in a certain sense a winged instrument." Prose indeed may transport us, though not of the necessity with which poetry is bound to do so. But, in all the transport of prose, something holds us to the ground; for prose, though it may range more widely, has no wings. That is why substance is of so much greater importance in prose than in verse, and why a prose-writer, Balzac or Scott, can be a great writer, a great novelist, and yet not a great writer of prose; here, as elsewhere, prose makes

conquest of new tracts of the earth, with leave to fix firm foundations there, by its very lack of skill in flight. The prose play, the novel, come into being as exceptions, are invented by men who cannot write plays in verse, who cannot write epics; and, the usurper once firmly settled, a new dynasty begins, which we come to call legitimate, as is the world's way with all dynasties.

Prose is the language of what we call real life, and it is only in prose that an illusion of external reality can be given. Compare, not only the surroundings, the sense of time, locality, but the whole process and existence of character, in a play of Shakespeare and in a novel of Balzac. I choose Balzac among novelists, because his mind is nearer to what is creative in the poet's mind than that of any novelist, and his method nearer to the method of the poet. Take King Lear and take Père Goriot. Goriot is a Lear at heart, and he suffers the same tortures and humiliations. But precisely where Lear grows up before the mind's eye into a vast cloud and shadowy monument of trouble, Goriot grows downward into the earth and takes root there, wrapping the dust about all his fibres. It is part of his novelty that he comes so close to us and is so recognisable. Lear may exchange his crown for the fool's bauble, knowing nothing of it; but Goriot knows well enough the value of every banknote that his daughters rob him of. In that definiteness, that new power of "stationing" emotion in a firm and material way, lies one of the great opportunities of prose.

The novel and the prose play are the two great imaginative forms which prose has invented for itself. The essay corresponds in a sense to meditative poetry: has the lyric any analogue in prose? None, I think, in structural form, though there may be outbursts, in such elaborate prose as De Quincey's, which are perhaps only too lyrical, and seem

to recognise a more fixed and releasing rhythm, that of verse. The prose of science, philosophy, and even history, has few fundamental duties to literature, or to prose as a fine art. Science, when it is not pure speculation, is concerned with mere facts, or theories of facts; and where a fact in itself is more important than the expression or illumination of that fact, there can be no literature. Philosophers have often been dreamers, poets turned inside out; and such may well bring concrete beauty into the domain of abstract thought. But for the most part philosophers have regarded prose much as ascetics have regarded the body; as a necessary part of matter, a necessary evil. To the historian prose becomes much more important, yet remains less important than it is to the novelist. The historian, after all, like the man of science, is concerned primarily with facts. He undertakes to tell us the truth about the past, and it is only when he competes with the novelist, and attempts psychology, that he is free to become a writer of actual literature. Much fine literature has been written under the name of criticism. But for the critic to aim at making literature is to take off something from the value of his criticism as criticism. It may produce a work of higher value. But it will cease to be, properly speaking, what we distinguish as criticism.

Only in the novel and in the prose play does prose become free to create, free to develop to the utmost limits of its vitality. Together with fiction I would include autobiography, perhaps of all forms of fiction the most convincing. In all these we see prose at work directly on life. "The sense of cadence in prose," says Rémy de Gourmont, "has nothing in common with the sense of music; it is a sense wholly physiological. We set our sensations obscurely to rhythm, like prolonged cries of joy or sorrow. And thus everything can give finer shades, and adapt itself better to

thought, in prose than in verse." It is thus in prose that men confess themselves, with minute fidelity; Rousseau's *Confessions* could have been written only in prose. All the best fiction, narrative or dramatic, is a form of confession, personal or vicarious; and, in a sense, it is all personal; for no novelist or dramatist ever rendered vitally a single sensation which he had not observed in himself or which he had not tested by himself. In verse even Villon cannot "rhythme ses sensations" so minutely as Rousseau can in prose. The form forces him to give only the essence of his sensations, and to give them in a manner modified by that form. In prose we can almost think in words. Perhaps the highest merit of prose consists in this, that it allows us to think in words.

There is no form of art which is not an attempt to capture life, to create life over again. But art, in verse, being strictly and supremely an art, begins by transforming. Prose fiction transforms, it is true, it cannot help transforming; but by its nature it is able to follow line for line in a way that verse can never do. "The artifices of rhythm," said Poe, "are an insuperable bar to the development of all points of thought or expression which have their basis in truth. . . . One writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflexion of thought and expression—(the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic or humorous) which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts: we allude, of course, to rhythm." It is, in fact, that physiological quality which gives its chief power, its rarest subtlety, to prose. Prose listens at the doors of all the senses, and repeats their speech almost in their own tones. But poetry (it is Baudelaire who says it) "is akin to music through a prosody whose roots plunge deeper in the

human soul than any classical theory has indicated." Poetry begins where prose ends, and it is at its chief peril that it begins sooner. The one safeguard for the poet is to say to himself: What I can write in prose I will not allow myself to write in verse, out of mere honour towards my material. The further I can extend my prose, the further back do I set the limits of verse. The region of poetry will thus be always the beyond, the ultimate, and with the least possible chance of any confusion of territory.

II

Critics or historians of poetry are generally concerned with everything but what is essentia in it. They deal with poetry as if it were a fashion, finding merit in its historical significance, as we find interest in an early Victorian bonnet, not because it is beautiful, but because people once thought it "genteel." But poetry is a reality, an essence, and is unchanged by any change in fashion; and it is the critic's business to find it where it is, to proclaim it for what it is, and to realise that no amount of historical significance or adaptability to a former fashion can make what is bad poetry in the present century good poetry in any century of the past.

There is a theory, at present much in vogue, by which the evolution of poetry is to be studied everywhere but in the individual poet. This theory has been summed up by M. Rémy de Gourmont in an essay on one of its chief practitioners, Ferdinand Brunetière: "Literary history," he says, "is no longer to be a succession of portraits, of individual lives; the question is now of poetry or of history, not of poets or of historians; works are to be studied, without too much importance being given to their writers, and we are to be shown how these works give birth to one

another by natural necessity; how from the species poetry are born the varieties sonnet and madrigal; how, under the influence of surroundings, the lyrical variety is transformed, without losing its essential characteristics, into eloquence, with many further metamorphoses." The same point of view is expressed by Mr. Courthope when he tells us that "it is unphilosophical to believe that a single poet can turn the art of poetry into any channel he will by his own genius: the greatest artists are those who best understood the conflict of tendencies in their own age, and who, though they rise above it into the region of universal truth, are moved by it to reflect in their work its particular form and character." In other words, we are to believe that the cart drives the horse, that the taste of the time makes the genius of the poet. It is the poet who, by his genius, makes the taste of the time. All that "conflicts of tendencies" and the like have to do with the poet is to help him now and again to a convenient form, to suggest to him the lute or the stage, to give him this or that malleable lump of material. He is supremely fortunate if, like Shakespeare, born with a genius for drama, he finds a stage already alive and awaiting him; comparatively unfortunate if, like Goethe, his dramatic genius, lacking a stage for its complete expression, can but create individual works, which, however great, lose their chance of wholly organic development. No great poet ever owed any essential part of his genius to his age; at the most he may have owed to his age the opportunity of an easy achievement.

Take, for instance, Chatterton. Chatterton's "masculine persuasive force" is one of the most genuine things in our literature, and is in no degree affected by the mask which it pleased him to put on. Chatterton required no "needs of the public taste" to guide him into a "channel of great poetical expression." He found for himself that

"channel of great poetical expression"; he found accounts in black-letter and turned them into living poetry, and it has been made a crime to him that he was an alchemist of the mind, and transmuted base metal into gold. It was his whim to invent a language for the expression of the better part of himself, a language which came as close as he could get it to come to that speech of the Middle Ages which he had divined in Gothic architecture and in the crabbed characters of old parchments. In Chatterton the whole modern romantic movement began, consciously and as a form of achieved art; and it is not necessary to remember that he died at an age when no other English poet had done work in any degree comparable with his, at least for those qualities of imagination typical of him, in order to give him his due place in English poetry. The existence of Chatterton, at the moment when he happened to exist, proves as conclusively as need be that the man of genius is not of his age, but above it.

The poet who typifies for us the eighteenth century, in which Chatterton was an exception, is Pope; and Pope was not a poet in the true sense, a born poet who had the misfortune to be modified by the influence of the age into which he was born, but a writer of extraordinary prose capacity and finish, who, if he had lived in another age and among genuine poets, would have had no more than a place apart, admired for the unique thing which he could do, but not mistaken for a poet of true lineage. Pope's poetic sensibility may be gauged by a single emendation which he made in the text of his edition of Shakespeare. Shakespeare had made Antony say to Cleopatra, "O grave charm!" To Pope it seemed ridiculous that a light woman should possess gravity in charm. He proposed "gay," and nature seemed to be reasserted: "O gay charm!" what more probable and sufficient?

The poetry of the eighteenth century has no fundamental relation with the rest of English poetry. The poets of every other age can be brought together under a single conception: they harmonise, for all their differences; but between the poets of every other age and the poets of the eighteenth century there is a gap, impossible to pass over. Here and there, as in the best work of Collins, we can distinguish some of the eternal signs of poetry. But, for the most part, the gap is so palpable that we find critics tacitly acknowledging it by their very efforts to bridge it over, and asking us, with Mr. Courthope, in speaking of Pope, to admit "that it is on a false principle of criticism that Warton, and those who think with him, blame his poetry on account of the absence of qualities which they find in other poets." If those qualities, which are to be found in other poets and not in Pope, are precisely the fundamental qualities which constitute poetry, why should these qualities be quietly laid aside for the occasion, and, the eighteenth century once over, taken up again as if nothing had happened?

The principles of poetry are eternal, and such divine accidents as Christopher Smart and Thomas Chatterton in an age in which the "national taste" was turned persistently from those principles, are enough to show that no pressure of contemporary fashion can wholly hinder a poet from speaking out in his own and the only way. In the Preface to his *Specimens of Later English Poets* Southey had the frankness to admit that "the taste of the public may better be estimated from indifferent poets than from good ones; because the former write for their contemporaries, the latter for posterity." And he asks, naïvely enough: "Why is Pomfret the most popular of the English poets? The fact is certain, and the solution would be useful." Who is aware to-day of the existence of a poem called

"The Choice" or of a poet called Pomfret? Pomfret held his own for a hundred years, and now is extinct. Inquiry as to why he was the most popular of the English poets is, however amusing for the social historian, beside the question for the student of poetry. What matters to him is not that "The Choice" was once considered by the public to be an incomparable poem, but that it was and remains a tame and mediocre piece of verse, never really rising to poetry, and that precisely similar material could be and had been lifted into poetry by the genius of a genuine poet, such as Herrick.

Again, the influence of one poet on another has its interest, its importance even; but all that seriously matters is that part which was not influenced, the poet himself. The personal contact of Wordsworth and Coleridge, the Elizabethan reading of Keats, had their influence on the form and sometimes on the very impulse to existence of the poetry of each poet. But it was of the nature of a lucky or unlucky accident; it was at the most the equivalent of some natural excitement, a sunset or the face of a woman. Nor did the French Revolution create the poetry which gave it expression or moralised over it. King George the Third inspired the genius of Byron, but only better than the "dark blue ocean," because comic material was more valuable to Byron than heroic or sublime material. But that Shelley conceived himself to be atheist, philanthropist or democrat; that Keats fell in love with Fanny Brawne and not with another woman; that Coleridge took opium and Wordsworth lived in the open air in Cumberland: these things go to the making of the man who is the poet; they touch or inspire him, in what is deepest or most sensitive in his nature; and though they will never explain to us how he came to have the power of creation, they will explain to us something more than his method.

To distinguish poetry, then, where it exists, to consider it in its essence, apart from the accidents of the age in which it came into being, to define its qualities in itself; that is the business of the true critic or student. And in order to do this he must cast aside all theories of evolution or the natural growth of genius, and remember that genius is always an exception, always something which would be a disease if it were not a divine gift. He must clear his mind of all limiting formulas, whether of *milieu*, *Weltschmerz*, or mode. He must disregard all schools or movements as other than convenient and interchangeable labels. He must seek, in short, only poetry, and he must seek poetry in the poet, and nowhere else.

III

The quality which distinguishes the poetry of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the poetry which we can roughly group together as the romantic movement, is the quality of its imagination, and this quality is seen chiefly as a kind of atmosphere, which adds strangeness to beauty. What is it in the atmosphere of an English landscape that seems at once to reveal and, in a sense, to explain that imaginative atmosphere which distinguishes the finest English poetry, and, in a special sense, the poetry of the nineteenth century, from almost all the fine poetry of the world? I was walking one afternoon along one of the slopes of Hampstead Heath, just above the Vale of Health, and I saw close beside me a line of naked autumn trees, every twig brown and separate: a definite, solid thing, beautiful in structure, sober and admirable in colour, just such branches as one would see in any clear country, where everything is distinctly visible, in Italy or in Spain. But, at some distance, on the higher edge of the heath, against the

sky, there was another line of naked trees, and over their whole outline there was a soft, not quite transparent, veil of mist, like the down on fruit: you saw them and the general lines of their structure, but you saw them under a more exquisite aspect, like an image seen in a cloudy mirror. Nothing that was essential in their reality was lost, but they were no longer the naked, real thing; nature had transformed them, as art transforms nature. So imagination, in the English poets, transforms the bare outlines of poetical reality, clothing them with an atmosphere which is the actual atmosphere of England.

Is there in Homer, in Dante, in the poet of any bright, clear land, where men and things are seen detached against the sky, like statues or architecture, a passage like that passage in Keats, those two lines:

> "Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn"?

In those two lines we get the equivalent of that atmosphere which, in England, adds mystery to the beauty of natural things. The English sense of atmosphere, this imaginative transmutation of reality, is to be found in all English poetry from the beginning. But it is found incidentally, it is found subordinated to other characteristics; it is the rarest but not the most regarded part of great poetry. The best poetry of the nineteenth century is identical, in all essential respects, with the best poetry of every other but the eighteenth century; it is strictly in the tradition; but there is, in what we call the romantic movement, a certain economy which we do not always find in other periods, a sense of the limits of poetry, of exactly what we can and cannot do. No one has ever written more lucidly or more tenderly than Chaucer, more nobly or more musically than Spenser; but to Chaucer poetry was exclusively the telling of a story,

and to Spenser it was partly picture-making and partly allegory. To the supreme Elizabethan it was life, every action of the will, the mind, and the soul; and there is not so much poetry to be found anywhere in the world, but it is more often than not in scattered splendours and fragments severally alive. The "metaphysical" poets of the seventeenth century brought all the gifts of the Magi, and they brought pure gold, but some were clouded with incense and some too heavily perfumed with myrrh. Poetry at the beginning of the nineteenth century wastes surprisingly little of its substance, and one main reason of this is that it realises, as its main concern, what to most of the poets of the past had been, though their existence depended upon it, but lightly regarded—that imaginative atmosphere which is the very breath of poetry, and adds strangeness to beauty.

Until the eighteenth century imagination, if not always a welcome guest, had never been refused admittance. The eighteenth century shut the door on imagination. Before that century was over Pan grew uneasy in the park, and impatient to return to the forest. Thomson and Cowper had pushed open the gate for him a little way, but by no means let him escape. A danger signal was heard but not heeded when Christopher Smart cried from his madhouse; the cry was not repeated till Chatterton really awoke. It was Dionysus that awoke in Burns, and has never been out of the blood of any authentic poet since. Burns is neither eighteenth nor nineteenth century, neither local nor temporary, but the very flame of man, speaking as a man has only spoken once or twice in the world. He taught no one anything that any one could learn, but this ploughman was Apollo to Admetus, incarnate song. After Burns, though no one could sing like him, no one has returned to the delusion that the poet need not be a singer.

Romance rose out of the grave of Chatterton, and poetry, after Burns, was no longer in bondage to the prose and rational mind. Religion woke up when poetry did, and liberty seemed a fantastically delightful thing. Dilettantes like Leigh Hunt joined with pedants like Southey in helping to set poetry free. Even those who, like Byron, sided theoretically with the formulas of the past, brought in a new, personal manner of their own, sometimes upsetting more than they could rebuild. One after another, not learning of each other any more than Wordsworth learnt of Landor, or Shelley of Blake, a generation of poets rose up, akin only in this, that they had returned instinctively to the eternal sources of poetry.

Mr. Watts-Dunton has used a phrase which has become famous, "the Renaissance of Wonder," for that "great revived movement of the soul of man, after a long period of prosaic acceptance in all things, including literature and art," which can be roughly indicated as the romantic movement. As a form of "literary shorthand" it has its value, as had Matthew Arnold's phrase, "the criticism of life." But just as that partial phrase has become a shibboleth or an idol of the market-place, so is this summary or generalisation in danger of becoming one. It may be corrected by that definition of Zoroaster which Mr. Watts-Dunton himself has often quoted: "Poetry is apparent pictures of unapparent realities." Now the important thing is, not that there should be realities which are unapparent, but that the things which are unapparent, of which the poet gives apparent pictures, should be realities. To the great imaginative poet they are; and that, not his "wonder" at them, is what matters. There is much, in the romantic attitude, of mere wonder; but what in Cyril Tourneur remains wonder, mere angry wonder, becomes in Shakespeare a divine certainty. Imagination, if there

is any such thing, is sight, not wonder; a thing seen, not an opening of the eyes to see it. The great poets, the great visionaries, have always seen clearly; when they have seen furthest, as with Dante when he saw heaven and hell, they have seen without wonder.

What is really meant by all these phrases, and by the name of the romantic movement, is simply the reawakening of the imagination, a reawakening to a sense of beauty and strangeness in natural things, and in all the impulses of the mind and the senses. That reawakening was not always a conscious one. Thus Crabbe occupied himself in keeping out imagination as much as he could, yet could not keep out nature. It was at this time that nature, from being a background, came forward and seemed likely to dwarf the human figures in the landscape. Objects, that had been seen detached, without atmosphere, were seen by Wordsworth in pure white light; which Keats caught in a prism of his own, and Shelley turned to moonlight. Then, lest nature should have undue worship, Byron set himself prominently in the foreground. Coleridge is fundamentally both naturalistic and romantic, but Shelley is not naturalistic at all, in any but a romantic sense. What all these poets, so different in inspiration and tendency, united in was in an aim at the emancipation of the world and of the mind and of the vehicle of poetry from the bondage of fact, opinion, formality and tradition; and when fact, opinion, formality and tradition go out, imagination comes in.

Wordsworth has been looked upon as the leader, as Coleridge was the more authentic lawgiver, of this emancipation. It is doubtful if Wordsworth was ever consciously under any special influence among his predecessors. Poetry came up in him naturally, and he was in intellectual revolt against whatever was not sincere in the

substance and form of verse. He felt first and thought out afterwards, and his thoughts came to him slowly, often deviatingly, but by a kind of spiritual necessity. Thus the impulse came to him unconsciously to put off the misfitting fashionable clothes of the period's poetry, but it was with great deliberation that he put them off. He knew, by instinctive knowledge, what was essential in poetry, and that essential part of poetry was waiting in him to find fit expression. Coleridge, with his rarer literary genius, had been awakened by the gentle hint of Bowles, which was as if someone had touched him in a crowd, and he had turned and seen something wonderful passing. But while these men were finding out, each for himself, his own secret, Landor was rediscovering Greece not less privately, and Blake, "his talents having been wholly devoted to the attainment of excellence in his profession" of engraver, was, long before any of the others and in deeper obscurity, inventing a new magic in English speech.

A general agreement as to first principles, when it is not a vital instinct, is apt to harden into formulas, and to hinder the free action of the mind. But in this revolt against the doctrinal and analysing principles of the eighteenth century, in this return to nature, to the natural part of man, it was as if a new Adam had returned to an old paradise. Almost nothing was attempted, except by a few experimental and not really genuine poets, that could not properly be done in verse; no one, after Erasmus Darwin, wrote a *Botanic Garden*. And scarcely anything that could be done in verse was not attempted. The senses have never been served more purely than by Keats, the moral instinct more severely than by Wordsworth, intellectual beauty more ecstatically than by Shelley. While the lyric of Shakespeare's time was more universally perfect, a purer music, can we say that the age of Blake,

Coleridge and Shelley was inferior to that age in actual lyrical genius? The romantic narrative has never been done with more magic than by Keats, nor the reflective narrative more justified by achievement than by Wordsworth in "The Leech Gatherer." The ballad was re-created in a new and rarer form by Coleridge, who, with Hogg, brought a new witchcraft into poetry. The best sonnets of the period are among the best of English sonnets; and if any one has ever come recognisably near to the epic since *Paradise Lost*, it is Landor in *Gebir*. The drama is the form of poetry which was attempted least, and only once, in *The Cenci*, with success. But *The Cenci* is the greatest play since Shakespeare.

The romantic movement is an emancipation, and it cast off, not only the bandages of eighteenth-century limitation, but all bonds that had tightened about it in the mere acceptance of tradition. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," is a saying not personal to Keats only. It was what Coleridge, who doubted everything else, never doubted; it characterises Wordsworth's poetry whenever it is poetry and not prose. That very revolt against "poetic diction," which seemed like a turning of one's back on the speech which poetry had chosen for itself, was really for the purpose of getting behind that speech. The battle in all ages has been between poetry and rhetoric, and there is unconquered rhetoric enough among all romantics. But no one seriously mistook rhetoric for poetry, as many poets in many ages have done. Nature was accepted, yet strangeness was sought rather than refused, that salt which gives savour to life; and there was an arduous and discreet cultivation of that "continual slight novelty" without which poetry cannot go on in any satisfactory way. Imagination was realised as being, what only Blake quite clearly said, reality; and the beauty of imagination the

natural element of that which it glorifies. Poetry was realised as a personal confession, or as an evocation, or as "an instant made eternity." It was realised that the end of poetry was to be poetry; and that no story-telling or virtue or learning, or any fine purpose, could make amends for the lack of that one necessity. Thus it may be affirmed that in studying this period we are able to study whatever is essential in English poetry; that is, whatever is essential in poetry.

III

CLOUD CASTLE

By Edward Thomas

All the life of the summer day became silent after sundown; the earth was dark and very still as with a great thought; the sky was as a pale window through which men and angels looked at one another without a word. The two friends were now silently walking together towards a house in the west, whose walls and lights they now began to expect at any moment in the distance. But instead of the abrupt shaggy hill overshadowing the house, usually a mammoth figure in the sky of evening, they saw a hill many times huger and more precipitous rising half-way up the heavens. It seemed a mountain forest, craggy and so black that in its flanks might have been carved the caverns from which night now emerged so superbly, and to which it would retreat at sunrise and nurse itself against the evening and the next summons. Round upon round it rose up, nodding but secure, until its summit overhung the rocky base, and on this ledge was the likeness of a wall and turret in ruins. Such a castle it might have been as a child draws with its eyes out of nothing, when it reads for the first time of the Castle Perilous or Joyous Gard, set far above the farms and churches and factories of this world, as those knights and ladies are set above the earthly labourers and clerks and policemen and servant maids. And this mount, this mountain forest and overhanging brow, this incredibly

romantic ruin upon the shelf of it, were built out of cloud in the violet western sky. In the folds of it, above its trees, and in a niche of the Castle at the crest, the stars came out.

The road gradually ascended, and often in the series of long rises and shorter falls, that vision in the west was for a little way shut out, and more and more the hill of earth and trees for which they were making increased upon the sky. But the castled forest of the mountainous dark cloud was fixed upon their brains and the men began to speak of it, at first in careless admiration mixed with talk of the weather, and then more meaningly. One said that such notable efforts of Nature were ennobling, that they gave a religious uplifting to his thought, that we could no more do without them than without ceremonies on earth. In the presence of these heavenly ceremonies no mean act or thought was possible, and although the time had long passed away when it was irreligious to do certain things in the sight of the full moon, yet he was sure that such prohibitions were not superstitious but received a sanction that was above reason and acquired knowledge, in his own case and doubtless in others. His own work was the instructing of young men in a craft of which he was a master, and he trusted that his power to respond to these things in a way helped to justify a position which had something of a priestly character for him. He cleared his throat nervously, and with some shame, after so pompous a confession.

"You ask me what I think about it," said the other, "but it is so very definite that I expect you will put it down to my own irresponsible fancy. When I see these things I flush and shiver, as I have done ever since I can remember, at contact with beauty in human beings, or

Art, or Nature, or with heroic conduct, and then forthwith I begin to perform some imaginary act which they inspire: for example, I have just ridden at the end of a long day over endless hills and arrived at nightfall under a granite precipice so steep and huge that it blackened half the sky, and at its edge, high as the moon, was a battlemented and bannered tower. I tethered my horse to an elder that grew out of the cliff, the only tree in that barren land, unlaced my helmet and threw it with my lance among the nettles, and, not without my sword, began to climb. On my way I passed several nests of falcons on ledges where I stayed for breath, and sometimes the Castle was hidden and so was the moon, and when I could see anything but my own hands and the juts of the granite in my grasp, it was only the swelling round tower and the moon and the banner that now and then blotted out the moon in its fluttering. I reached an eagle's nest, and there I fell asleep, and when I began to climb again the moon was behind me and very low, and all the cliff was bathed in light and I seemed to hang like a carven imp on a sublime cathedral wall among the incense. At last I swung myself to where I could walk on the turf among the yellow rock-rose flowers of the narrow ledge which no foot had trodden, between the Castle wall and the brink of the precipice. I peered and listened at the windows where the bowmen should have been, but I saw and I heard nothing. I raised my sword to strike against the gate, but without a blow it opened wide and admitted me to a chamber whose far sides were invisible, and whose roof was the star-sown sky, and then along corridors and up staircases and through dark chamber after chamber, with doors ajar, or, obedient to the clamour of my sword, I went eagerly forward, and round about and back upon my steps again and ever

upward until I came near to a chamber which I knew contained what I sought, though what that was I knew not as yet. The room was lighted, as I could see beneath its closed door. Unlike the other doors, this was latched and small, and as I raised my hand to open it, my fingers knew the smooth latch and my feet the threshold and my nostrils the fragrance and my eyes the fire that burned on the hearth. The setting moon passed through an open casement and lit up a little room, with an old table piano at one side and a table with a bowl of flowers at the other, and between the two by the fire a boy, standing with his back towards me. I could see only his short black hair, red neck, blue jersey, and brown bare legs, but the poise I knew at once was that of a boy whom I had not seen since I also was ten years old. Thirty years ago, I promised to go with him to rob a kestrel's nest, but the day appointed came and I did not go, I cannot remember why: I never saw him again till now. He seemed to be crying, and I thought that it was because I had disappointed him. And now I understood that it was no use. I was sorry, and at first eager to ease myself with the bitter happiness of telling him so, but I did not move. He would not know me in my absurd developments, my beard, my sword, and all the rest. I hoped that perhaps his tears were sweet by this time, and that he was crying more for luxury than sadness, and I started most silently to go out when he also moved and said, 'You have come at last, let us go.' I did not see his face as he spoke and before I could turn and look at him—your question, Oliver, took away both the room and the dream. Now I can see the lights of Gordon's house. I shall ask him if he remembers Llewelyn—that little boy in the jersey. All those years I had forgotten him, but perhaps Gordon knows something about him. I wonder

is he alive. Somehow, when I recall him, I cannot believe that he ever grew up; he was strong as a mountain pony and rash. Something—I cannot explain; only I cannot picture the man however much I try, it is as if his had been a face and figure not destined to turn into a man's, that is all. After all, I don't think I will ask either. . . ."

IV

DE SENECTUTE

A DIALOGUE IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

By Frederic Harrison

Scene. *The Gardens of St. Boniface, Oxbridge.*

(1) *The Rev.* Onesimus Senior, *D.D., former Rector of Felix-in-the-Weald.*

(2) John Oldham., *M.A., College Don, Dean.*

(3) Tom Ripper, *a former University Blue.*

J. Oldham. We rejoice to find that you can come up to our feast, Rector, and look at the old place and the new men. Why, your degree must have been in the early 'fifties! How puzzled you must be with all the changes you see around—and, I fear, how much you may be shocked!

O. Senior. Puzzled at times, my dear Dean, till I have found out more of the facts—but not a bit shocked. Pray don't call me Rector. After fifty years in my quiet Rectory, and nearly seventy years of parish work, I have resigned office, duty and toil, and have settled in peacefulness on a small bit of land which belonged to my father. I have no work, no task, no responsibility, no care, except to look back—and then to look forward. I am *functus officio—rude jam donatus.* You could not imagine how entirely tranquil is life when a man has no task pressing on him to be done —indeed when, in the very last hours of his life, there is

no task which he can look to complete—none which he ought even to attempt. For those who have worked their hardest for the six days of the week, it is a moral duty—nay a sacred duty—to rest on the seventh day—and only to think of all that has been—and on all that is to come.

J. OLDHAM. But you, who have been so hard a worker all your life, must feel the need of an aim to satisfy your energy. You, of all our men, can hardly rest with mere *otium*—even *cum dignitate*, which indeed you have in full measure, as you know.

O. SENIOR. Well! I have now a life of restfulness—but not of idleness. I can still do something, if only it be to offer advice, to warn men of dangers ahead. From the hill-top of our long years of experience, we ancients survey the ground both behind us as well as in front of us. As we are not absorbed in any pressing problem to be solved in the immediate present, we can take longer and wider views, and we have outgrown the heat of our strenuous days.

J. OLDHAM. Not, I trust, that you repeat the aphorisms of a Chorus of *Gerontes* in the play of Euripides on which I have just been lecturing.

O. SENIOR. Not a bit of it—more in the vein of Athena or Artemis, when she appears above the temple to clear up the catastrophe.

J. OLDHAM. And you find that the younger ones listen to your advice?

O. SENIOR. Now and then, yes! Perhaps our words may seem to them to come true after a time. But we retired veterans have no direct or personal aim to attain. It is enough that we do our best to put things fairly and relieve our own spirits. We don't pretend to be prophets—nor even mentors, and we have nothing to gain by our talking. But do not suppose that we are indolent observers.

We watch the tremendous stream of events as they rush towards the unknown, as men who have seen the various rivers which long ago joined to swell the volume of to-day.

J. Oldham. And this continual observation of the world around you gives you adequate occupation for your thought —which we all know is far from obsolescent.

O. Senior. No! it serves to keep the mind alert with incessant new conditions to observe. But, of course, books fill the time of a very old man much more than they ever did in his busy life.

J. Oldham. Books, no doubt! And you still keep up with the new books to which the war seems to have given a spasmodic vitality?

O. Senior. God forbid! For my part I am spared the trouble of even casting my eye over the new stuff—above all over new novels. The laudations of the publishers of each "epoch-making romance," each "novel of the age," leave me cold. I would as soon listen to the chatter in a crowded tram-car or the smoking-room of a country club, as read the modern up-to-date novel of what they call *Life*. I can read the old romances again and again still. I suppose I read Scott and Fielding, Jane Austen and Trollope, year after year—and I often turn back to Thackeray, Disraeli, Dickens, even Smollett, if I feel bored or sleepy. I have done quite enough of modern French novels. But, after all, I get along with a very moderate resort to fiction—at least of modern times. It forms but the "savoury" to my *menu* in literature. The complex experience of long life passed in various tasks reveals to us more than to the young the profound mysteries of human nature, as painted by the masters of humour—Aristophanes, Cervantes, Molière. I never open one of these immortals without finding ores from the bed-rock of humanity that I had forgotten or never noted.

J. Oldham. Surely, your Greek does not last you well enough to read Aristophanes in the original?

O. Senior. Perhaps not, as a Scholar would read him. But I now read the wonderful version of my old contemporary B. B. Rogers, with the Greek on one page and the English in verse on the opposite page. I don't care a fig for the curious compounds and the Attic slang and indescribable condiments which puzzled us so much at school and college. I take Rogers' word for the meaning—and I can enjoy the fun, the wild lampooning, and the Pindaric lyrics of the greatest of comedians—without pulling out my Liddell and Scott.

J. Oldham. And do you read *Don Quixote* too in Spanish?

O. Senior. No! I have tried it—but it is difficult. And I love Italian too much to take kindly to Spanish, which seems to me a dialect of Italian like Dorsetshire English. There are excellent versions of *Don Quixote*, and our tongue serves perfectly to render the Spanish idiom. If they would print a copy with Spanish on one page and English on the other I would use it. But Cervantes has not the indescribable grace of words that glows in the purest Attic; and an English version of Cervantes' Spanish does not lose so much as does the best English version of Aristophanes' Greek.

J. Oldham. And do you care for any version of Molière?

O. Senior. *Proh pudor!* It is felony and treason to translate Molière. There again, half the glory of the poet is in *form*. You could no more translate the *Précieuses* than you could translate Horace's *Odes*. Those only really penetrate into the secret of Molière who can recall the plays at the Français and remember Coquelin, Delaunay, and Got, Madeleine Brohan, and Croixette. Coquelin himself told me that, of all his parts, he enjoyed " Mascarille " the most. And as I read my Molière again to-day,

the *verve* and sparkle of those quips and repartees still ring in my ears after fifty and sixty years have passed since I feasted at those *cenæ deorum* in the historic *Maison de Molière*.

J. Oldham. But what about tragedy? Do you find that too gloomy for you?

O. Senior. Just the reverse! We old ones have seen so many tragedies in the world—such terrific *peripeties* in the high and mighty—such incredible reverses of fortune —such acts of Fate or Providence—we have known too such tragedies in our own homes and in those of friends and neighbours—that at the end of life, of all men we seniors are taught to recognise that human society is compacted of tragedies. The tragedies of the great poets reveal the tragedies which in lesser degrees are passing—it may be obscurely—in many a household, to the eye so prosperous and happy. Human life is ever playing out, in very minor keys and in very narrow fields, the eternal human comedy—the inevitable human tragedy. The long and crowded experience of old age is more open to understand both than is the eager *joie de vivre* of youth. Tragedy, you know, purifies the soul by the presentment of the terrible and the pitiful. For myself, I never have been so thrilled by great tragedy in my early days as I am now in these last days. To me, it is no longer poetry: it is the gospel of man's destiny.

J. Oldham. So you read your Shakespeare as much as ever?

O. Senior. Indeed much more—though I choose the plays now more carefully. I cannot believe that he always did his best. I am sure he let his name stand for not a little stuff which he knew was unworthy of him. He felt his teeming mind so boiling over with ideas, that he cared not if some of them went running to waste. His

was the greatest poetic force ever given to man: but I cannot admit that he produced the greatest of all tragedies.

J. Oldham. Then who did produce them?

O. Senior. For pure—perfect—sublime tragedy, I hold by Æschylus. And Sophocles was not far behind him, as Aristotle suggests of the *Œdipus*. To me the Trilogy of *Oresteia* has a massive grandeur, a concentric symmetry, that even *Lear* and *Macbeth* do not reach. And *Prometheus* soars into an empyrean of imagination which the sixteenth century could not touch—much less can the twentieth century touch it—nor even comprehend it.

J. Oldham. And your chief reading now is with Greek drama?

O. Senior. Quite so! I am too poor a scholar to read the originals without all the help I can find. So what with Jebb, and Verrall, and Murray, and Dr. Way, and various versions in prose and verse, I have managed in these later and more leisured years to work through nearly all that is left of Attic tragedy. How magnificent is the roll of those organ tones in iambic! Did human speech ever sound such bewitching harmonies! With what raptures do the chorus ring forth, as they circle round the orchestra, chanting hymns such as eagles might chant, if they had the sweet voices of larks!

J. Oldham. Exceedingly beautiful in music; yet the sense too often is nothing but commonplace and goody-goody truism.

O. Senior. True! but remember that these lines are the words of musical chants. No one expects to hear original ideas in the *libretto* of a modern opera. Much of the choral strophes was equivalent to the trumpets, drums and cymbals which point the tramp of a soldier's march. The chorus of Attic tragedy serves to supply the lyrical element which our Elizabethan dramatists flung recklessly

into the dialogue—not seldom to the injury of the *action* and to delay the catastrophe or adorn it with needless flowers. Even Macbeth and Othello, whilst brandishing their murderous weapons, talk superb poetry which might serve for an elegy.

J. OLDHAM. But you do not neglect Euripides—my favourite—I hope?

O. SENIOR. I used to be unjust to Euripides, I confess, perhaps from my old delight in the poetic duel in the *Frogs*. But of late I have been turning again to Euripides—with the help, of course, of the excellent new versions we have got—Murray's and the rest. I can see why the ancients, as indeed did modern French and German dramatists, preferred him, and why they preserved twice as much as they preserved of Æschylus and Sophocles. I see why this was. He often degraded the majesty of great tragedy into the excitements of sensational thrill. He sacrificed the unity and awe of tragedy by piling up a variety of startling surprises such as in *Ion*, *Hecuba*, *Heracles*—just as Seneca and the Elizabethan *Renaissance* loved to do. Euripides, like Seneca, like Marlowe, like Webster, can pander to the lust for blood and torture.

J. OLDHAM. Oh! there is plenty of horror in Æschylus and Sophocles.

O. SENIOR. Yes! Prometheus and Clytemnestra, Œdipus and Antigone, present the horrible—but it has a halo of the awful. It is sanctified with a divine judgment, like the horror of the Crucifixion. But in Euripides the horror is piled up double and triple, and too often smacks of that beastly thing they call the cinema—the grave, the very dust-hole of the drama. And his catastrophe is jumbled up with a lot of logical wrangling that is trivial when it is not sceptical.

J. Oldham. And do you not care for his exquisite lyrics and the pathos of his wonderfully varied crises of suffering?

O. Senior. Do not mistake me. I revel in them. Quite lately, when laid on my sofa by an accident, I have soothed a lonely time by reading over his masterpieces with keen enjoyment. I see now why Euripides was *the* tragic poet to cultured readers both ancient and modern.

J. Oldham. But you have plenty of other reading besides tragedies and comedies, as we all know from some lectures of yours that have reached us.

O. Senior. Oh yes! all forms of real literature attract me—all the great books of the world. I suppose I have managed in the last ten or twenty years, when I had curates and my clerical work became less severe, to rub up my Classics—Homer and Virgil; Sappho, Theocritus and Catullus; Lucretius, Horace and Juvenal.

J. Oldham. Well! and as for the moderns; you do not bar them, I hope?

O. Senior. I bar none, my dear Dean. Dante and the great Italians who follow him, *Fabliaux*, *Morte d'Arthur*, old ballads, Milton, Calderon, Corneille, Cowper, Burns, Byron and Wordsworth, are the books I take up most often.

J. Oldham. What! not Keats, Shelley, Tennyson and Swinburne?

O. Senior. All these of course! You might as well ask me if I do not sometimes open my Bible. The best nineteenth-century men are to be "taken as read" in any decent library; and certainly in my library they are read. And I keep at my bedside, with my Hymn-book, a copy of the *Golden Treasury*—first edition 1861—not the enlarged edition with the moderns—which rather blunts the perfect aroma of the original choice.

J. Oldham. And don't you enjoy the *Oxford Book of Verse* of 1901?

O. Senior. Yes! I have that by my side too. But it is rather a study in English poetic literature than a selection of the best. There are not 883 lyrics in our poetry which are worth frequent re-reading. One-half of those in the Oxford book rather spoil the effect of the rest. Some are too lengthy; others are obsolete; one or two rather gross. No! I hold by the *Golden Treasury* of 1861, and my well-thumbed, soiled copy in limp calf, always to be put in my case if I leave home. Palgrave has less than 300 lyrics in his book: and that is quite enough for daily use as a morning hymn, when one does not want researches in forgotten literature.

J. Oldham. Why, my dear friend, in spite of your eighteen *lustra* you seem to have got through a lot of reading. It is quite wonderful! Tell us your secret for it.

O. Senior. Not wonderful at all—there is no secret. It is simply the choice of the best books—and keeping clear of the second-best, and altogether clear of the every-day rubbish on which so many men and women waste their time. I thank Providence that my eyes are as fresh as ever, and serve me at all times and for every use. I am no great reader: I never was. I am neither scholar, nor critic nor bookworm. I am a humble pupil of the really great readers such as Jowett and Pattison, Monro and Jebb, in my college days, or Morley, Saintsbury and Gosse to-day. In my clerical days of old, what with sermons, and parish work, and our village club and desultory lectures, I had no spare time to read more than was necessary for my practical tasks. It is only in the last twenty years of my life that reading has been to me my chief solace, the only consolation in bereavement, the

support of my weakening limbs. But I can tell you this—to you, Dean, in mid life, to you, Tom, in your young life, it is only in the serene haven of extreme old age, when all earthly cares seem like the rough seas out of which we are now passed, that the glory of great literature comes into the soul. We ancients, who seem to you so useless and so incapable of happiness, really live with the mighty ones of old. They seem to be chanting a *requiem* specially for us—*requiem æternam dant nobis.* We pass into their Limbo as Dante does with Virgil in that fourth canto when they come into the presence of the great dead poets and hear the voice cry out—" Onorate l'altissimo poeta." By the way, I once heard that famous line used in a pretty way. At a dinner-party a hostess offered her arm as they passed out to Robert Browning, who thought the privilege rather irregular, since a somewhat important privy councillor was of the party. " Onorate l'altissimo poeta " said the lady as she swept out on the arm of the author of *The Ring and the Book*. But, to be quite serious, it is we very old boys who really drink to the last drop and in full enjoyment all that is great in literature; for we only have ample leisure, no pressing work on hand; have no stuff " just out " to waste our time on; and, above all, we see both life and literature as one great continuous whole.

J. Oldham. Ah! I can envy you now! How often, when I am grinding a Greek Play with my class—half of them teachable, the other half indifferent—how often I wish I could just enjoy it, without worrying over a corrupt passage and that ἅπαξ λεγόμενον. But surely, your plan shuts you out from all the promise of fresh beauty, original discovery, new thought. You are not so hide-bound to the living past as to take no interest in the living present, to say nothing of the future in the vast womb of this gravid age?

O. Senior. If that were so, I should indeed be the *mumpsimus* that some youngsters may think I am. When I said that I am not absorbed in the new books of the day, I never meant to say that I had closed down my mind, and made it a *hortus siccus* of things long finished—all now said. I do my best to understand such dominant movements as the evolution of Darwinian Evolution, the revival of metaphysics, of psychology and psychiatry, Einstein and his commentators and critics, such as Eddington, Haldane, Lodge and Wildon Carr. Above all I watch the evolution of Christian dogma and the secular interaction of religion and science.

Tom Ripper. O, Sir, I do hope you read our new young poets—some who fought, and sang, and died in the great war. I knew Rupert Brooke and I have listened to many another, as he repeated the last words he ever put in rhyme.

O. Senior. My dear boy, I have read many of them and feel stirred by them at times, even in my dry bones. We know not what *might have been.* I wish that I could see the promise of a Shelley—or even of a Tennyson in them. There was often in some a touch of Swinburne. Yes! Perhaps many " a mute inglorious Milton " died gloriously in this most cruel of all wars.

Tom R. And I fear, Sir, that you feel that we young ones are wasting our lives over games—and you would charge the general decadence to cricket, football, golf, tennis and polo?

O. Senior. Not I indeed! No one more heartily than I values all our manly games, especially cricket, which is moral and social discipline as much as athletic training. As I was bowler in our eleven both at school and at college I can read of the scores to-day with some interest. " E'en in our ashes live the wonted fires." But I am old-fashioned

and can remember the *first* John Lillywhite; and I still believe in the round-arm delivery which he invented. The new over-hand fling has spoilt many a good man; and the *l.b.w.* rule has mixed football with cricket. We old boys believed in *length*, not in pace: we played the ball with our arms, not with our legs. Oh, yes! You can't have too much real cricket. What is wrong is that huge crowds gather to look at games, to howl, cheer and bet. And the crowds at boxing matches are brutes. They play no games themselves, they only get excitement and partisan passions and wax hot for their side to win. That is the old lust for *circenses* which was the decadence of Rome and Byzantium. There is no decadence in playing games: but there is in wasting time, health and money in seeing others play. That is not *sport*. It is the vulgar love of backing the winner. Gate-money is the prostitution of games.

TOM R. And you say the same of golf?

O. SENIOR. Well! Golf is not a *game*, because the stroke of one player does not determine or affect the stroke of his opponent—as in all real games outdoor or indoor—from cricket to chess. It is a *race*, not a game. But it does not interest me. Golf came South when I was already an old man, and my Scotch friends never got me to take it up seriously. Besides which, when I tramp over a moor—and there are few in Britain that I have not tramped—I like to be free to roam, to enjoy a varied scene, to carry nothing but my own sapling, without a fellow dragging a bag of clubs after me and slily noting me down for a duffer.

TOM R. And you have no good word for polo, which our men love?

O. SENIOR. That is an ancient and noble exercise, I grant. It is far older than any other game we play and

came from Asia into Europe. It has many of the moral, as well as the physical, qualities of cricket. Nay, it has even more, in that it brings into our game the best gifts of that most generous of brutes, the horse. I used to ride an old polo pony about the parish myself. How old Galopin and I loved each other! Polo has every good thing a game can have. But alas! it can only be the play of very rich men or men from very rich families—for a polo player must have ridden from his boyhood and wants a whole stable if he is to play at all—with a lot of perfectly trained beasts. It is a beautiful sight to watch. But it must soon die out, like the tournaments of old, which ended with the passing of feudal resources and habits.

Tom R. And if cricket grounds, tennis-courts and golf links are only for the few, and polo stables too costly for this democratic age, what is left?

O. Senior. Why, walking on our feet in fresh air! That demands neither whole days of leisure nor any expensive ground. Woods, commons, moors, hills, mountains, sea-beaches, river banks are easily reached and open to all. This, the true form of athletic exercise, is to be found anywhere on footpath and turf. "Ἅλμα, ποδοκείην, δίσκον, ἄκοντα, παλήν—you know, was the source of the Greek beauty of person. This kind of exercise is open to all and everywhere. The downs and cliffs and shores are in easy reach; even in our own islands, the beacons, rocks and fells are not far off. For those who can leave home, mountaineering is of all forms of sport the purest, simplest, truest. It offers no opponent to be beaten, no "side" to win, no prize to be gained—nothing but joy in the beauties of nature, in breathing the infinite goodness of God's earth. Many a veteran owes the health and serenity of his old age to his holidays among the hills and moun-

tains, the peaks and snows. There is no struggling to win, no record to beat, no brute to kill—there is poetry, beauty, knowledge—even devoutness of spirit and awe at the majesty of this world.

J. Oldham. Surely, my venerable friend, you would not condemn our fine manly sports—hunting, fowling, angling—and all those glorious forms of the chase, which have done so much to breed the bone and to steel the nerve of our manhood?

O. Senior. Oh! my dear Dean, I condemn nobody. I bar nothing that is honest and healthy. As to the "Sports," which mean the killing of brutes for amusement, I will only say that personally, to me, they do not accord with my clerical profession nor with my own taste. I know nothing about them. Let me say, on behalf of the very old, that we are now free to enjoy the air and visions of the moor, the mysterious peace of a shady glen, the swirl and babbling of a trout stream, and all the charm of the countryside for itself alone, without having our spirits stirred by the desire to kill. As to the lust of slaughter being a necessary element in athletics, I only say, as Sophocles in his ninetieth year said of Love, we very old boys are "now free from that wild beast."

J. Oldham. Think how splendidly our sporting men fought!

O. Senior. Of all the millions of our men—and women—who fought and worked to win the war, not one in a thousand had ever before handled a gun, mounted a horse, or flung a rod. *They* did their bit without "Sport"—without any practice in killing brutes. And so one day the world will do its bit, we trust.

J. Oldham. And you still enjoy Nature even in your ninetieth year?

O. Senior. Enjoy it? Yes! but in a simpler and less boisterous way. Of course, the mountains, the rocks, the boats, the diving, the tramps, of old days, are not for us now. I can still reach on foot one of our downs near us, and I sit for hours gazing across the distant varied scene; —pondering, remembering, adoring it all with a full heart —in perfect and unutterable peace. In the face of Nature, the sense of our bodily joys has faded to us old men, whilst the consciousness of our spiritual joys is purer and unalloyed. Old age—I tell you—is full of compensations and consolations.

J. Oldham. And you still work in your garden—I know you always loved it?

O. Senior. Work? No! But I love it as much as ever—nay, more. I was always too busy to work myself. Busy men, with active tasks on hand, with books, or with their pen, are always too hard pressed to get as much out of their gardens as they might. But now my little patch gives me more enjoyment than ever it did of old, when some urgent duty or study would so often call me off. By the way, a clerical neighbour of mine was a botanist of great reputation and learning; and he kept it up when he was well over ninety years. I am no learned gardener. It is enough for me to watch my roses and my lilies as they open, or the bunches of my vine as they begin to colour. A man finds peace under his own vine, as it was in Solomon's day. Really to enjoy flowers, fruits, trees, one must have leisure. Men having wealth, public duty, high position, or literary fame very rarely find true leisure possible for them. For us the very old, with our enforced leisure, all the mysteries of flower, fruit and tree, are specially revealed. We can sit, without distinct thought or pressing care, quite alone, in a retired grove, with a sense of rest that few younger men can know.

You remember Andrew Marvell's magical poem *Thoughts in a Garden :*

> "Casting the body's vest aside
> My soul into the boughs does glide ;
> There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
> Then whets and claps its silver wings."

It is given to us very old ones thus to be incorporate with the peace of Nature—

> "While all the flowers and trees do close
> To weave the garlands of repose."

J. OLDHAM. From all your experience of life then, my dear friend, you would say that extreme age is not the "labour and sorrow" that the Psalmist tells us.

O. SENIOR. Science, temperance and good sense have greatly enlarged human life since David's day. We all know many men, both in public and in private careers, who, long past fourscore, are doing good work. The average of man's working years has been greatly prolonged, even in the present century. There are thousands of very old men, and tens of thousands of very old women, who are living peaceful and even useful lives, if we cannot call it altogether happy.

J. OLDHAM. You will not claim happiness for them, you say?

O. SENIOR. My dear Dean, my dear Son, happiness is a blessed state very rarely vouchsafed to any who have passed a long life. The losses, ruined hopes and failed efforts in this world of ours are so frequent and so many that very few who live long years can have escaped them. How few are there among the elderly but have had happiness for them blighted by this world-war and all it brought about! To those who have suffered the worst of bereavements, the very thought of ever being happy again seems

a mockery. Memory, peace, resignation alone are left. "In quietness and in confidence shall be their strength." Yet, after all, those whom in extreme age the mercy of Providence has blessed with health, modest competence and still active powers both of body and of mind—and these are not so very rare as to be counted quite *lusus naturæ*—to them, I say, even fourscore years and ten ought not to bring despair, intolerable pain, desire of immediate death. They have to make ready for the summons, to wait, to bear their lot in patience and faith.

J. Oldham. A lot, you assure us, not intolerable!

O. Senior. Not intolerable to those whose whole lives have been a wise preparation for it. The last years of man, like all that precede them, have their destined compensations. No period of human life can be counted one of perfect bliss. Three decades of joys, eager hopes, misused opportunities—three decades of stern labour, realised aims, inevitable failures—two or three decades yet to some of us of freedom, peace and sad memories. Such is human life, even to the most fortunate of us.

J. Oldham. The sad memories, I fear, include those of friends and comrades who have passed away, some of them even long ago.

O. Senior. My dear Dean, there you touch me to the quick. Apart from the loss of our dearest ones to which all human lives are more or less exposed, very old persons of necessity lose most of their friends, companions, fellow-workers, intellectual intimates. Those who remain are infirm and far away. Yes! we cannot quite replace those we grasped most closely, whose spirits touched the tenderest fibres of our souls.

J. Oldham. You hold friendship to be impossible to the very old?

O. Senior. New friendships, great friendships, perfect

friendships, yes! I fear. All friends of another generation, even the very best, are of a somewhat later world. They cannot share our outlook—theirs is so different. They face the world from another angle, even with other eyes. They look forward, whilst we look backward. They are not weighted with the mass of past experience we have. We cannot enter into the irrepressible hopes for the future which inspire them.

J. OLDHAM. The want of friends then is the chief burden of great age?

O. SENIOR. One, at any rate, of its sore trials. But there is compensation even in this. The comrades with whom we lived and worked, hoped and rejoiced, are gone. They are cut off from our lives and our works; they inspire us no more with confidence and delight. But mark—how death is the mysterious revealer of life. It takes away those who are dear to us, but it gives them a halo of transfiguration. They have entered into a more unearthly atmosphere. We see their merits more clearly: we recall all that was best in them: any sense of rivalry, discussion, doubt about them, has disappeared: they are more than ever our friends, and they speak to us with a new voice. How often does it come to widower and to widow to feel that never in life did the husband know all that glorified his lost wife, to the wife to feel that she had never understood all that her lost husband had in him! Either can say with the poet "my late espoused saint." Something of this saintliness enshrines the memory of our lost friends. We see them no more; we hear them no longer; but they seem to us in remembrance greater and dearer than ever they seemed to us in life. And this memory of the departed friends forces us to feel constantly how close to "the great majority" we are ourselves.

J. OLDHAM. You told us just now that you saw no

reason even for the most aged to desire death. And I am sure you see no reason for them to fear death?

O. Senior. Why should we fear death? Every wise man has made ample preparation to meet it. He may fear disease, and lingering decay, and may long to be spared from such an end. With a grateful sense of the blessings I have received in a long life of moderate well-being I can still say with the philosopher Gorgias—"*nihil habeo quod accusem senectutem.*" My life is lived out. It is enough! I am the "*conviva satur*" of Horace. With reverence I can repeat those solemn words from the Cross: Τετέλεσται. *It is finished!* As for what remains to be done, as to what is to come hereafter, I hold by all I have preached in my office, and by all I have worked out in my own conscience for the faith that is in me. I trust that when I have preached to others, I myself shall not be found a castaway. The memory of a life of honest work is not really grievous, whatever be its failures and its sorrows. For my part, I have done, I think, in my small parish even more than I could have hoped to do, quite as much as I was ever capable of doing, little as it is, and poor as is any permanent result. If I had power to call out to the Angel of Death, I would not ask him either to delay his flight or to hasten it. May his stroke be sudden whenever it shall come. Do you remember that beautiful etching of Alfred Rethel—*Der Tod als Freund?* I have it framed and hung in my study. There the aged peasant—perhaps guard or bailiff of a monastery—has just returned from his day's work—his staff and his broad-brimmed pilgrim's hat are laid down by his side—his last supper is just finished—his book of psalms lies open on the table—he has sunk back to rest in his arm-chair, but his eyes are closed and it is his last sleep. The Saviour looks down on him from the crucifix hung over his head. Death,

shrouded in the robes of a monk, steps forth and is tolling the passing bell. The open window shows a fair plain beyond with a river circling round the meadows; and a village spire stands clear, as the last orb of the setting sun sinks below the horizon. The whole atmosphere seems to be chanting—*Pax vobiscum.* The picture is a favourite study of mine. *Avete atque Valete Amici—mei haud immemores!*

Bath: October 1921.

V

LONDON LIFE IN THE TIME OF ADDISON

By Sir James Frazer

Joseph Addison was born on May 1, 1672, and died on June 17, 1719. Thus he lived through the last thirteen years of Charles the Second, the whole of the reigns of James the Second, William the Third, and Anne, and the first five years of George the First. But his memory is chiefly associated with the age of Queen Anne, because that period coincided with the maturity of his genius and witnessed the production of the writings on which his fame securely rests. These writings comprise above all the papers contributed by him to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, which ran successively, with breaks of about twenty months, from April 12, 1709, to December 20, 1714.

While the whole of the *Tatler* and the greater part of the *Spectator* were appearing, the war with France was still dragging out its weary length to a somewhat indecisive and inglorious close; and Addison makes frequent references to it. He says that news of the war were cried through London with the same precipitation as a fire; that a bloody battle alarmed the town from one end to another in an instant; and that every motion of the French was published in so great a hurry that you might think the enemy were at the gates. News of a great victory were proclaimed to the whole city by the roar of guns from the Tower. In one of his papers Addison

professes to have been appropriately wakened from a dream of Fame by the noise of the cannon fired for the taking of Mons. As the ports of France were closed to English traffic during the war, news of military operations in Flanders and Germany reached England only by the mail from Holland; hence the conspicuous place which the Dutch mail takes in the periodical literature of that age. And as the packet-boat came from the east, and it was long before the invention of steamers, the mail could not arrive so long as the wind sat in the west; accordingly we read that a westerly wind kept the whole town in suspense.

The places where, in Addison's time, people met to discuss the news were the clubs and especially the coffee-houses. Never was the drinking of coffee more fashionable than in his day. The custom was then of comparatively recent origin. When John Evelyn was a fellow-commoner of Balliol College, Oxford, where he was admitted on May 10, 1637, he saw coffee drunk for the first time by a certain Greek named Nathaniel Conopios, who had been sent on a mission from Greece by Cyril, the Patriarch of Constantinople.

Many coffee-houses are mentioned in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. They differed not only in situation but in the class of persons who frequented them, some being the favourite haunts of politicians, others of authors, others of men of fashion, and so forth. The most famous of all was Will's, which took its name from Will Urwin, who kept it. It was the corner house on the north side of Russell Street, at the end of Bow Street, in Covent Garden. The coffee-house owed its reputation to Dryden, who frequented it habitually, gathering the wits of London about him and holding forth on literary topics in his later years with the authority of an acknowledged master. In

Addison's day Will's was still pre-eminently the resort of authors. When false news of the death of Louis XIV arrived in London and set all the coffee-house politicians agog, Addison professes to have called in at Will's and to have found that the discourse of the critics had wandered from the death of the French king to those of Monsieur Boileau, Monsieur Racine, and Monsieur Corneille, and several other poets whom they regretted as persons who, if only they had been alive, would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince and so eminent a patron of learning.

The coffee-house most frequented by politicians in those days seems to have been the St. James's. It was the last house but one on the south-west corner of St. James's Street, where it stood down to 1806. When the rumour of the French king's death was afloat, and the *Spectator* desired to ascertain the truth of it, he began, he says, as near the fountain-head as possible by looking in at the St. James's, where he found the whole outer room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were very indifferent towards the door, but improved in quality as you approached the steam of the coffee-pot in the inner room, where he heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of the Bourbons provided for in less than a quarter of an hour. Pursuing his inquiries towards the city he came to Jenny Man's coffee-house, which appears to have been situated somewhere between St. James's Street and Charing Cross. There he saw a brisk young fellow, who cocked his hat on a friend and addressed him as follows: "Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy! Up to the walls of Paris directly"—with other deep reflections of the same nature.

By the time that the Spectator, still following up the scent had penetrated into the heart of the city, he dis-

covered that the views of coffee-house politicians were to some extent coloured by their professional occupations. In Fish Street, where the coffee-houses seem to have chiefly depended on the patronage of fishmongers, he heard a leading politician discoursing on the plentiful supply of mackerel which might be expected to flow as a natural consequence from the French king's death; since English fishermen would not have to fear the raids of French privateers on their boats and nets. The orator then considered the death of Louis XIV in its bearing on the catch of pilchards, and by his remarks on that subject infused a general joy into the whole audience.

Proceeding still eastward the Spectator came to Cheapside, where he heard a haberdasher haranguing a circle of admirers in a coffee-house of which he was the most shining ornament. The speaker called several of his hearers to witness that he had given up the king of France for dead more than a week ago, indeed that the thing was so certain that it was impossible it could be otherwise. He was in the act of deducing the political lessons to be drawn from the monarch's decease, when his speech was interrupted, and his reputation as a political oracle was dashed to the ground, by the arrival of a gentleman from Garraway's, who informed the audience that, according to the latest letters from France, the French king was in good health and had gone out hunting the very morning the post came away. On hearing this intelligence the crestfallen haberdasher stole his hat from the peg beside him and retired to his shop in great confusion.

Next to the coffee-houses, if not on an equality with them, as places of popular resort in the reign of Queen Anne, were the clubs. Many clubs are described or alluded to in the pages of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, but only some of these were real, while others, to all appear-

ance, were purely imaginary. Among the real clubs mentioned by Addison are the Kit-Cat and the October. The Kit-Cat Club met at a famous mutton-pie house in Shire Lane, by Temple Bar. It took its name, not, as might naturally be supposed, from the contents of the pies, but from a pastry-cook named Christopher Katt, who kept the house; and the pies were called Kit-cats after him, and not after the noble animals which were baked in them. In summer the club sometimes met at the Upper Flask on Hampstead Heath. The principles of the club were staunch Whig. At it the great Whig chiefs, such as Somers and Halifax, met the foremost Whig writers, such as Congreve, Addison, Garth and Steele. Pope and Gay sometimes visited the club, and on one occasion drank the health of Swift, who had set up a rival club called the Society of Brothers as an antidote to the poisonous Whig principles of the Kit-Cat. But the regular Tory rival of the Kit-Cat was the October Club, which met at the Bell Tavern in King Street, Westminster, and drank confusion to the Whigs in October ale, which gave its name to the club.

Among the clubs mentioned by Addison, which are hardly less illustrative of the manners of the age because their historical existence is more than doubtful, we may note the Club of Duellists, which, he says, was founded in the reign of King Charles the Second. None might be admitted to the club who had not fought his man. The president was said to have killed half-a-dozen in single combat; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side-table for such as had only drawn blood and shown a laudable ambition to qualify themselves for sitting among the homicides at the principal table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, came to an untimely

end, most of the members being put to the sword, or hanged, soon after its institution.

Addison has also commemorated a remarkable club of widows, though we cannot be sure that all the particulars which he gives of it are strictly historical. The club consisted of nine experienced dames who met once a week round a large oval table. The president had disposed of six husbands and was just about to grapple with a seventh. Another had married within a fortnight of the death of her last husband but one; her weeds had served her thrice, and were still as good as new. A third member had been a widow at eighteen, and had since buried a second husband and two coachmen. On the first institution of the club it was resolved that the members should give pictures of their deceased husbands to the club-room; but two of them bringing in their dead at full length, they covered all the walls; upon which the rule was amended so as to run, that each widow should give her own portrait set round with her husbands in miniature. The conversation of the ladies at the club turned largely on the question of how to manage a husband. Among the first principles, on which they were unanimously agreed, was not to give him his head at first, and never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection till he had made over to her all his goods; after which the sooner he went to his long home, the better for her, and perhaps for him.

The principal theatres of London in Addison's time were the Haymarket and Drury Lane; Covent Garden was not built till some years after his death. The Haymarket was designed and opened by Vanbrugh in 1705; but at first it was almost a complete failure, partly, it would seem, because it was too distant from the city for the ordinary playgoers, but still more because the convenience of the building for the representation of plays was sacrificed to

the magnificence of the architecture. The huge columns, gilded cornices and immoderately high roof struck the spectators with surprise and wonder, but the voices of the actors were so lost in the void overhead that scarcely one word in ten could be distinctly heard, while the rest was drowned in a sort of confused murmur, like the hum of voices rolling and reverberating along the vaults in the long-drawn aisles of a cathedral. But, if the stately building was ill-fitted for speech, it was much better adapted for music; the swelling blast of a trumpet and the high notes of a singer lingered lovingly in the hollows of that lofty roof, and struck home to the hearts of the rapt listeners with a power and a sweetness which they could hardly have attained in a less ample structure. Hence, when the Italian opera was introduced into England in the reign of Queen Anne, it found its natural home in the Haymarket; and the foreign songs and foreign music saved the theatre from the utter ruin with which it had been threatened by the failure of the English pieces.

It was at the Haymarket that Handel, then a stranger lately arrived in England, produced his opera of *Rinaldo* in February 1711. It was highly successful, and Addison bore unwilling witness to its popularity. He himself, apparently, could see nothing in it to admire, but much to ridicule. The only design of an opera, he says, " is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience." To do the critic justice, he seems to have conformed his own behaviour very closely to the design of the performance, as he conceived it. For any reference he makes to the music he might have been deaf. While the rest of the audience sat entranced by the melting airs of *Cara sposa* and *Lascia ch'io pianga*, Addison was coolly sneering at the costumes and the scenery, and was thinking, as he says, how the wits of King Charles's time—those

exquisite judges of scenic propriety—would have laughed to see Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of pasteboard. And what a field for raillery they would have found in painted dragons spitting wildfire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial landscapes! From all this agreeable raillery we may infer that the melodies of the great musician spoke to Addison with the accents of a language which he did not understand; he heard with his ears the sounds of the voices and the violins, but the soul of the music escaped him.

He was particularly sarcastic on stage thunder. He says in one place that last winter he had been at the first rehearsal of the new thunder, which was much more deep and sonorous than any that had been heard before. The lightning flashed more briskly than ever, and the clouds were better furbelowed and more voluminous. He was told that the theatre was provided with above a dozen showers of snow consisting of the plays of many unsuccessful poets cut and shredded for the purpose. These were to fall on the head of King Lear at his next appearance on the stage. As for the noise of drums, trumpets and huzzas, he says it was so loud that, when a battle was raging in the Haymarket theatre, the sound of it might be heard as far as Charing Cross. But while he ridiculed the ordinary devices for lending dignity to tragedy, such as the sweeping trains of stage queens and the towering plumes of stage heroes, he was not insensible to the effect of some artifices in moving the awe or pity of the spectators. He tells us that, in the parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera in Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, the sound of the passing bell, tolling for the execution of Jaffier's friend Pierre, then about to be broken on the wheel, caused the

hearts of the whole audience to quake and made a deeper impression on the mind than mere words could convey.

Among the actors of his time Addison mentions Betterton, Bullock and Norris. Of these, Betterton played Macbeth, while Bullock, Norris and another actor named Bowen took the part of the witches in the tragedy. However, Bullock and Norris appeared also in lighter pieces; Bullock in a short coat and Norris in a long one sufficed to raise a laugh in the audience. But Bullock had a rival in a comic actor named Penkethman. The comparative merits of the two were appraised by Steele in the *Tatler*. Mr. Bullock, he says, had the more agreeable squall, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful shrug. Penkethman devoured a cold chick with great applause; Bullock's talent lay chiefly in asparagus. Penkethman was very dexterous at conveying himself under a table; Bullock was no less active at jumping over a stick. Mr. Penkethman had a great deal of money; but Mr. Bullock was the taller man.

The same graceful and tender wit falls into a graver strain when he speaks of the death of Betterton the tragedian, who had been his friend. Having received notice that the famous actor was to be interred that evening in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, Steele resolved to walk thither and see the last offices paid to a man whom he had always very much admired, and from whose acting he had received stronger impressions of what is great and noble than from the arguments of the profoundest philosophers or the descriptions of the most charming poets. He could hardly conceive that Roscius himself or any actor of antiquity could ever have surpassed the acting of Betterton in the parts which he had played on the English stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the circumstances of the handkerchief in

Othello, the mixture of love and tenderness that intruded on his mind as he listened to the innocent answers of Desdemona, betrayed in his gestures such a variety and vicissitude of passions as would warn any man to keep watch over his own heart, lest he should stab it with that worst of daggers, jealousy. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where Othello tells how he won the love of Desdemona, was delivered by Betterton with so moving and graceful an energy that, walking there in the cloisters, Steele thought of him with the same concern as if he waited for the funeral of one who had done in real life all that he had seen Betterton do in the shadowy representation of the stage. The gloom of the place and the faint lights glimmering through the evening shadows deepened the feeling of sadness which oppressed him. He began to sorrow that Brutus and Cassius had ever quarrelled; that Hotspur's gallantry was so hapless; and that all the mirth and good-humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, habituated as he was to look upon the distinctions between men as merely scenical, he reflected on the emptiness of all human greatness, and could not but regret that the sacred heads which mouldered in that little parcel of earth, to which the mortal remains of his old friend were so soon to be consigned, were returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the real and the imaginary monarch.

In the theatre Addison kept a keen eye on the audience as well as on the stage; and from his pages we can gather many details as to the appearance and behaviour of the spectators. We learn that in those days some members of an audience used to express their disapprobation of bad plays and bad players by means of a cat-call. This was a simple musical instrument designed to imitate those melodious sounds with which, in neighbourhoods fre-

quented by cats, the silence of night is often broken, and which are commonly known as caterwauling.' Played in concert by a number of performers dispersed throughout the theatre, the instrument exerted a powerful effect upon the actors; it struck a damp into generals, and frighted heroes off the stage; at the first sound of it a crowned head had been seen to tremble and a princess to fall into fits. When Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, was revived on the stage in Addison's time, it was received with such a powerful chorus of caterwauls as effectually stopped the mirthful sallies of the lieutenant.

At the opera a cluster of ladies in gay hoods sometimes presented as pleasing a spectacle as any on the stage, and diverted the eyes of the audience from the performers. One evening Addison, seated in the back of a box, noticed such a bevy and compared it to a bed of tulips, the hoods varying in colour from blue to yellow and philomot and pink and pale green. By the unspeakable satisfaction which appeared on the faces of the wearers it was easy to see that their thoughts were more taken up with their pretty hoods than with the singers on the stage. Another time, sitting at an opera in the Haymarket theatre, he observed two parties of very fine women, who had placed themselves in opposite boxes and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. Those on the right were Whigs and those on the left were Tories; and, as the badges of their respective parties, they had disposed the fashionable black patches of the day on different parts of their faces. The intermediate boxes were occupied by ladies whose principles and patches were midway between these extremes, and who seemed to sit there, strangely enough, for no other purpose but to see the opera. In order to ascertain the state of political opinion among the ladies, Addison had the curiosity to count the patches on

both sides, and he found that the Tories had it by about twenty; but the balance of opinion was turned the next morning at the puppet-show, where all the ladies were spotted in the Whig manner.

The taste for snuff-taking would seem to have been equally diffused among both sexes in the age of Queen Anne. Men and women alike carried snuff-boxes adorned with pictures on the lids. At the time when the infamous impostor and perjured scoundrel, Titus Oates, was in all his glory, posing as an idol of fashionable ladies, a saviour of the State, and a pillar of the Protestant faith, an acquaintance of Will Honeycomb's exhibited a portrait of the so-called doctor on the lid of her snuff-box. And as a singular proof of the extent to which the habit of snuff-taking was carried in the other sex, it may be mentioned that, when the head of a beau was dissected after death, the cavities of the skull, which in ordinary people are filled with brains, were discovered to be stuffed with Spanish snuff. Yet in outward shape and appearance the beau had not differed from other men; he ate and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on several occasions acquitted himself tolerably at a ball; some ladies even took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

This unfortunate accident probably prevented the beau from having the pleasure of meeting the lady's husband in the fields at the back of Montague House, to which gentlemen frequently retired for the settlement of any little differences which might have arisen between them, the seclusion of the spot being eminently favourable to the calm consideration of the points in dispute. Even on their way to the fields some of the disputants thought

better of it and came to an amicable arrangement to be both of them arrested by the police, which saved a needless expenditure of gunpowder and a possible effusion of blood. But it was not always so, nor did the meetings always take place in the fields at the back of Montague House. On November 15, 1712, while the *Spectator* was being read at many breakfast tables in London, Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton met and fought in Hyde Park at seven o'clock in the morning. Lord Mohun was killed on the spot, and the duke was mortally wounded. They tried to help him to the cake-house by the ring in the park, but he died on the grass before he could reach the house.

In the reign of Queen Anne the streets of London must have presented a much more picturesque aspect than at the present day; for they were lined on both sides by an endless succession of gay sign-boards, which exhibited an almost infinite variety of Blue Boars, Black Swans and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs, Hogs in Armour, and many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa; while the exuberant fancy of the sign painter ran riot in combinations like the Cat and the Fiddle, the Fox and the Goose, the Dog and the Gridiron, the Lamb and the Dolphin, the Bell and the Neat's Tongue, the Three Nuns and the Hare, the Bible and Three Crowns. The reason for this profusion of strange devices was that in those days the houses in the streets were not numbered; hence it was necessary to hang out sign-boards for the guidance of passengers, if they were to find the places they wished to go to. Even with this clue it was often very difficult to discover the shop, tavern or house of which you were in search; for the signs were frequently so badly painted that it would have puzzled a naturalist to say whether the animal at which he gazed was intended to

represent a boar or a buffalo, a cat or a crocodile, a mouse or an elephant; and to make matters worse, their names were often misspelled. Many a man, we are told, lost his dinner through not being able to find his way to the tavern to which he had been directed. A cousin of Steele's, a Bachelor of Queen's College, who was to have dined at the sign of the Bear in Barbican, wandered a whole day through the mistake of a letter in the sign-board, which bore inscribed on it, " This is the Beer," instead of " This is the Bear." He was only set right at last by inquiring of a fellow who could not read, but who was well acquainted with the tavern in question because he had often been drunk there. When Steele in his boyhood attended the Merchant Taylors' School, he frequently stopped on the way to read the inscriptions on the sign-boards, and was afterwards thrashed by his schoolmaster for his pains, because he spelled the words according to the orthography, or rather the cacography, of the sign-boards instead of the books. Some people adapted the sign of their house to the sound of their name or the nature of their occupation. Thus Mrs. Salmon, who kept a waxwork in Fleet Street, had for her sign a golden salmon; and a French tavern-keeper near Charing Cross delicately hinted at the quality of the liquor which he served to his guests by a punch-bowl with a couple of angels hovering over it and squeezing a lemon into it.

Not only the sights but the sounds of the London streets were very different in Addison's day from what they are now. At night the sleepers were roused from their slumbers by the thump of the watchman on the door, and listened drowsily to the drone of his voice proclaiming the hour, and to the tinkle of his bell, as they receded together down the street. And by day there was nothing which more astonished a foreigner and frighted a country squire

than the cries of London. When Sir Roger de Coverley quitted the silence of his park and the stillness of the green lanes and meadows of Worcestershire for the busy thoroughfares of London, he used to declare that he could not get the street cries out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he was in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb preferred them to the song of the lark and the warbling of the nightingale, and listened to them with more pleasure than to all the music of the hedges and groves.

The cries of London in those days fell into two classes, the vocal and instrumental. The instrumental included the twanking of a brass kettle or a frying-pan, with which any man was free to disturb a whole street and to drive the inhabitants to the verge of distraction for a whole hour together. The sow-gelder's horn had something musical in it, but it was seldom heard within the Liberties, the animals on which the musician operated not being common objects of the streets. But the vocal cries were far more numerous and varied. The sale of milk was announced in sounds so shrill that they set the teeth of sensitive people on edge. The chimney-sweeper commanded a diapason of much richer compass, his notes sometimes rising into the sharpest treble and sometimes sinking into the deepest bass. The same observation applied to the retailers of small coal, not to mention broken glass or brick dust. The cooper swelled his last note with a hollow voice that was not without its harmony; and it was impossible not to be affected with a most agreeable melancholy on listening to the sad and solemn air with which the public were very often asked if they had any chairs to mend. The time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumber was celebrated by strains which ravished the soul with an uncommon sweet-

ness; but alas! like the song of the nightingale, they were only heard for two months out of twelve.

It is true that the words of the cries were often pronounced so indistinctly that it was not possible to distinguish them, nor could a stranger guess the nature of the wares which the songsters vended; insomuch that a country boy has been seen to run out to buy apples from a bellows-mender and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissors. And even when the words of a cry could be clearly heard, they sometimes furnished no clue to the profession of the crier. Who, for example, could know that "Work if I had it" was the signification of a corn-cutter? However, in the reign of Queen Anne, as in our own time, there were many people who had no soul for the melody of street cries; who refused to listen to the plaintive strains of the sow-gelder's horn; who turned a deaf ear to the voice of the corn-cutter; and in whose savage breast the musical request for chairs to mend awakened no response. We hear of such an one who paid a card-match-maker never to come into his street again. But what was the consequence? Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers passed by his door the very next morning, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

More pleasing to many ears than the street cries was the chime of the church bells, which might be heard ringing to prayers from morning to night in some part of the city or another. When Addison's friend, the Tory fox-hunter, came to town, obsessed with a fear of stumbling on meeting-houses and dissenters at every street corner, he was much reassured in his mind by listening to the music of the bells from many steeples; and his satisfaction was increased when he looked in at St. Paul's in the middle of sermon-time and saw the Lord Mayor,

Aldermen and City Sword all sitting in the congregation, and not more than two of them fast asleep.

In Addison's time the gay world drove in Hyde Park, sometimes with six horses to a carriage. Military reviews were also held there; we hear of a lady who fell in love with the Duke of Monmouth, when she saw him, in all the splendour of scarlet and gold, at the head of his troop of Guards in the park. Kensington Palace had been built and Kensington Gardens laid out by William the Third. Addison speaks with admiration of the upper gardens at Kensington, which, from being merely a gravel-pit, had been wrought by the gardener's art into a beautiful hollow, planted with shrubs and trees that rose into the semblance of a circular mount.

Among Addison's favourite haunts we may perhaps reckon Gray's Inn walks and the garden of Lincoln's Inn. For he lays the scene of one of the Spectator's talks with Sir Roger de Coverley in the verdure and seclusion of Gray's Inn walks, which to this day remain a sort of green oasis in the bricky wilderness of London. There on the terrace, waiting for the Spectator, the old knight hemmed with great vigour to clear his pipes, as he said, in the good air of the place; and there he discoursed with his friend on country matters, on the last sermon of his domestic chaplain, on the tobacco-stoppers which Will Wimble had been busy turning all the winter, on the death of the witch, Moll White, on the open house he had kept for his tenants in the hall last Christmas, and other topics of equal interest and importance. In another paper Addison tells us that by the favour of the benchers he was allowed to walk by himself in the garden of Lincoln's Inn; and he describes how, pacing there alone on a winter evening, he was overtaken by the dusk and drawn into an agreeable contemplation by the sight of the starry heaven, where in

the clear air of a freezing night every constellation shone with a brilliance such as he had never witnessed before.

But there was no place in the town which Addison so much loved to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gave him a secret satisfaction and in some measure gratified his vanity, as he was an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of fellow-countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind and making London a kind of emporium for the whole earth. Here he was pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an alderman and a native of Japan, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul bargaining with a subject of the Czar of Muscovy. He was infinitely delighted to mix among these motley groups, to observe their different costumes, and to listen to their different tongues. Sometimes he made one of a group of Dutchmen; sometimes he was lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes he was jostled by a body of Armenians. Now he fancied himself a Dane, now a Swede, and now a Frenchman; or rather, like the old philosopher, he felt himself to be a citizen of the world. Moving there, a silent spectator in the busy throng, he often imagined one of the old kings, whose effigies adorned the edifice, standing in person and looking down on the wealthy concourse of people with which the place was every day filled; and he said to himself how the monarch, come to life again, would wonder to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men negotiating like princes for greater sums than were formerly paid into the royal treasury.

The last place in London to which I will ask the reader to accompany me with Addison is one which has changed but little since his time, and has been of late very much in all our thoughts—I mean Westminster Abbey. He

tells us that in his serious and pensive moods he very often walked there by himself, where the gloominess of the place, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, filled his mind with a melancholy, or rather a thoughtfulness, that was not unpleasing. Pacing these hallowed precincts he observed that the great war, then still raging with France, had crowded the church with many empty tombs and uninhabited monuments erected to the memory of men whose bones were perhaps mouldering in the plains of Blenheim or weltering in the depths of the ocean. Since he wrote thus, two hundred years have passed away, years not the least memorable nor the least glorious in the long roll of English history. In these centuries how many sons of England, illustrious in arts, in letters, in eloquence, in arms, their race of glory run, have been borne, amid a nation's mourning, to their last resting-place in these solemn aisles! Addison himself sleeps there, not far from the dust of Elizabeth. There we will leave him, lying with his peers. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.

VI

THE BRITISH CHARACTER

By George Santayana

What is it that governs the Englishman? Certainly not intelligence; seldom passion; hardly self-interest, since what we call self-interest is nothing but some dull passion served by a brisk intelligence. The Englishman's heart is perhaps capricious or silent; it is seldom designing or mean. There are nations where people are always innocently explaining how they have been lying and cheating in small matters, to get out of some predicament, or secure some advantage; that seems to them a part of the art of living. Such is not the Englishman's way: it is easier for him to face or to break opposition than to circumvent it. If we tried to say that what governs him is convention, we should have to ask ourselves how it comes about that England is the paradise of individuality, eccentricity, heresy, anomalies, hobbies and humours. Nowhere do we come oftener upon those two social abortions—the affected and the disaffected. Where else would a man inform you, with a sort of proud challenge, that he lived on nuts, or was in correspondence through a medium with Sir Joshua Reynolds, or had been disgustingly housed when last in prison? Where else would a young woman, in dress and manners the close copy of a man, tell you that her parents were odious, and that she desired a husband but no children, or children without a husband? It is true that these novelties soon become the conventions

of some narrower circle, or may even have been adopted *en bloc* in emotional desperation, as when people are converted; and the oddest sects demand the strictest self-surrender. Nevertheless, when people are dissident and supercilious by temperament, they manage to wear their uniforms with a difference, turning them by some lordly adaptation into a part of their own person.

Let me come to the point boldly; what governs the Englishman is his inner atmosphere, the weathers in his soul. It is nothing particularly spiritual or mysterious. When he has taken his exercise and is drinking his tea or his beer and lighting his pipe; when, in his garden or by his fire, he sprawls in an aggressively comfortable chair; when, well washed and well brushed, he resolutely turns in church to the east and recites the Creed (with genuflexions, if he likes genuflexions) without in the least implying that he believes one word of it; when he hears or sings the most crudely sentimental and thinnest of popular songs, unmoved but not disgusted; when he makes up his mind who is his best friend or his favourite poet; when he adopts a party or a sweetheart; when he is hunting or shooting or boating, or striding through the fields; when he is choosing his clothes or his profession—never is it a precise reason, or purpose, or outer fact that determines him; it is always the atmosphere of his inner man.

To say that this atmosphere was simply a sense of physical well-being, of coursing blood and a prosperous digestion, would be far too gross; for while psychic weather is all that, it is also a witness to some settled disposition, some ripening inclination for this or that, deeply rooted in the soul. It gives a sense of direction in life which is virtually a code of ethics, and a religion behind religion. On the other hand, to say it was the vision of any ideal

or allegiance to any principle would be making it far too articulate and abstract. The inner atmosphere, when compelled to condense into words, may precipitate some curt maxim or over-simple theory as a sort of war-cry; but its puerile language does it injustice, because it broods at a much deeper level than language or even thought. It is a mass of dumb instincts and allegiances, the love of a certain quality of life, to be maintained manfully. It is pregnant with many a stubborn assertion and rejection. It fights under its trivial fluttering opinions like a smoking battleship under its flags and signals; you must consider, not what they are, but why they have been hoisted and will not be lowered. One is tempted at times to turn away in despair from the most delightful acquaintance—the picture of manliness, grace, simplicity and honour, apparently rich in knowledge and humour—because of some enormous platitude he reverts to, some hopelessly stupid little dogma from which one knows that nothing can ever liberate him. The reformer must give him up; but why should one wish to reform a person so much better than oneself? He is like a thoroughbred horse, satisfying to the trained eye, docile to the light touch, and coursing in most wonderful unison with you through the open world. What do you care what words he uses? Are you impatient with the lark because he sings rather than talks? and if he could talk, would you be irritated by his curious opinions? Of course, if anyone positively asserts what is contrary to fact, there is an error, though the error may be harmless; and most divergences between men should interest us rather than offend us, because they are effects of perspective, or of legitimate diversity in experience and interests. Trust the man who hesitates in his speech and is quick and steady in action, but beware of long arguments and long beards. Jupiter decided the

most intricate questions with a nod, and a very few words and no gestures suffice for the Englishman to make his inner mind felt most unequivocably when occasion requires.

Instinctively the Englishman is no missionary, no conqueror. He prefers the country to the town, and home to foreign parts. He is rather glad and relieved if only natives will remain natives and strangers strangers, and at a comfortable distance from himself. Yet outwardly he is most hospitable and accepts almost anybody for the time being; he travels and conquers without a settled design, because he has the instinct of exploration. His adventures are all external; they change him so little that he is not afraid of them. He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle amongst all the deliriums of mankind. Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics manage to supplant him.

VII

THE GORDON RIOTS

By Austin Dobson

> "When the rude rabble's watchword was—destroy,
> And blazing London seem'd a second Troy."
>
> Cowper's *Table Talk*, 1781.

Lord George Gordon is one of those ambiguous historical personages who, for a brief period, flash into sudden significance, and then, having contrived to do incalculable harm, fade away again as suddenly. Their intentions may have been good, though their methods were mistaken; but as individuals they lie so much on the border line that it is difficult to determine whether they are more sane than mad—more fanatic than lunatic. The difficulty of discriminating is not diminished by the absence of biographical data; and as regards Lord George's early life, the recorded facts are only moderately enlightening. He was the third son of the third Duke of Gordon, and was born in London in December 1751. Like Pope's Molly Lepell, he received a military commission when scarcely out of his cradle; but he ultimately entered the Navy from Eton as a midshipman. He served on the American station, rising to be a lieutenant in March 1772. Then, being disappointed of a ship by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, he quitted the Service. Having thus declined to become a Howe or a Hawke, he is next heard of as a candidate for Inverness-shire. This he contested with General Fraser

(eldest son of Hogarth's Lord Lovat), who, finding his rival's faculty for speaking Gaelic and giving balls with attractive Highland partners made him a too formidable antagonist, judged it prudent to purchase for him, from Lord Melbourne, the seat of Ludgershall in Wiltshire, for which he was returned in 1774. Concerning his senatorial career, little is related except that he made himself conspicuous, if not notorious, for his impartiality in attacking both the Ins and the Outs, and for his denunciations of the Roman Catholics. Finally, in June 1780 his name is inseparably connected with the "No Popery" Riots.

The story of the five days' disturbances, which practically paralysed London and almost amounted to a temporary Reign of Terror, requires no long introduction. In 1778, when the toleration which the different Governments of Europe were extending to their peaceable Roman Catholic subjects was gradually beginning to obtain in England, Sir George Savile, one of the most open-minded and upright of philanthropists—in whom some critics have recognised the lineaments of Goldsmith's "Mr. Burchell"—introduced a Bill to relieve Roman Catholics in this country from certain civil disabilities and penalties to which they were liable under an Act of William of Orange. That monarch, it was said, had never really approved it; and from lapse of time and altered conditions it had become not only unnecessary but unjust. Those whom Savile's measure immediately concerned, welcomed it warmly; and the Bill was carried in both Houses without a division. Then came the question of extending its provisions to Scotland. But here, at once, difficulties arose with the Presbyterians. The provincial synods hastened to form adverse Protestant associations; and the agitation thus created was assiduously fanned by sermons, pamphlets and newspaper paragraphs. As a result, at Edinburgh and Glasgow

serious riots took place, in which Mass-houses were burned, and much Roman Catholic property was destroyed. So sinister and determined was the opposition, that the authorities decided to hold their hands; and as far as Scotland was concerned, legislation was abandoned.

In England, however, where, for some time, a "No Popery" movement had been simmering in the public Press, these proceedings in Scotland naturally produced a reaction. A London "Protestant Association" was at once set on foot, and Lord George Gordon, who had been at the head of a similar body in North Britain, was elected president. He attended the initial deliberations regularly; and on Monday, May 29, assembled by advertisement an extraordinary meeting in Coachmakers' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, to consider the best method of presenting a petition to Parliament for the repeal of Savile's Act. Taking for his pretext the success of resistance in North Britain, he delivered a "long inflammatory harangue." In consequence, a unanimous resolution was passed, that, on the following Friday, the entire Protestant Association, distinguished by blue knots or ribbons, should meet in St. George's-Fields (a waste space on the Surrey side of the Thames, where the whirligig of Time has now erected a Roman Catholic Cathedral) and accompany its president to the House of Commons. Upon this, Lord George announced that if less than twenty thousand of his fellow-citizens attended, he would not present the petition; and he further suggested that, for the better preservation of order, they should group themselves in different divisions.

On June 2, the day fixed, these arrangements were carried out, with an exactitude which reflects considerable credit on the executive of the Protestant Association. Starting from St. George's-Fields at noon, one party, led by Gordon

himself, and preceded by the petition—a huge roll of parchment said to contain a hundred and twenty thousand signatures—crossed the river at Westminster. Another section made its way by Blackfriars; a third by London Bridge. About half-past two, the whole body had simultaneously reached Palace Yard, an event which they signalised by a "general shout." Up to this time their progress had been quiet and decorous; but it soon became evident that their ranks had been largely recruited on the road by many undesirable sympathisers of the lowest class, and that the motley cohort which accompanied Gordon to the very entrance of the Commons, and surged after him into the Lobby, must have included not a few spurious "blue cockades," whose proclivities were plainly rather to lawless action than passive protest. These last speedily began to hustle and maltreat the Members as they arrived, particularly if they happened to be Peers, constraining them to cry "No Popery"—to assume the Protestant badge—to promise to support the repeal of the Act. They even attempted to force the doors of the House, all the approaches to which they effectually blockaded. In Parliament Street, the Archbishop of York was hissed and hooted. The Lord President of the Council, old Lord Bathurst, was violently assaulted and kicked; Lord Mansfield ("clarum et venerabile nomen!"), who had been instrumental in acquitting a Popish priest, not only had the glasses and panels of his coach beaten in, but narrowly escaped with his life. The hat of Lord North, the Premier, was seized, cut to pieces and the fragments sold to the spectators;[1] the Duke of Northumberland was robbed of his watch; the Bishop of Lichfield's gown was torn to tatters; and the Bishop of Lincoln, a brother of the unpopular Lord Chancellor Thurlow—his carriage-wheels

[1] Angelo's *Reminiscences*, 1830, ii. 146.

having been wrenched off—was only saved in a half-fainting condition by seeking shelter in a neighbouring house, whence he departed in disguise over the adjoining roofs. Other high dignitaries and politicians fared no better. Lord Townshend, then Master-General of the Ordnance, and Lord Hillsborough, a Secretary of State, having been grossly insulted, lost those "honours of their heads," their silk bags, and entered the House with their hair hanging loose; while Lord Stormont, another Secretary of State, whose equipage was literally battered to pieces, after remaining helpless for nearly half an hour in the hands of the rabble, was at last extricated by the courageous intervention of a friendly bystander. Lord Boston was so long detained by his assailants that, at one time, it was proposed by his brother Peers to sally out in a body to his assistance. Similar outrages were suffered by Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord St. John, and Lord Dudley, while Welbore Ellis, the Treasurer of the Navy, got free with the utmost hazard by taking sanctuary at the Westminster Guildhall, the windows of which were forthwith smashed, the doors demolished, and the Justice and constables ejected.

Inside the House—as soon as opportunity offered, for the state of things outside naturally engrossed considerable attention—Lord George, in due form, presented his petition, demanding its immediate consideration. During the heated debate that took place he repeatedly came to the top of the gallery-stairs to acquaint his supporters in the Lobby with the course taken by the discussion, and to denounce to them those—North and Burke among others—who opposed his motion. By several of the members these ill-advised utterances were warmly resented. Walpole's friend, General Conway, publicly rebuked the reckless orator, whom others threatened with personal violence;

and Colonel Murray,[1] his relative, appearing suddenly at his side, declared, in a voice audible to those below, that he would run his sword into Lord George's body the instant any of his Lordship's "rascally adherents" presumed to enter the House. Eventually the Commons, courageously declining to be overawed by numbers—and the postulated twenty had now grown to about sixty thousand—adjourned consideration of the petition to Tuesday, June 6. The dissatisfied concourse were therefore left to console themselves with their leader's optimistic assurance that he had no doubt King George the Third, being a gracious monarch, "would send to his Ministers to repeal the Act when he saw the confusion it created."[2] In the meantime Lord North had contrived to summon the Guards. But it was nearly nine before they made their appearance, and the vast assembly which had kept the two Houses besieged for many hours of a stifling June day, gradually dispersed. Yet, though the majority broke up in Westminster, there were many of them still deliberately bent on mischief; and these—following the Scottish precedent—forthwith repaired to the Romish chapels of the Bavarian and Sardinian Ministers in Golden Square and Lincoln's Inn Fields, which—to use their own word—they "gutted," and burned, carrying away silver lamps, vestments and appointments. Tardily, as before, the troops arrived, and some thirteen of the rioters were lodged in the Savoy.

With the scenes that ensued, it will be best to deal in the time-table fashion adopted by Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale. On Saturday, the 3rd, the rioters remained quiet; but on the afternoon of Sunday, the 4th, they assembled in

[1] In the *Annual Register* and *Barnaby Rudge* this name is given as Gordon. But in Walpole's *Letters*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and *Notes and Queries* it is Murray—*i.e.* Colonel James Murray of Strowan, Member for Perthshire, and uncle to the Duke of Athol.

[2] Erskine's *Speeches*, 1810, i. 63.

force to attack the chapels and dwellings of the Roman Catholics in and about Moorfields. Altars, pulpits, pews and furniture were ruthlessly broken up, nothing being left but bare walls. On Monday, the 5th, kept as the King's birthday, the mob paraded as far as Lord George's house in Welbeck Street, taking with them their spoils and trophies, which they burned in the then-adjacent fields. They afterwards made their way to Wapping and Smithfield, intent on similar depredations; but directing their efforts more especially against those who had given evidence with respect to the prisoners taken on the previous Friday. Sir George Savile, the introducer of the Act of 1778, was also singled out for retribution. He had been wary enough to remove his plate; but his historic house on the north side of Leicester Square was completely stripped, its contents set fire to in the inclosure, and its iron railings converted into weapons of offence.

On the same day, in spite of the fact that the now contrite Protestant Association issued a handbill, signed by its President, deprecating "all unconstitutional Proceedings," the Guards, who took three of the aforementioned prisoners from Bow Street to Newgate, were on their return pelted by the populace. On Tuesday, the 6th, the two Houses, the Tower, and St. James's Palace were all in charge of the troops; but Lord Sandwich, driving to Westminster, was nevertheless assaulted. His coach was wrecked, he himself was cut about the face, and the Light Horse had the greatest difficulty in protecting him from further ill-usage. In the evening a punitive party of the rioters demolished the house in St. Martin's Street of Justice Hyde, who had led the soldiers to Palace Yard. Between six and seven another party set out, by way of Long Acre and Holborn, for Newgate, bent on releasing their captured comrades. On the refusal of Boswell's

friend, Mr. Akerman, the head keeper, to deliver them up without authority, they at once attacked and burned his house, subsequently piling his blazing furniture against the door of the prison, which, like the house, was speedily in flames, and the prisoners, some three hundred in number, including four under immediate sentence of death, were set at liberty, of course swelling the ranks of the malcontents. Other outrages followed these. Justice Cox's house in Great Queen Street was burned; as also that in Bow Street of Sir John Fielding. At Clerkenwell Green the so-called New Prison was broken open, and the prisoners turned out; after which a more desperate gang attacked Lord Mansfield's famous mansion in the corner of Bloomsbury Square. Beginning by breaking the doors and windows, they went on to fling the contents of the rooms into the street, where large fires were ready lighted to receive them. They then burned the valuable library, some thousand volumes, including "many capital manuscripts, mortgages, papers and other deeds." Priceless pictures[1] and sumptuous wearing apparel were also consigned to the flames, and the choice vintages of the cellars "plentifully bestowed" on the populace. The Guards arriving, the Riot Act was read; and there was some half-hearted firing on the part of the soldiers. Nothing, however, could check the fury of the rabble, who literally pulled the building down, burning even the out-houses and stables, so that, in a short time, the whole was entirely consumed. Lord and Lady Mansfield had fortunately made their exit by a back door before the rioters got in. Not satisfied with what they had done, however, a party of miscreants set out to destroy his Lordship's country seat at

[1] Malone thought these included Pope's solitary effort at portraiture in oil. But this must have been safe at Caen Wood; for Pope's copy of Kneller's Betterton was exhibited at the National Portrait Exhibition in 1867 by the Earl of Mansfield (No. 61).

Caen Wood, Hampstead. But here, happily, they were forestalled, the house being protected by the Militia.

Lord Mansfield's household goods were still blazing fiercely at one o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, June 7—the blackest day in the record. In the forenoon the mob had the "infernal humanity" to give notice that they intended to burn the Fleet, the King's Bench, and other buildings, specifying in particular the premises of Mr. Thomas Langdale, a well-known Roman Catholic distiller in Holborn, next to Barnard's Inn. This plan of campaign was carried out so punctually that at nightfall some six-and-thirty fires are said to have been visible from London Bridge, burning simultaneously in different quarters of the city. At Mr. Langdale's the scene was "horrible beyond description." His vaults were stored with vast quantities of unrectified spirit which ran from the started casks in torrents down the street; and, when ignited, added to the fury of the flames. Numbers of rioters and onlookers drank greedily of the liquor; and were either suffocated at once or burned to death in a state of stupor. Others were buried in the ruins of the falling houses. But by this time the palsied authorities, galvanised into decision by the timely firmness of George the Third, had recovered from their deplorable lethargy. Detachments of Regulars and Militia came pouring into the Metropolis at many points. Gradually the field of action was contracted; and the insurgents were effectually checked. Attempts on the Pay Office at Whitehall, and the Bank of England[1] (where

[1] In attacking the Bank of England the rioters were led by a brewer's boy on a powerful dray-horse, which was caparisoned with fetters taken from Newgate. Dickens has remembered this in Chap. 67 of *Barnaby Rudge*, where such a charger is ridden by Hugh of the Maypole. Another instance of his minute study of his material is to be found in the death of the blind man, Stagg, in Chap. 69, who is killed by the soldiers, and runs full forty yards after he is hit. This is plainly suggested by a passage in the *Annual Register*, 1780, p. 261, describing the

Alderman Wilkes and Gibbon's friend, Colonel Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield, led the defending forces) were successfully repulsed; and by Thursday, the 8th, though the shops continued shut, and business remained at a standstill, it was plain that the protracted misrule had reached its close, and there was no longer anything to fear. Seventy-two private houses and four public jails had been destroyed.[1] Two hundred and eighty-five of the rioters are said to have been killed outright by the military; one hundred and seventy-three were wounded; fifty-nine were capitally convicted, and twenty-one of these were afterwards executed. But of those who died from intoxication or other causes, the number was never accurately ascertained. A large number of the escaped prisoners—it should be added—were speedily retaken, and placed once more in confinement.

In the first half of the last century there must have been not a few who, as children, remembered, with Raimbach the engraver, the roar of the rioters rushing through the streets and calling to all good citizens to illuminate—nay, there must have been those living who, like Walpole's printer Kirgate, had actually seen dead bodies lying by empty casks in Holborn. Many trustworthy eye-witnesses have left their impressions of this terrible time; and most of the contemporary memoir writers refer to one or other of the incidents which came under their especial notice. Walpole, Gibbon, Burke, Johnson, Susan Burney, Crabbe, Wraxall, Angelo—all contribute their quota, confirmatory or otherwise, to the body of evidence. To Walpole, the arch-priest of the " nouvelles à la main," who scribbles off daily letters to Mann and Mason and Lady Ossory on the

destruction of the toll-gates at Blackfriars. " One man, who was shot, ran thirty or forty yards before he dropped."

[1] *Annual Register*, 1780, p. 281.

reigning theme, one naturally turns first, though much of what he has to say is the merest hand-to-mouth gossip (including, of course, Selwyn's latest "mot" thereon) which to-morrow will contradict, and it is safer to trust to what he has actually seen than to those "first reports" he has heard. Personally he had "disliked and condemned the repeal of the Popish statutes," but he was equally averse from reformation by massacre; and for him Lord George is a "lunatic," an "arch-incendiary," the "ruffian apostle that preached up the storm," etc. He confirms generally the occurrences in Palace Yard, decorating them, of course, in his own inimitable way; and he also makes mention more than once of the intervention of Colonel Murray. Lord Mansfield (who he disapproved) he describes as "quivering on the woolsack like an aspen," which, seeing that he was a septuagenarian who had been in imminent danger, was not unnatural. Of the burning of the Chapels on the same day, Walpole writes to Lady Ossory on June 3: "The mob forced the Sardinian Minister's chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and gutted it. He saved nothing but two chalices; lost the silver lamps, etc., and the benches being tossed into the street, were food for a bonfire, with the blazing brands of which they set fire to the inside of the chapel, nor, till the Guards arrived, would suffer the engines to play. My cousin, T[homas] Walpole, fetched poor Madam Cordon,[1] who was ill, and guarded her in his house till three in the morning, when all was quiet."

The Chapel of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia was the oldest Roman Catholic place of worship in London, which was probably why it was selected for destruction by the wire-pullers of the mob. As a connoisseur, Walpole should have regretted the loss of its beautiful altar-piece by the Chevalier

[1] The Sardinian Minister was the Marquis de Cordon.

Casali, alleged to have cost £2,500. To Count Haslang, the Bavarian envoy, he is unsympathetic: "Old Haslang's Chapel was broken open and plundered; and, as he is a prince of smugglers as well as Bavarian Minister, great quantities of run tea and contraband goods were found in his house. This one cannot lament; and still less, as the old wretch has for these forty years usurped a hired house, and, though the proprietor for many years has offered to remit his arrears of rent, he will neither quit the house nor pay for it."[1]

Of the depredations of Sunday, Walpole says little, as he had returned to Strawberry Hill to avoid the official Birthday (Monday the 5th), and for the next occurrences we must go to a fresh witness, Fanny Burney's lively sister, Susan, then resident with her family in Sir Isaac Newton's old house, No. 1, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, the Observatory of which afforded exceptional opportunities for surveying the scenes in their immediate neighbourhood.[2] From this coign of vantage they saw the whole of Leicester Square lighted up by Sir George Savile's burning

[1] Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, June 5, 1780.

[2] "Newton House," once No. 1, and latterly No. 35, St. Martin's Street, the residence from 1710 to 1725 of Sir Isaac Newton; and from 1774, and many years subsequently, of Dr. Charles Burney, the musician, is now pulled down. The "Observatory," to which Susan Burney refers, existed in 1778, since Fanny Burney tells us expressly that her father went to the expense of practically reconstructing it after the hurricane of that year. Parts of her first novel, *Evelina*, were written in this "square turret." It is consolatory to learn from a letter of Mr. Hugh Phillips to *The Times* of December 4, 1913, that this historic dwelling has not fallen a prey to the house-wrecker; and that it has been removed "in sections, carefully packed and numbered," to Hitchin, where its re-erection is contemplated. That this may come to pass is devoutly to be wished, if only to justify Lord Macaulay's too-sanguine prediction in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1843, that the building would "continue to be well known as long as our island retains any trace of civilisation." Meanwhile a useful memorial of it exists in Miss Constance Hill's pleasant volume entitled *The House in St. Martin's Street*, 1907, to which we are indebted for our extracts from Susan Burney's unpublished Diary.

property. " They [the mob] had piled up the furniture in the midst of the Square, and had forced Sir George's servant to bring them a candle to set fire to it. They would doubtless have set the house itself on fire [also] had not the Horse and Foot Guards prevented [their doing so]." This was early on Monday, the 5th. Next day came the retributory burning of Justice Hyde's, which was in St. Martin's Street itself.[1] " From our windows we saw them throw chairs, tables, cloathes, in short everything the house contained, into the street, and as there was too much furniture for *one* fire, they made several. I counted six of these fires, which reached from the bottom of the street up to the crossing which separates Orange and Blue Cross Streets. Such a scene I never before beheld! As it grew dusk, the wretches, who were involved in smoak and covered with dust, with the flames glaring upon them, . . . seemed like so many infernals. . . .

" One thing was remarkable and convinced me that the mob was secretly directed by somebody above themselves: —they brought an engine with them, and while they pulled Hyde's house to pieces and threw everything they found into the flames, they ordered the engine to play on the neighbouring houses to prevent their catching fire." [2]

Early that morning Mrs. Burney, Susan's stepmother, had seen Burke pass through St. Martin's Street, beset by a crowd who wished to extort from him a promise that he would vote for the repeal of the Act. " My mother . . .

[1] The *Gentleman's Magazine* says Hyde's house was in Lisle Street. But Lisle Street lies north of Leicester Square; and Susan Burney places the house towards the bottom of " our street," *i.e.* St. Martin's Street on the southern side. Lisle Street has, however, its memories of these troublous days, since Francis Wheatley's great picture of the Riots, being too large to be removed, was destroyed here at a fire in the house of James Heath, who engraved it for Boydell (Edwards's *Anecdotes of Painters*, 1808, p. 269).

[2] *The House in St. Martin's Street*, 1907, p. 257.

heard him say: 'I beseech you, gentlemen; gentlemen, I beg——'" Finally he was obliged to draw his sword in order to free himself from their importunities. He was lucky to escape. He had been denounced with North by Lord George at Westminster as opposing the repeal; and if his house in Charles Street, St. James's Square, had not been stoutly garrisoned by sixteen soldiers, it would probably have shared the fate of that of Sir George Savile.

One of the diarist's entries illustrates the difficulties of the military. An Ensign and thirty Foot Guards marched into the street, and after a few words to the rioters from the officer, marched out again, "the mob shouting and clapping the soldiers on their backs as they passed." The soldiers were as unwilling to use force as the magistrates were to send for the soldiers; and Walpole mentions a brother-in-law of Lord George, who had "to conceal himself" because he had given orders to fire at Bloomsbury Square. Such a state of things Johnson had foreseen four years before when he said: "The characteristick of our own government at present is imbecility. The magistrate dare not call the guards for fear of being hanged. The guards will not come for fear of being given up to the blind rage of popular juries."[1]

At night-time the watchers from the St. Martin's Street Observatory saw the flames ascending from Sir John Fielding's house and office in Bow Street; from Newgate; and from Lord Mansfield's. Concerning this last, there is not much to add, save that Parson Warner, Selwyn's chaplain and Thackeray's Sampson, found, or professed to have found, a page of Virgil from the famous library—the "letter'd store" of which Cowper wrote—fluttering in the enclosure. "Sunt lacrimæ rerum" was the legend on this fugitive fragment. Many similar relics, charred and

[1] Hill's *Boswell's Johnson*, 1887, iii. 46.

stained, were for a long time preserved in Caen Wood; but "silver-tongued Murray" is said to have regretted most of all the loss of his manuscript of a speech on the privilege of Parliament which he considered contained all the law and all the eloquence he possessed. To this, possibly, Cowper intended to refer in the neat copy of verses he sent to William Unwin:

> "And MURRAY sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
> And many a treasure more,
> The well-judg'd purchase and the gift
> That grac'd his letter'd store.
>
> "*Their* pages mangled, burnt and torn,
> The loss was *his alone;*
> But ages yet to come shall mourn
> The burning of *his own*."

Sir John Fielding had also to lament the destruction of his furniture, effects and "writings"—a lament with which posterity may fairly sympathise, as they probably included some of the rare letters and MSS. of the great novelist who was his half-brother and predecessor. But if details are scanty as to Bow Street and Bloomsbury Square, they are abundant concerning the burning of Newgate. George Crabbe, the poet, who, with three pounds in his pocket, had come to London in the previous April to seek his fortune, was still seeking it when, wandering aimlessly homeward to his lodging near the Royal Exchange, he turned out of Ludgate Hill at about half-past seven on Tuesday evening (the 6th) to discover the mob already occupied in firing Mr. Akerman's house: "As I was standing near the spot [he writes in his journal to Miss Elmy, the Mira of his affections], there approached another body of men, I suppose 500, and Lord George Gordon in a coach, drawn by the mob towards Alderman Bull's [the seconder of his motion in the House of Commons], bowing as he passed along. He is a lively looking young man in

appearance, and nothing more, though just now the reigning hero.[1] By eight o'clock, Akerman's house was in flames. I went close to it, and never saw anything so dreadful. The prison was, as I said, a remarkably strong building; but, determined to force it, they broke the gates with crows and other instruments, and climbed up the outside of the cell part, which joins the two great wings of the building, where the felons were confined; and I stood where I plainly saw their operations. They broke the roof, tore away the rafters, and having got ladders they descended. . . . Flames all around them, and a body of soldiers expected, they defied and laughed at all opposition. The prisoners escaped. I stood and saw about twelve women and eight men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and they were conducted through the streets in their chains. . . . You have no conception of the frenzy of the multitude. This being done, and Akerman's house now a mere shell of brickwork, they kept a store of flame there for other purposes. It became red hot, and the doors and windows appeared like the entrances to so many volcanoes. With some difficulty they then fired the debtors' prison—broke the doors—and they, too, all made their escape. Tired of the scene, I went home. . . ." [2]

At eleven o'clock he returned to find Newgate "open to all," for the incendiaries had transferred their operations to Bloomsbury Square. Another spectator of the attack upon Newgate was Henry Angelo, the fencing-master, who, hiring for sixpence a garret-window opposite, had a full view of the whole—the first onslaught with pick-axes and sledge hammers, the breaking open of the debtors'-door, the subsequent rising of smoke from different points, and

[1] This was on the 6th when he left the House of Commons. See *post*.

[2] Crabbe's *Works*, 1834, i. 83.

" a new species of jail delivery." " The captives marched out with all the honours of war, accompanied by a musical band of rattling fetters," which Angelo presently heard being knocked off in the neighbouring houses.[1] Next day (the 7th) Dr. Johnson who, at Bolt Court, was not far off, visited the ruins: " On Wednesday [he writes to Mrs. Thrale] I walked with Dr. Scot [afterwards Lord Stowell] to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions-house at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place." [2]

And then he goes on to enumerate the incidents of " black Wednesday," when one might watch, as Walpole watched from the roof of Gloucester House in Upper Grosvenor Street, " the glare of conflagration fill the sky "; and listen hourly to fresh tidings of new enormities at Blackfriars and Holborn.

With the 7th came the King's Proclamation, and the belated issue of General Orders authorising the military to " use force for dispersing the illegal and tumultuous assemblies of the people." Wraxall, who, though he mixes up his dates, seems to have witnessed the burning of Lord Mansfield's house, the " sublime sight " of the King's Bench in flames, and the terrible scenes at Langdale's distilleries, says at this point: " From the instant that the three Bridges over the Thames were occupied by regular troops, the danger was at an end. This awful convulsion, which, on Wednesday, the *seventh* of June, seemed to menace the destruction of everything, was so completely

[1] Angelo's *Reminiscences*, 1830, ii, 147–8.
[2] Hill's *Johnson's Letters*, 1892, ii. 169.

quelled, and so suddenly extinguished, that on the *eighth*, hardly a spark survived of the popular effervescence. Some few persons in the Borough of Southwark [1] attempted to repeat the outrages of Wednesday; but they were easily and immediately quelled by the military force. Never was a contrast exhibited more striking than between those two evenings, in the same city! [2] The patroles of Cavalry, stationed in the Squares and great streets throughout the West End of the Town, gave London the aspect of a Garrison; while the Camp which was immediately afterwards formed in St. James's Park, afforded a picturesque landscape; both sides of the Canal, from the Queen's House [*i.e.* Buckingham House] down to the vicinity of the Horse Guards, being covered with tents and troops." [3]

"This audacious tumult is perfectly quelled," wrote Gibbon to his stepmother on the 10th. On the 27th he writes again: "The measures of Government have been seasonable and vigorous [!]; and even opposition has been forced to confess, that the military force was applied and regulated with the utmost propriety. Our danger is at an end, but our disgrace will be lasting, and the month of June 1780 will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which

[1] *Thrale's Brewery* in Deadman's Place, Southwark, was naturally visited. But here, on the first occasion, "the clamorous crowd is hush'd by mugs of mum." Judiciously exhibiting some £50 worth of meat and drink, Mr. Perkins, the Superintendent, contrived to send them away. When they returned they were confronted by soldiers (Hill's *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, 1887, iii. 435).

[2] This is confirmed by Mr. Urban's chronicler: "The writer of this paragraph, whose residence is at a small but equal distance from three dreadful fires which at the same period were blazing on the Wednesday night, when he was surrounded by hundreds of families who were distractedly employed in removing their children and their valuables, sat down to his literary amusements on Thursday night as uninterruptedly as if he had resided on Salisbury Plain. Not a human voice was to be heard!" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, August 1780, p. 369.)

[3] Wraxall's *Historical Memoirs of my Own Time*, 1904, p. 207.

actually subsists in Great Britain, perhaps beyond any other Country in Europe." [1]

Meanwhile, on June 9, the President of the London Protestant Association, to whose ill-starred plan for placing his Petition before Parliament these deplorable scenes were the calamitous sequel, had been arrested at his house in Welbeck Street, examined by a Committee at the War Office, and escorted to the Tower in charge of an exceptionally strong military guard. He had—it was alleged by his friends—taken no active part in the riots; he had even gone fruitlessly to Buckingham House to offer King George his assistance in checking them, and it was afterwards testified by Sir James Lowther, in whose carriage Lord George had left the House of Commons on the 6th, that he had earnestly entreated the mob to go home and be quiet. Whilst confined in the Tower, he was well supplied with books; and is reported to have devoted himself, among other things, to the study of the ten folio volumes of the State Trials. According to Malone [2] he applied for "a Protestant clergyman, a Popish priest, a Presbyterian preacher, and an Anabaptist to be sent to him: but his wishes were not complied with. He then requested to have a fiddler, which was readily granted." But he was certainly visited, with Lord Stormont's permission, by John Wesley, who, on December 19 spent an hour with him, conversing about Popery and religion. Wesley found him well acquainted with the Bible; and was agreeably surprised to note that he did not complain of any person or thing.[3] After being imprisoned for eight months, on February 5, 1781, he was tried in the Court of King's Bench on a charge of High Treason. His senior counsel

[1] Gibbon's *Corr.*, 1896, i. 382.
[2] Charlemont *Corr.*, Hist. MSS. Comm., 1891, i. 374.
[3] *Wesley's Journal*, 1901, iv. 185.

was Lloyd (afterwards Lord) Kenyon; the junior, Thomas, later Lord Erskine, then a young man of thirty-one. Lord Mansfield, the aged Lord Chief Justice, presided. The Crown brought witnesses to show that the riots had been the preconcerted results of the demonstration connected with the presentation of the petition; and that Gordon, as the prime mover of that demonstration, was guilty of treason, or—to speak precisely—of what was then legally known as *constructive* treason, that is, something "equivalent to treason, though not intended or realised as such." In this connection, special stress was laid on the fact that he had signed a protection by which a house in Long Acre was saved from destruction. But Kenyon's merciless cross-examination of the witnesses, particularly of one William Hay, made havoc of some of the evidence for the prosecution, while Erskine, in a concluding speech occupying some sixty octavo pages of print, and marked by extraordinary forensic ability, addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner. His main contention was that those petitioners of June 2, who belonged to the Protestant Association, had been orderly and peaceable in their intentions; that his client had neither part nor lot in the excesses that ensued—excesses that were "at the very worst, unforeseen, undesigned, unabetted and deeply regretted consequences"; and that in the meaning of the statute, Gordon was in no wise guilty. These arguments, admirably marshalled and supported, must have had their weight with the jury, who, at a quarter after five o'clock on the morning of February 6, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty"—a verdict which, according to Erskine's editor, James Ridgway, was "repeated from mouth to mouth to the uttermost extremities of London, by the multitudes which filled the streets." Dr. Johnson's comment on the finding, as recorded by Boswell, is characteristic: "He said he was glad Lord George

Gordon had escaped, rather than that a precedent should be established for hanging a man for *constructive treason.*"[1]

"Escaped"—it will be observed—is Johnson's word; and there can be no question that Gordon owed much to the able advocacy of Erskine, who, by the way, besides being a compatriot of his own age, had also begun life as a midshipman. But the precise amount of Lord George's responsibility for the riots is extremely difficult to establish.[2] By his contemporary apologists it is urged that his notification of May 29 had the misfortune to attract in the train of the guileless Protestant Association a host of disreputable auxiliaries, "thieves, pickpockets, housebreakers" and the like, to whom the "No Popery" cry meant nothing but a call to disorder; and who were, in fact, an unsolicited and unwelcome contingent from that large, dangerous and powerful body, the Mob, which, eight-and-twenty years before, Henry Fielding had ironically termed the real Fourth Estate. They feared, he said, two orders of men only: the justices of the peace and the soldiery—both of which preservers of public tranquillity had, in the occurrences of June 1780, owing to the inactivity of the authorities, for some time left them a free hand. Beginning, for form's sake, with the burning of Popish chapels, impunity had rapidly hurried them on to the destruction of private property, the demolition of public institutions, and to spoliation generally. All this *may* be true. At the same time it is impossible to hold with the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that the Protestant Association of Coachmakers' Hall were merely "a set of well-

[1] Hill's *Boswell's Johnson*, 1887, iv. 87.

[2] Dr. F. A. Wendeborn, Pastor of the German Church on Ludgate Hill, and a witness of the riots, says: "Lord George Gordon himself, I am convinced, when he began to assemble the mob, never dreamt that matters would be carried to such a height." He also held that "no premeditated plan was previously formed by the rioters" (*View of England towards the Close of the Eighteenth Century*, 1791, ii. 454).

meaning men (*who could not have been aware of the consequences*) [1] met for the defence of the established religion." The " consequences " in Scotland had been riots and the burning of Popish chapels; and these were precisely the consequences in England, aggravated by special social conditions, and assuredly not modified by the stimulating speeches and reckless rhetoric of Gordon himself, who must have been simplicity personified if he did not know that preaching constitutional restraint to an excitable audience is the idlest of injunctions. To kindle dangerously combustible material is clearly a serious crime, which cannot be condoned on the flimsy pretence that you did not afterwards feed the fire. Yet it was mainly on this latter plea that Gordon was acquitted.

By the historians he has been treated no better than by Horace Walpole. He is a " crack-brained member of parliament," a " half-crazy fanatic," and so forth. John Forster, who was a Commissioner of Lunacy, regarded him as a madman; and thought those pages of *Barnaby Rudge* in which he appeared were the feeblest parts of the book. Dickens, on the contrary, found redeeming points in his " Protestant hero." He must, he contended, " have been at heart a kind man, and a lover of the despised and rejected, after his own fashion. He lived upon a small income, and always within it; was known to relieve the necessities of many people. . . . He always spoke on the people's side, and tried against his muddled brains to expose the profligacy of both parties. He never got anything by his madness, and never sought it." [2] To this may be added that he was certainly fearless; that he must have possessed considerable persuasive powers as a platform speaker, and that, having gone through the rude discipline

[1] The italics are the writer's.
[2] Forster's *Life of Dickens*, Book II. chap. ix.

of the six years' probation of bad air, bad food and bad manners which characterised the orlop deck of a Georgian man-of-war, he could scarcely have emerged without some experimental knowledge of humanity in the rough.

Unfortunately, the remaining incidents of his career enforce rather than extenuate the debatable aspect of his personality. In 1784 we find him girt with a Highland broadsword, donning a Dutch uniform, and inciting the British seamen, with whom, as an ex-lieutenant, he had naturally a certain authority, to take up arms for the Dutch against the Emperor Joseph. Two years later he is championing the cause of another "friend of mankind," Carlyle's "Sicilian jail-bird," Cagliostro; and libelling Marie Antoinette for "publicly persecuting" that egregious impostor. Then he is accused of libelling British justice, in a bogus "Prisoners' Petition" against transportation, addressed to, but composed by, himself. For these latter exploits, in 1787–8, he was tried and eventually sentenced to five years' confinement in Newgate. Already he had become a convert to Judaism—gaberdine and long beard included. In Newgate he lived on the whole not unagreeably, occupying apartments on the Master's side; playing the bagpipes; entertaining friends and admirers daily; giving fortnightly balls, and between whiles vainly petitioning the French National Assembly to intervene for his release. At the expiration of his sentence, failing to find securities for his good behaviour, he remained in custody, dying at length of jail-fever on the 1st of November, 1793, in his forty-second year. "The Convention have lost a good friend," was Horace Walpole's comment. His last act was to sing the revolutionary "Carillon National" of "Ça ira." Being refused Jewish burial, he was privately interred in the graveyard of St. James's Chapel in the Hampstead Road. No stone marks the spot.

VIII

JOHN DRYDEN AND POLITICAL SATIRE[1]

By Sir Walter Raleigh

When you asked me to deliver the Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture I felt that I had no choice but to accept. The compulsion was put upon me not by the honour of your invitation, though I assure you I am not insensible of that, but by the name of Henry Sidgwick. A time will come, all too soon, when those who deliver this annual lecture must deliver it in honour of one whom they never saw, and never knew.

I am glad that I knew him; he stands to me for what is best in the temper of Cambridge, and it is my lecture that is honoured by being dedicated to his memory.

Whoever speaks to-day in praise of John Dryden speaks to a world that is far from being predisposed in his favour. The poetry of to-day has many kinds of excellence, but they are all remote from the excellence of Dryden. The Romantic movement was against him, though two of the greatest and most vigorous masters of Romance, Byron and Scott, were his devoted adherents and champions. Now that Romance, after a long reign, has fallen into a decline, the newer kinds of poetry take their cue from Donne and the metaphysicals whom Dryden supplanted. We are fanciful, decorative, conceited, mystical; we

[1] The Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture, delivered at Newnham College, Cambridge, in November 1913.

find no difficulty with the jewelled raptures of Francis Thompson or the vague esctasies of Rabindranath Tagore. Women, whose voice in criticism counts for more than it did in Dryden's time, have no use for the glorious John. He still has his admirers, but they are dwindled to an old-fashioned quiet sect.

Let us leave our tastes and leanings on one side for the moment, and consider the question historically. There is much virtue in the history of literature. It teaches diffidence, and without interfering at all with our several likes and dislikes, saves us from transforming our perfectly sound tastes into perfectly unsound judgments.

For the last quarter of the seventeenth century Dryden dominated English poetry. An anthology of tributes to his sovereignty might be gathered from the verses of his enemies, who were many and fierce. Hardly one of them does not incidentally praise and exalt him. His friends, on the other hand, were almost all proud to confess themselves his disciples. A very large group of young men, whose work contained the promise of the future, gathered around him, bowed to his dictatorship, accepted his judgments, and fought under his flag. A pinch from his snuff-box in Will's Coffee-house was a diploma in letters. When he died he was carried to his tomb in Westminster Abbey like a king, on a hearse with six white Flanders horses, with eight horsemen in long cloaks riding before the hearse, and on either side of it thirteen footmen in velvet caps. Above one hundred coaches of the nobility and gentry attended the procession, which was preceded by a band of music, and Dryden was laid to rest in Chaucer's grave.

The throne of poetry was ascended, after a short vacancy, and amid many rival claims, by Alexander Pope, who at all times exalted his predecessor and based his own title

on his lineal descent. When the Romantic rebels delivered their assault on the throne it was Pope who bore the brunt of the attack, so that the prime sovereignty of Dryden was unchallenged and undisturbed for the whole of the eighteenth century. Taste may be impatient of these facts, or may find them irrelevant; history is bound to reckon with them and to attempt an explanation. If we can understand how it was that Dryden loomed so large in the world of his contemporaries, we shall place ourselves at an angle whence his greatness can be seen.

His gradual conquest of fame and pre-eminence was most rapid in the last ten years of his life, after the Revolution, when he was deprived of all his pensions and reduced to struggle for a livelihood by undertaking tedious tasks for the booksellers. He maintained the struggle with success and growing credit from his fifty-ninth year onwards at a period of our history when no author had as yet managed to keep himself afloat by the profits drawn from the sale of his publications. That it was a severe struggle is confessed by Dryden in the well-known lines at the close of his elegy on Eleonora, Countess of Abingdon, in 1692:

> " Let this suffice: nor thou, great saint, refuse
> This humble tribute of no vulgar muse:
> Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,
> Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless brest:
> And dares to sing thy praises, in a clime
> Where vice triumphs and virtue is a crime:
> Where even to draw the picture of thy mind,
> Is satire on the most of humane kind:
> Take it, while yet 'tis praise; before my rage
> Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age;
> So bad, that thou thy self had'st no defence
> From vice, but barely by departing hence."

And the dignity that he maintained through all his hardships finds noble expression, five years later, in those

sonorous sentences which he affixed to his translation of Virgil :

> "What Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties, and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work."

There is no brag about these passages; the facts bear them out. Dryden rose to his greatest in failure, and impressed himself most on his contemporaries when he was a sick and over-toiled man. His triumph was a triumph of character; so that his works cannot stand to us for all that the living man meant to his own generation. They were first collected in a single edition by Sir Walter Scott, more than a hundred years after Dryden's death. They vary enormously in merit. Some were written for money; some to oblige friends; on one page is a jingle of ephemeral trash, on another a whole succession of those magnificent couplets which he had at command when the occasion called forth all his powers. He belongs to the careless race of great writers, who do not correct their errors, but bury them under new achievement. They carry, and carry easily, a burden of faults that would crush a lesser man to the earth.

There is something very impressive in the sure emergence of character. Subtlety of wit, breadth of understanding—these are only an engine, useless without the steadiness of purpose that controls them. Without depreciating Johnson's works, we may admit that we should not know him well if we knew nothing of his life. It is our misfortune that we know very little of the life of Dryden. He was almost worshipped by the young men whom he

befriended and encouraged. Yet none of them has left more than slight, casual references to his conversation and manners. Johnson, whose youth was spent within the reach of oral tradition, complains that they had little to tell.

"Of the only two men whom I have found," he says, "to whom he was personally known, one told me that at the house which he frequented, called Will's Coffee-house, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him, and the other related that his armed chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony; and that he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. This is all the intelligence which his two survivors afforded me."

The explanation of this, I think, is simple. Dryden was not a good talker. His character of himself is that he "never could shake off the rustic bashfulness" which hung upon his nature, that he was "saturnine and reserved, and not one of those who endeavour to entertain company by lively sallies of merriment and wit." He was bred to writing, says one of his enemies, "and knew not what to say." In this respect he is a complete contrast to Thomas Shadwell, his chief opponent, of whom Rochester said that "if he had burnt all he wrote and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet." Cibber says that Dryden was a very bad reader of his own verse; his delivery was "cold, flat, and unaffecting"; so that he was in every way ill equipped to hold a company by continuous discourse. It is not difficult to guess what happened at Will's. The younger men—and they were all younger than Dryden—carried on animated debates and combats. He listened benevolently from his chair of authority. The manner in which, from time to time, he took snuff, was, no doubt, keenly observed as an indication of his sympathies. When, at a crisis, he was appealed to, he uttered, not arguments,

but verdicts. His recorded sayings are not very striking, but they are nearly all brief. The most delightful of them, which is also the briefest, is given by Fenton; it shows how completely authorship and the art of letters filled the thoughts and talk of the company. Dryden was fond of fishing, and would not allow any skill in that craft to bad writers, like Tom D'Urfey:

> "By long experience, D'Urfey may no doubt
> Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
> Yet Dryden once exclaimed, in partial spite,
> '*He fish!*'—because the man attempts to write."

The famous war on Dullness, as a crime proper to authors, and their worst crime, began with Dryden and the professional circle that formed around him.

If Dryden had died just before he was fifty, he would have had a minor place in the annals of our literature; indeed, it may be doubted whether he would have been so highly esteemed as Shadwell, who died at that age. As a young man of decent family and small fortune he had followed the literary fashions of the time; not without great merit, yet it would be hard to discern the splendour of his matured powers in his heroic plays or in his eulogies of the great. Then came the last crisis of the fortunes of the Stuart dynasty, the crisis which gave us our constitutional monarchy and our modern party system. The proposal to exclude the Catholic Duke of York from the throne passed the House of Commons, and rent the nation in two. The Whigs, led by Shaftesbury, favoured the claims of the Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II, and a great popular favourite. The position was saved by the king, who having to choose between a son and a brother, became serious for once, and, neglecting his own ease and safety, declared himself immovable on the side of the lawful heir. To disinherit James was one

thing; to override Charles quite another; for if he was not highly respected, he was much liked, and his just championship of his brother won the sympathy and admiration of the people. The leaders of the House of Commons drove their advantage too hard, and the reaction was swift. Shaftesbury was arrested and thrown into prison to stand his trial for high treason. His one chance of escape was that the Grand Jury of the City of London, which was a Whig stronghold, would refuse to find a true bill. It was while Shaftesbury lay in the Tower, awaiting his trial, that Dryden issued his first famous satire, *Absalom and Achitophel.* He meant it to do its work, and to procure the conviction of the Whig leader. It is the deadliest document in English literature, splendid in power, unrelenting in purpose. The lines in which he praises Shaftesbury's upright conduct on the bench did not appear in this first edition. Dryden was taking no risks. But his pamphlet failed in its immediate purpose; the Grand Jury threw out the bill; the Whig party celebrated Shaftesbury's release by striking a medal in his honour, and Dryden, after returning to the charge in his satire called *The Medal*, had time to look about him and to deal out late vengeance on Shadwell, Settle and the writers on the other side, who are crucified in *MacFlecknoe* and the Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel.*

All four of these great satires fall within a single year. Dryden was a well-known dramatist and poet, but he issued them all anonymously. They produced a sensation greater than any printed pamphlet had ever produced in England. I do not remember any other case of a pamphlet designed to achieve a particular end, pointed to the occasion, topical and allusive in every line, which gained at once, and retained ever after, a place among our great national classics. The effect it produced may be

well measured by the poems written in its praise, while yet the author remained unknown. The verse of *Absalom*, says Nathaniel Lee, is " divinely good," each syllable is a soul. It is

> " As if a Milton from the dead arose,
> Filed off the rust, and the right party chose."

Nahum Tate, who afterwards became Dryden's collaborator, discerned in the new author a great poet:

> " The rock obey'd the powerful Hebrew guide,
> Her flinty breast dissolved into a tide;
> Thus on our stubborn language he prevails
> And makes the Helicon on which he sails;
> The dialect, as well as sense, invents,
> And, with his poem, a new speech presents.
> Hail then, thou matchless bard, thou great unknown,
> That give your country fame, yet shun your own!"

What these praises mean is that Dryden was recognised at once, as he is recognised still, for the first of the moderns. He " filed off the rust "; he discarded the antique poetic trappings, and proved that poetry could do work in the world. I confess that when I look through the collected poems of Dryden I am amazed by his completely modern attitude to all the old traditions. Take a trivial but significant instance. In *The Secular Masque* he introduces a chorus of the heathen divinities, who describe the changes that time has wrought in the world. Diana celebrates the sport of hunting beloved by the court of James I, and then joins with Janus, Chronos and Momus, in a festive chorus:

> " Then our age was in its prime:
> Free from rage and free from crime.
> A very merry, dancing, drinking,
> Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time."

The whole masque resembles nothing so much as a Drury Lane pantomime. And Dryden's innovations in language were, to his own age, no less startling. He was content to

make use of the colloquial speech of the day, the speech in which men traffic, and quarrel and discuss, but he used it with such intensity and conciseness that he raised it to a higher power. The satirists who came before him had either beaten the air, like the Elizabethans, or had been fanciful, grotesque, and metaphysical, like Butler and Cleveland. They dressed themselves in cobwebs; Dryden wore a suit of armour. Men of the world had been accustomed to deal with poetry as a very good thing in its own place, when you have the time and the taste for it. You cannot deal thus with what you fear. Dryden compelled them to find the time.

If any one protests that the highest poetry, like the purest mathematics, can do no work, I do not desire to quarrel with him, so long as no attempt is made to deprive Dryden of the name of a great poet. Among the many definitions of poetry it is wise to choose the broadest. To exclude from the name of poetry work which is artistically ordered in strong and polished verse by an imagination of extraordinary scope and power is a wretched impoverishment of thought and of speech.

The charge that has most frequently been brought against Dryden is that he was, to put it bluntly, a time-server. He celebrated Oliver Cromwell in ringing stanzas. He also celebrated the Restoration of King Charles II. He defended the position of the Church of England in a grave poem, full of weighty reasoning. When James II came to the throne he joined the Roman Communion, and, continuing in his office of Poet Laureate, wrote *The Hind and the Panther* in defence and praise of the Church of Rome. Men who change their religion after the age of fifty cannot expect to pass unchallenged, especially if the change happens to conduce to their material advantage.

Johnson and Scott were not puzzled or perturbed by

these changes in Dryden, nor was their admiration for him, as man and poet, impaired at all. Indeed, I think that any one who takes the trouble to make acquaintance with Dryden's writings and the records of his life will find that there is no puzzle to solve. All through his life Dryden changed, or moved, steadily, in a single direction; he moved, and he never went back. Those who fiercely demand consistency in a political career commonly mean by consistency the repetition of a party cry. Their ideal character is the parrot, who never forgets what he was taught in youth, and never tires of repeating it. They make no allowance for experience, and none for thought—that bugbear of the drill sergeant, which will not stop when you cry "Halt!" Dryden was born of a Puritan family and passed his youth in the religious and political chaos of the Commonwealth. It is not easy for us to realise what a lesson was there. A course of reading in the works of the fanatics and visionaries of the seventeenth century, each with his own scheme of government and of salvation, is enough to make an anarchist sick of freedom. The Church of England commended itself to Dryden, first of all, and for a time, as a decent haven of refuge from the noise of the sects. The authority of the Bible was allowed by all sects, but there remained the difficult question—Who was to interpret the Bible? The Papists, says Dryden, withheld it from the common people; the Protestants gave it to all—with what effect?

> "The Book thus put in every vulgar hand,
> Which each presumed he best could understand,
> The common rule was made the common prey;
> And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
> The tender page with horny fists was galled;
> And he was gifted most that loudest bawled;
> The spirit gave the doctoral degree,
> And every member of a Company
> Was of his trade and of the Bible free.

Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
But men would still be itching to expound;
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from GRACE.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explained by fasting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
Occasioned by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearned, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buzz and swarm,
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thousand daily sects rise up, and die;
A thousand more the perished race supply:
So all we make of Heaven's discovered will
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same; on several shelves
If others wreck us or we wreck ourselves."

These lines, it is plain to see, express the sentiments of a friend to authority. Dryden believed in authority in religion, and monarchy in the State, even when the monarch's name was Cromwell. He was attracted, by the natural bent of his mind, to monarchy in religion—that is, to an indisputable power which should pronounce on all doubtful points. He never writes more vigorously or with more fervour of conviction than when he attacks the engineers of democracy. So in his sketch of Shaftesbury's career, in *The Medal*—if you will excuse a long quotation—

"When his just sovereign, by no impious way,
Could be seduced to arbitrary sway;
Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sail;
Drives down the current with a pop'lar gale;
And shows the fiend confessed without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd that power is lent,
But not conveyed to kingly government;
That claims successive bear no binding force;
That coronation oaths are things of course;
Maintains the multitude can never err;
And sets the people in the papal chair.
The reason's obvious; *int'rest never lies ;*
The most have still their int'rest in their eyes;
The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise.

Almighty crowd! thou shorten'st all dispute;
Power is thy essence; wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leapst o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way!
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise, whatever way they went.
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the father and recall the son.
Some think the fools were most as times went then,
But now the world's o'erstocked with prudent men.
The common cry is ev'n religion's test;
The Turk's is, at Constantinople, best,
Idols in India, Popery at Rome,
And our own worship only true at home,
And true but for the time, 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so;
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God a'mighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plausible and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare:
And, that a lawful power might never cease,
Secured succession, to secure our peace."

No doubt it would be possible to go over all that Dryden here says, to state it in another way, and to make out a case on the other side. But it is not easy, if indeed it be possible, to plead for a novel order of things by way of satire. Satire entrenches itself naturally in old habits and accepted customs. People laugh at what is unfamiliar to them. Marcus Crassus is said to have laughed when he saw an ass eating thistles, but he probably laughed alone, which is no very happy way to laugh. The part of life that is not subject to custom and habit is a very small part, so that the satire of eccentricities and deviations from the beaten track has a wide empire and, in spite of occasional mistakes, is, for the most part, sane. Some wits of our own time have attempted to combine the advocacy of new views with satire directed against those who fail to be converted by them. The combination of

the two professions, evangelist and buffoon, has a delightfully quaint air, but it robs the evangelist of all his efficacy. One simple soul makes more converts than many jesters. The terrible superstitious power of laughter is witnessed by this anxious care of nervous reformers to laugh first. They are afraid of ridicule, and try to intimidate their satirists by laughing at them. But this is a sign of weakness for no one is hurt by laughter until he thinks he is hurt.

One of the great fascinations of Dryden's satire is its perfect ease of application to our own time. The divisions of opinion, the foibles, and the characters that he describes are alive among us to-day. Only the power and the will to satirise them have grown feebler. One reason of this, no doubt, is that our differences, for all their violence, are less fundamental and less tragic. A generation which had seen the king of England led to the block was in no danger of under-estimating the gravity of political differences. Almost all the political problems of to-day bear a likeness to the problems of the seventeenth century; but the colours of that earlier picture are darker and stronger. We are perhaps humaner than they; we are certainly more humanitarian. We do not behead those who are opposed to us, we do not even condemn them; we explain them. Explanation is a subtler kind of satire, and it is touched, as Dryden insisted that all good satire should be touched, with concession, and even sympathy. But we have to pay for our gains; and we have lost the grand style. When Richard Pigott, the informer, broke down, and took his own life, he was pitied more than he was hated. Far different was the case of Titus Oates, who, to work up Protestant frenzy against the Duke of York, invented a whole network of falsehoods concerning the Popish Plot. Titus Oates became an idol of the people for a time.

Mr. Traill, summarising the historical evidence, describes him as "a squat, misshapen man, bull-necked and bandy-legged, with villainous low forehead, avenged by so monstrous a length of chin that his wide-slit mouth bisected his purple face." But he was worshipped as the defender of the faith. (See *Spectator*, No. 57.) Dryden deals with him in lines that vibrate with scorn. Not even in the Roman satirists could you find four lines so packed with meaning and invective as the first four of Dryden's attack:

> "Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
> Erect thyself thou monumental brass:
> High as the serpent of thy metal made,
> While nations stand secure beneath thy shade."

And the controversies of modern authors, whether in verse or prose, are like the mewing of cats compared with Dryden's attack on Shadwell:

> "A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
> For writing treason and for writing dull;
> To die for faction is a common evil,
> But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.
> Hadst thou the glories of thy king exprest,
> Thy praises had been satire at the best;
> But thou in clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
> Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
> I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
> For who would read thy life that reads thy rimes?
> But of King David's foes be this the doom,
> May all be like the young man Absalom;
> And for my foes may this their blessing be,
> To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."

Perhaps I spoke too lightly, a minute or two ago, of the injury that can be wrought by laughter. Shadwell, as any one who reads his plays can witness, is a dramatist of real merit, with great breadth of humanity. But his plays soon fell out of demand, and none of them was ever reprinted until a few years ago.

> "The temple-gates of Fame to him were shut;
> He lived outside, and lived as Dryden's butt."

As for his satire, written in reply to Dryden's *Medal*, it is a rarity for collectors. When I went to the Bodleian Library to see it for the purposes of this lecture, I found that they had mislaid it, so that Dryden's contempt not only blasted his reputation, but perhaps has indirectly prevented my making any attempt to restore it.

I must not pass over Dryden's greatest enemy, the statesman and demagogue, Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury. To discuss his character and career would take me too far afield. It was not a simple character. If you do no more than take notice of Dryden's allowances and concessions, you will see at once that Shaftesbury can never be painted all black or all white. He was a just and compassionate judge. He was of an indefatigable industry, and sought no private profit. He was courageous, even to rashness. Dryden's fiercest onslaught on him is directed against the demagogue. Shaftesbury took pleasure in the craft of statesmanship, and delighted in his own dexterity in handling public opinion. As Butler says of him he

> "Would force his neck into the noose
> To show his play at fast and loose."

He was insatiable in his desire for power, and when against his advice the king withdrew the Declaration of Indulgence to Roman Catholics and Dissenters, he threw in his lot with the Opposition, and cultivated the arts of popularity. The people forgive much in those who declare for them, and Shaftesbury's share in promoting the war with Holland, a Protestant ally of England, was forgiven when he espoused the Whig cause. Dryden's comment describes the conveniences of popularity:

> "How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
> Where none can sin against the people's will,
> Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
> Since in another's guilt they find their own!"

The gist of Dryden's charge against Shaftesbury is not that he represented the people but that he deceived them. He encouraged opinions that he did not share, if he thought he could make use of them. He stirred up envy and hatred, which are more easily awakened than put to sleep again. There is no doubting the sincerity and the passion of the apostrophe that concludes *The Medal* :

> " But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
> (O crooked soul and serpentine in arts;)
> Whose blandishments a loyal land have whored,
> And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
> What curses on thy blasted name will fall!
> Which age to age their legacy shall call;
> For all must curse the woes that must descend on all."

History has something better to do (or, at least, something more interesting to do) than to fulfil the predictions of impassioned prophets. The warfare of party has raged on, with varying fortunes, for more than two hundred years since Dryden wielded his two-edged sword, and the honours are still divided. But it would be a mistake to regard Dryden as first and foremost a party man. No mere party pamphleteer ever has won, or ever could win, the place that he holds in English letters. He is of the centre; his party is the party of Aristophanes and of Rabelais. His best work is inspired by the sanity that inhabits at the heart of things. He lived in a turbulent age, and he was a fighter. But all extremists are his natural enemies. His weapons can be used, on occasion, by either side. He hated wrong-headed theorists and fanatics, who commonly impose their alliance, a heavy burden, on the reforming party in the State. He also hated all contented and self-sufficient dullards, who for the most part have to be supported, a grievous weight, by the party that stands for the established order. He makes war on both, with laughter that flashes and cuts.

There are many provinces of poetry, some where poetry is most at home, that are strange to him. His love lyrics are, with very few exceptions, a miracle of banality. His best dramas just fall short of greatness. But in prose criticism, as in argumentative verse, and in metrical satire, he has not been surpassed. Not many authors have achieved the highest rank in three such diverse kinds.

If Dryden has failed to captivate some lovers of poetry it is perhaps because he deals, almost exclusively, with public affairs. Even religion is treated, throughout his argumentative poems, in one aspect only, as a public interest. Were it not for one or two allusions to his advancing years, his works would give you no clue to his private life and retired meditations. If war, politics and argument were banished from the face of the earth, nothing would be left for him to say, or at any rate he would say nothing. Congreve remarked that Dryden was the most modest man he ever knew; and certainly he is one of the most reserved of poets. He does not take his readers into his confidence; he has no endearing indiscretions. He is content to meet them in an open place, where there is business enough to bespeak their attention. A professional man of letters, especially if he is much at war with unscrupulous enemies, is naturally jealous of his privacy; he will be silent on his more personal interests, or, if he must speak, will veil them under conventional forms. So it was, I think, with Dryden; he is no bosom friend, to be the companion of those who keep the world and its noises at a distance. Those who do not care for Dryden may well care for poetry; it is difficult to believe that they can care for politics, war or argument. And Dryden's resolutely public attitude has a purification of its own; it disciplines the more secretive and furtive passions by

forcing them out into the light and air. War, after all, is the cleanest kind of hate; and, by its awful ordeal, often transforms hate altogether into pride and pity and sorrow. Something of the same kind may be said of great satire like Dryden's. The ugliness and squalor of personal hostility cannot live in that tonic atmosphere. The resentments of men are touched to larger issues, and raised above themselves. What is murky and little and obscene is drawn by the graving tool of the artist, with never a line in vain, and becomes a strong and noble thing, a possession for ever.

IX

JOHN STUART MILL

AN ANNIVERSARY

By Viscount Morley

It was no bad usage of the old Romans to bring down from its niche the waxen image of an eminent ancestor on the anniversary of his natal day, and to recall his memory and its lineaments, even though time and all its wear and tear should have sprinkled a little dust or chipped a feature. Nor was the Alexandrian sage unwise who deemed himself unworthy of a birthday feast, and kept its very date strictly secret, yet sacrificed to the gods and entertained his friends on the birthdays of Socrates and Plato. Nobody would have been more severely displeased than Mill at an attempt to exalt him to a level in the Empyrean with those two immortal shades; yet he was of the Socratic household. He was the first guide and inspirer of a generation that has now all but passed away; and it may perhaps be counted among the *sollemnia pietatis*, the feasts and offices of grateful recollection, in an Easter holiday from more clamorous things, to muse for a day upon the teacher who was born on the twentieth of May a hundred years ago.

Mill was once called by Mr. Gladstone the saint of rationalism, and the designation was a happy one. The canonisation of a saint in the Roman communion is preceded by the dozen or more preliminary steps of beatifica-

tion; and the books tell us that the person to be beatified must be shown to have practised in a signal degree the three theological virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity, and the four cardinal virtues of Prudence, Justice, Courage and Temperance. I think Mill would emerge in perfect safety from such an inquisition, on any rational or rationalistic interpretation of those high terms; nor need we be at all afraid that the *advocatus diaboli* will find fatal flaws in any disposition that time's unkind hand may bring to light. His life was true to his professions, and was no less tolerant, liberal, unselfish, single-minded, high and strenuous than they were.

Nobody who claims to deal as a matter of history with the intellectual fermentation between 1840 and 1870 or a little longer, whatever value the historian may choose to set upon its products, can fail to assign a leading influence to Mill. One of the choicest spirits of our age, for example, was Henry Sidgwick, and he has told how he began his study of philosophy with the works of Mill, " who, I think had attained the full height (1860) of that remarkable influence which he exercised over youthful thought, and perhaps I may say the thought of the country generally, for a period of some years." " No one thinker, so far as I know, has ever had anything like equal influence in the forty years or so that have elapsed since Mill's dominion began to weaken." To dilate on Mill's achievements, said Herbert Spencer, " and to insist upon the wideness of his influence over the thought of his time, and consequently over the action of his time, seems to me superfluous." Spencer was rightly chary of random compliments, yet he declared that he should value Mill's agreement more than that of any other thinker. It would be easy to collect copious testimony to this extraordinary supremacy. One may recall Taine's vivacious dialogue

with some Oxford friend, actual or imaginary, in the 'sixties:

> "What have you English got that is original?—Stuart Mill.—What is Stuart Mill?—A publicist: his little book on *Liberty* is as good as your Rousseau's *Social Contract* is bad, for Mill concludes as strongly for the independence of the individual as Rousseau for the despotism of the State.—That is not enough to make a philosopher. What else?—An economist, who goes beyond his science, and subordinates production to man, instead of subordinating man to production.—Still not enough to make a man a philosopher. What more?—A logician.—Of what school?—His own. I told you he was an original.—Then who are his friends?—Locke and Comte in the front; then Hume and Newton.—Is he systematic? a speculative reformer?—Oh, he has far too much mind for that. He does not pose in the majesty of a restorer of science; he does not proclaim, like your Germans, that his book is going to open a new era for the human race. He walks step by step, a little slowly, and often close to the ground, across a host of instance and example. He excels in giving precision to an idea, in disentangling a principle, in recovering it from under a crowd of different cases, in refuting, in distinguishing, in arguing.—Has he arrived at any great conception of a Whole?—Yes.—Has he a personal and complete idea of nature and the human mind?—Yes."

Though the reader, if he be so minded, may smile at this to-day, still it is a true summary of the claim then made for Mill, of the position generally assented to (by Taine himself among others), and of aims partially if not wholly achieved. Bentham founded a great school, James Mill inspired a political group, Dugald Stuart impressed a talented band with love of virtue and truth. John Mill possessed for a time a more general ascendancy than any of these. Just as Macaulay's Essays fixed literary and historical subjects for the average reader, so the writings of Mill set the problems and defined the channels for people with a taste for political thinking and thinking deeper than political. He opened all the ground, touched all the issues, posed all the questions in the spheres where the abstract intellects of men must be most active. It is true, Mill's fame and influence are no longer what they were. How should they be? As if perpetuity of direct

power or of personal renown could fall to any philosopher's lot, outside the little group consecrated by tradition. Books outside of the enchanted realm of art and imagination become spent forces; men who were the driving agents of their day sink into literary names, and take a faded place in the catalogue of exhausted influences.

The philosophic teacher's fame, like the statesman's or the soldier's—like the great navigator's, inventor's, or discoverer's—*e color d'erba*, is like the grass, whose varying hue

> " Doth come and go—by that same sun destroyed
> From whose warm ray its vigour first it drew."

New needs emerge. Proportions change. Fresh strata are uncovered. Theories once charged with potency evaporate. So a later generation must play umpire. How should Mill be better off than Grotius or Montesquieu, Descartes or Locke, or Jean Jacques, or any of the others who in their day shook the globe, or lighted up some single stage of the world's dim journey? As is well put for our present case, a work great in itself and of exclusive authorship is not the only way in which original power manifests itself. " A multitude of small impressions," says Bain, the most sinewy of Mill's allies, " may have the accumulated effect of a mighty whole. Who shall sum up Mill's collective influence as an instructor in politics, ethics, logic and metaphysics? No calculus can integrate the innumerable little pulses of knowledge and of thought that he has made to vibrate in the minds of his generation."

The amazing story of his education is well known from his own account of it. In after years he told Miss Caroline Fox, whose *Journals* are the most attractive of all the surviving memorials of Mill, " that his father made him study ecclesiastical history before he was ten. This method of early intense application he would not recommend to

others; in most cases it would not answer, and where it does, the buoyancy of youth is entirely superseded by the maturity of manhood, and action is very likely to be merged in reflection. 'I never was a boy,' he said, 'never played at cricket; it is better to let Nature have her own way.'" He has told us what were his father's moral inculcations—justice, temperance (to which he gave a very extended application), veracity, perseverance, readiness to encounter pain and especially labour; regard for the public good; estimation of persons according to their merits, and of things according to their intrinsic usefulness; a life of exertion in contradiction to one of self-indulgent ease and sloth. But James Mill, when all was said, "thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of satisfied curiosity had gone by." He would sometimes say that if life were made what it might be by good government and good education, it would be worth having, but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility. Passionate emotions he regarded as a form of madness, and the intense was a byword of scornful disapprobation. In spite of training, his son grew to be very different. John Mill's opinions on subjects where emotion was possible or appropriate were suffused by feeling; and admiration, anger, contempt often found expression intense enough. Nor did a hint ever escape him about life being "a poor thing at best." All pointed the other way. "Happiness," he once wrote, "is not a life of rapture; but moments of such in an existence made up of few and transitory pains, many and various pleasures, with a decided predominance of the active over the passive, and having as the foundation of the whole not to expect from life more than it is capable of bestowing." Even friendly philosophers have denounced this as a rash and offhand formula, and they may be right; for anything that

I know, analysis might kill it. Meanwhile it touches at least three vital points in a reasonable standard for a life well laid out. Mill had his moments of discouragement, but they never lasted long and never arrested effort.

He realised how great an expenditure of the reformer's head and heart, to use his own phrase, went in vain attempts to make the political dry bones live. With cheerful stoicism he accepted this law of human things. "When the end comes," he wrote to a friend in pensive vein, "the whole of life will appear but as a day, and the only question of any moment to us then well be, Has that day been wasted? Wasted it has not been by those who have been, for however short a time, a source of happiness and of moral good even to the narrowest circle. But there is only one plain rule of life eternally binding, and independent of all variations of creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest; it is this. Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and circumstances being both duly considered, and then do it." This responsibility for life and gifts was once put by Mr. Gladstone as a threefold disposition: to resist the tyranny of self; to recognise the rule of duty; to maintain the supremacy of the higher over the lower parts of our nature. Mill had none of Mr. Gladstone's faith in an over-ruling Providence; but in a famous passage he set out his conviction that social feeling in men themselves might do as well:

"This firm foundation is that of the social feelings of mankind; the desire to be in unity with our fellow-creatures, which is already a powerful principle in human nature, and happily one of those which tend to become stronger, even without express inculcation, from the influences of civilisation. Men are under a necessity of conceiving themselves as at least abstaining from all the grosser injuries, and (if only for their own protection) living in a state of constant protest against them. They are also familiar with the fact of co-operating with others, and proposing to themselves a collective, not an individual

interest, as the aim (at least for the time being) of their actions. . . . Not only does all strengthening of social ties, and all healthy growth of Society, give to each individual a stronger personal interest in practically consulting the welfare of others; it also leads him to identify his feelings more and more with their good, or at least with an ever greater degree of practical consideration for it. He comes, as though instinctively, to be conscious of himself as a being who of course pays regard to others. The good of others becomes to him a thing naturally and necessarily to be attended to, like any of the physical conditions of our existence. . . . In an improving state of mind, the influences are constantly on the increase which tend to generate in each individual a feeling of unity with all the rest; which feeling, if perfect, would make him never think of, or desire, any beneficial condition for himself, in the benefits of which they are not included."

The failure of what he regarded as an expiring theology made this exaltation of social feeling a necessity. One profound master sentiment with Mill was passionate hatred for abuse of power either coarse or subtle. Hatred of oppression in all its forms burned deep in his inmost being. It inspired those fierce pages against the maleficence of Nature (in the *Three Essays on Religion*), his almost vindictive indictment of Nature's immorality—immoral because " the course of natural phenomena is replete with everything that when committed by human beings is most worthy of abhorrence; so that anyone who endeavoured in his actions to imitate the natural course of things would be universally seen and acknowledged to be the wickedest of men." This poignant piece is perhaps the only chapter to be found in his writings where he throws aside his ordinary measure and reserve, and allows himself the stern relief of vehement and exalted declamation. The same wrath that blazes in him when he is asked to use glozing words about the moral atrocities of Nature to man, break out unabated when he recounts the tyrannical brutalities of man to woman. Nor even did the flame of his indignation burn low when he thought of the callous recklessness of men and women to helpless animals—our humble friends and ministers whose power of loyalty,

attachment, patience, fidelity so often seems to deserve as good a word as human or a better.

The great genius of Pity in that age was Victor Hugo, and a superb genius it was. But in Mill, pity and wrath at the wrong and the stupidities of the world nerved him to the steadfast work and thought in definite channels. His postulate of a decided predominance of the active over the passive meant devotion of thought to practical ends. His life was not stimulated by mere intellectual curiosity, but by the resolute purpose of furthering human improvement. Nor had he the delight that prompts some strong men in dialectic for its own sake; he would have cared as little for this vain eristic, as he cared for the insipid pleasures and spurious business that go to make up the lower species of men of the world. His daily work at the Old East India House; vigorous and profitable disputation with a chosen circle of helpful friends; much travelling; lending a hand in reviews or wherever else he saw a way of spreading the light—such were the outer events. In all he was bent on making the most of life as a sacred instrument for good purposes. The production of two such works as the *Logic* (1843) and the *Political Economy* (1848) was drain enough on vital energy. They were the most sustained of his efforts. But he never desisted or stood still. His correspondence with Comte, to whom he owed and avowed so large a debt, is the most vivid illustration of the vigour and tenacity with which he threw himself day after day and year after year into the formation and propagation of what he took for right opinions.

He sat in the House of Commons for Westminster during a short and a bad Parliament (1865–68), where old parties were at sea, new questions were insincerely handled, and the authority of leaders was dubious and disputable. The

oratory happened to be brilliant, but Mill was never of those who make the ideal of government to be that which consists in the finest speeches made before the steadiest and largest majority. Fawcett, the most devoted of all his personal and political adherents, and at that time himself a member, used to insist that Mill's presence in the House was of value as raising the moral tone of that powerful but peculiar assembly. At the same time he could not but deplore the excessive sensitiveness to duty and conscience that made Mill nail himself to his seat from the opening of every sitting to its end. Mill would perhaps have had a better chance of real influence in our more democratic House to-day than in that hour of unprincipled faction and bewildered strategy. As it was, members felt that his presence was in some way an honour to them, and they listened with creditable respect to speeches that were acute, well argued, apt for the occasion, and not too long nor too many. But, after all, Mill was not of them, and he was not at home with them. Disraeli is said to have called him "a political finishing governess." Bright, when privately reproached for dissenting on the ballot or something else from so great a thinker, replied in his gruffest tone that the worst of great thinkers is that they generally think wrong. The sally would have been ungrateful if it had been serious, for on all the grand decisive issues—American slavery, Free Trade, Reform—Mill and Bright fought side by side. He was sometimes spoken of for the India Office when the time should come, and he undoubtedly knew more of India than all Secretaries of State ever installed there put together. But he had refused a seat on the Indian Council when it was first formed, for the reason that he doubted the working of the new system; and as it happened, he lost his seat in Parliament before the Liberals returned to power (when, by the way, India

was proposed to Bright). So we cannot test Mill by the old Greek saw that office shows the man. His true ambition, and a lofty one it must be counted, was to affect the course of events in his time by affecting the course of thought.

It is a curious irony that the author of the inspiring passage on social feeling above quoted should be a target for slings and arrows from Socialist sects, as the cold apostle of hardened individualism. As if the obnoxious creed in this, its narrow sense, were in those days possible to any reflective mind of Mill's calibre. The terrific military surge that swept and roared over Europe for a quarter of a century after the fall of the French monarchy in 1789, no sooner drew back from the shore than there emerged what we summarily style the Social Question. Catholic writers of marked grasp and vision entered upon the field of social reconstruction with Conservative sword and trowel in their hands, to be followed in due time by champions from within the same fold, and aiming at the same reconciliation, but armed with the antagonistic principles. In England Bentham and his school applied themselves to social reform, mainly in the sphere of law, with the aid of democratic politics. All that was best and soundest in Benthamism was absorbed by Mill. He widened its base, deepened the philosophic foundations, and in his *Logic* devised an approach to reform from a novel direction, far away from platforms, cabinets, bills, and electioneering posters. "The notion," he says in his Autobiography, "that truths external to the mind may be known by intuition or consciousness, independently of observation or experience, is, I am persuaded, in these times the great intellectual support of false doctrines and bad institutions. By the aid of this theory every inveterate belief and every intense feeling, of which the origin is

not remembered, is enabled to dispense with the obligation of justifying itself by reason, and is erected into its own all-sufficient voucher and justification. There never was such an instrument devised for consecrating all deep-seated prejudices." The *Logic* was an elaborate attempt to perform the practical task of dislodging intuitive philosophy, as a step towards sounder thinking about society and institutions; as a step, in other words, towards Liberalism.

In 1861 Taine wrote a chapter on the book, and Mill said no more exact or complete idea of its contents as a body of philosophic doctrine could be found. But he demurred to Taine's description of its psychology as peculiarly English, and Mill's words give an interesting glimpse of his own view of his place in the filiation of philosophy. The psychology was peculiarly English, he says, in the first half of the eighteenth century, beginning with Locke down to the reaction against Hume. This reaction, beginning in Scotland, long dressed itself in German form, and ended by invading the whole field. "When I wrote my book, I stood nearly alone in my opinion; and though my way of looking at matters found a degree of sympathy that I did not expect, there were still to be found in England twenty *a priori* and spiritualist philosophers for one partisan of the doctrine of experience. Throughout the whole of our reaction of seventy years, the philosophy of experience has been regarded as French, just as you qualify it as English. Each view is a mistake. The two systems follow each other by law of reaction all over the world. Only the different countries never exactly coincide either in revolution or counter-revolution."

There is no room here to state, discuss, estimate or classify Mill's place in the stream of philosophic history. The volume of criticism to which he exposed such extensive

surface was immense, and soon after his death the hostile tide began pretty rapidly to rise. T. H. Green at the height of his influence in Oxford, assailed Mill's main positions both in logic and metaphysic. Dr. Caird urged fresh objections. They multiplied. It was inevitable that they should. Those later writings of his which brought Mill's vogue to a climax appeared at the very moment when there broke upon the scene those overwhelming floods of evolutionary speculation which seemed destined to shift or sweep away the beacons that had lighted his evolutionary course. *Liberty*, for instance, was published in 1859, the very year of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. As one of the most ardent disciples of the school has put the matter in slightly excited form—when the new progressive theories burst upon the world, Comte was left stranded, Hegel was relegated with a bow to a few Oxford tutors, Buckle was exploded like an inflated windbag, and "even Mill himself—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—was felt to be lacking in full appreciation of the dynamic and kinetic element in universal nature." Mill has not been left without defenders. One of them (Mr. Hobhouse in his *Theory of Knowledge*) holds that the head and front of his offending was that, unlike other philosophers, he wrote intelligibly enough for inconsistencies to be found out. Mr. Haldane, who regards the *Examination of Hamilton* as the greatest of Mill's writings, vindicates a place for him as going far down in the deepest regions of ontology, as coming near to the old conclusions of the Germans long ago, "conclusions to which many writers and thinkers of our time are now tending." The third book of the *Logic* (on Induction) is counted by competent judges to be the best work he ever did. So far, the most elaborate exposition, criticism and amplification of Mill's work and thought has come from the brave and true-

hearted Leslie Stephen, in one of his three volumes on the Utilitarians.

Whether Mill tried to pass "by a highway in the air" from psychological hedonism to utilitarianism; whether his explanation of the sentence, "The Marshal Niel is a yellow rose," be right or wrong; whether the basis on which he founds induction be strong or weak; whether his denial of the accuracy of geometry has or has not a real foundation; whether his doctrine of "inseparable association" exposes the radical defect in the laws of association—these, and the hundred other questions over which expert criticism has ranged ever since his time, are not for us to-day. Even those who do not place him highest, agree that at least he raised the true points, put the sharpest questions, and swept away the most tiresome cobwebs. If the metaphysical controversy has not always been good-natured, perhaps it is because *on ne se passionne que pour ce qui est obscur.*

In point of literary style—a thing on which many coxcombries have sprung up since Mill's day—although both his topics and his temperament denied him a place among the greatest masters, yet his writing had for the younger men of his generation a grave power well fitted for the noble task of making men love truth and search for it. There is no ambition in his style. He never forced his phrase. Even when anger moves him, the ground does not tremble, as when Bossuet or Burke exhorts, denounces, wrestles, menaces and thunders. He has none of the incomparably winning graces by which Newman made mere siren style do duty for exact, penetrating and coherent thought; by which, moreover, he actually raised his Church to what would not so long before have seemed a strange and incredible rank in the mind of Protestant England. Style has worked many a miracle before now,

but none more wonderful than Newman's. Mill's journey from Bentham, Malthus, Ricardo, to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Comte, and then on at last to some of those Manichæan speculations that so perplexed or scandalised his disciples, was almost as striking, though not so picturesquely described, as Newman's journey from Evangelicalism to Rome. These graces were none of Mill's gifts, nor could he have coveted them. He did not impose; he drew, he led, he quickened with a living force and fire the commonplace that truth is a really serious and rather difficult affair, worth persistently pursuing in every path where duty beckons. He made people feel, with a kind of eagerness evidently springing from internal inspiration, that the true dignity of man is mind.

We English have never adopted the French word *justesse*, as distinct from justice; possibly we have been apt to fall short in the quality that *justesse* denotes. "Without *justesse* of mind," said Voltaire, "there is nothing." If we were bound to the extremely unreasonable task of finding a single word for a mind so wide as Mill's in the range of its interests, so diversified in methods of intellectual approach, so hospitable to new intellectual and moral impressions, we might do worse than single out *justesse* as the key to his method, the key to what is best in his influence, the master-mark and distinction of his way of offering his thoughts to the world. Measure and reserve in mere language was not the secret, though neither teacher nor disciple can be the worse for measuring language. In a country where, as has often been said, politics and religion are the two absorbing fields of discussion, and where politics is the field in which men and newspapers are most incessantly vocal and vociferous, *justesse* naturally seems but a tame and shambling virtue. For if we were always candid, always on the watch against

over-statement, always anxious to be even fairer to our adversary's cause than to our own, what would become of politics? Why, there would be no politics. In that sphere we must, as it might seem, accept the dictum of Dr. Johnson, that "to treat your opponent with respect is to give him an advantage to which he is not entitled."

If it be true that very often more depends upon the temper and spirit in which men hold their opinions than upon the opinions themselves, Mill was indeed our benefactor. From beginning to end of his career he was forced into the polemical attitude over the whole field; into an incessant and manful wrestle for what he thought true and right against what he regarded as false or wrong. One of his merits was the way in which he fought these battles—the pains he took to find out the strength of an opposing argument; the modesty that made him treat the opponent as an equal; an entire freedom from pedagogue's arrogance. In one or two of his earlier pieces he knows how to give a trouncing; to Brougham, for instance, for his views on the French Revolution of 1848. His private judgments on philosophic or other performances were often severe. Dean Mansel preached a once celebrated set of Bampton lectures against him, and undergraduates flocked to St. Mary's to hear them with as much zest as they would to-day manifest about fiscal reform or the Education Bill. Mill privately spoke of Mansel's book as "loathsome," but his disdain was usually mute. A philosopher once thought that a review of his theory of vision was arrogant and overbearing. Mill replied in words that are a good example of his canons for a critic:—

"We are not aware of any other arrogance than is implied by thinking ourselves right and by consequence Mr. Bailey wrong. We certainly did not feel ourselves required, by consideration for him, to state our difference of opinion with pretended hesitation. We should not have written on the subject unless we had been able to form a decided

opinion on it, and having done so, to have expressed that opinion otherwise than decidedly would have been cowardice, not modesty; it would have been sacrificing our conviction of truth to fear of offence. To dispute the soundness of a man's doctrines and the conclusiveness of his arguments may always be interpreted as an assumption of superiority over him; true courtesy, however, between thinkers is not shown by refraining from this sort of assumption, but by tolerating it in one another."

It was this candid, patient and self-controlled temper that provoked the truly remarkable result—a man immersed in unsparing controversy for most of his life (controversy, too, on all the subjects where difference of opinion is aptest to kindle anger, contempt and even the horrid and irrelevant imputation of personal sin), and yet somehow held in general honour as a sort of oracle, instead of having presented to him the fatal cup of hemlock that has so often been the reformer's portion. He really succeeded in procuring a sort of popular halo round the dismal and derided name of philosopher, and his books on political theory and sociological laws went into cheap popular editions. Like Locke and Hobbes, he propounded general ideas for particular occasions, and built dykes and ramparts on rational principles for movements that had their source not so much in reasoning in "the world and waves of men," as in passions and interests, sectarian or material, and in the confused and turbid rush of intractable events.

Among all the changes of social ordinance in Mill's day and generation, none is more remarkable, and it may by and by be found that none cuts deeper, than the successive stages of the emançipation of women. And to this no thinker or writer of his time contributed so powerfully as Mill. Much of the ground has now been won, but the mark made by his little tract on the *Subjection of Women* upon people of better minds among us was profound, and a book touching so impressively the most penetrating

of all our human relations with one another is slow to go quite out of date.

In *Political Economy* (1848) he is admitted, by critics not at all disposed to put his pretensions too high, to have exercised without doubt a greater influence than any other writer since Ricardo, and as an exposition of the principles on which the emancipating work between 1820 and 1860 was done, his book still holds its ground. Without being tempted into the controversies of the fugitive hour, it is enough to mark that Mill is not of those economists who treat their propositions as absolute and dogmatic, rather than relative and conditional, depending on social time and place. One of the objects that he always had most at heart, in his capacity as publicist, was to set democracy on its guard against itself. No object could be either more laudable or more needed. He was less successful in dealing with Parliamentary machinery than in the infinitely more important task of moulding and elevating popular character, motives, ideals and steady respect for truth, equity and common-sense—things that matter a vast deal more than machinery. Save the individual; cherish his freedom; respect his growth and leave room for it—this was ever his refrain. His book on Representative Government set up the case against Carlyle's glorification of men like Napoleon or Frederick. Within twenty years from Mill's death the tide had turned Carlyle's way, and now to-day it has turned back again. Then in the ten years before his death Neo-machiavellianism rose to ascendancy on the continent of Europe, and a quarter of a century later we have had a short spell of Neo-machiavellianism in England—end justifying means, country right or wrong, and all the rest of it. Here again the tide has now turned, and Millite sanity is for a new season restored. In the sovereign field of tolerance his

victory has been complete. Only those who can recall the social odium that surrounded heretical opinions before Mill began to achieve popularity are able rightly to appreciate the battle in which he was in so many aspects the protagonist.

In the later years, when he had travelled over the smooth places of a man's life and the rough places, his younger friends never heard a word fall from him that did not encourage and direct; and nobody that ever lived enjoyed more of that highest of pleasures, the pointing the right path for new wayfarers, urging them to walk in it. "Montesquieu must die," explained old Bentham, in a rare mood of rhapsody; "he must die as his great countryman, Descartes, had died before him: he must wither as the blade withers when the corn is ripe; he must die, but let tears of gratitude and admiration bedew his grave." So the pilgrim may feel to-day as he stands by the mournful grave at windy Avignon, city of sombre history and forlorn memories, where Mill's remains were laid a generation ago this month (May 1873). Measure the permanence of his contribution to thought or social action as we will, he will long deserve to be commemorated as the personification of some of the noblest and most fruitful qualities within the reach and compass of mankind.

X

THE ART OF POETRY

By Richard Aldington

I

The following remarks are intended to express a theory of poetic style and a few general ideas on the art of poetry. I do not for one moment suppose that these ideas are new, but, rightly or wrongly, I believe that they embody certain principles of good writing in all times. They are the result of some thought on the problems involved, but I am happy to acknowledge my indebtedness to the writings of Mr. F. S. Flint and M. Edouard Dujardin, who have recently expressed rather similar views. I see no reason why I should not add my conviction to theirs.

What is the purpose of poetry in modern life? Let us begin by saying what it is not. Obviously, the purpose is not ethical. The poet does not desire to improve the morals of his readers. The old cant of a poet's "message" is now completely discredited, and the theory of "uplift" may be left to the unimportant provinces where it still flourishes. Didactic poetry is now almost universally recognised as an impertinence.

The danger of poetry's becoming a kind of after-dinner amusement is far greater than the danger of its reverting to a method of moral instruction. Literature to-day is too cheap; poetry tends to become a sort of pleasant little hobby, something which "nice people" play with when there is nothing more amusing to do. People's minds are

absorbed in commerce, sociology, politics. Literature has lost prestige. We are very far from the times when Lorenzo Valla's discourses on Latin grammar disturbed the supremacy of the Popes, and equally far from the more recent times when a pamphlet by Chateaubriand re-established, at least temporarily, the dynasty of the Bourbons. Literature seems out of touch with men's lives, with their real interests. And so in their popular forms books are something people read to amuse themselves, to beguile a tedious railway journey, or to pass the long unemployed Sunday afternoon. Knowledge of modern literature, even in its more intellectual forms, and especially poetry, is an accomplishment, not a passion; an entertainment for idle women, not a real force.

Petrarch, who wept with emotion over that copy of Homer he could not read, would appear a very ridiculous sight to-day. Nobody would think of becoming emotional over the possession of a mere book, an object to amuse a few leisure hours. I do not suppose many people read modern poetry for mere amusement; but even here the motive is not so much a purely æsthetic enjoyment as a sort of snobbery, an outcome either of the foolish desire to know the latest fashion in poets or of that affectation of superior wisdom which claims a monopoly of culture.

I conclude, therefore, that poetry is neither a means of ethical instruction, an after-dinner amusement, nor the lawful prey of snobs and dilettanti.

II

I have never found that any of the abstract or epigrammatical definitions of poetry I have read ever helped me to enjoy poetry more. So I am going to assume that there is an art of poetry and that this art deserves attention.

Normally it is considered necessary to draw a distinction between prose and poetry. I am not at all sure that any such distinction is possible, and I am inclined to believe that in literature there is only one art—the art of good writing, though this has innumerable forms. Of course, Monsieur Jourdain's distinction between prose and *verse* still holds good, but poetry is something quite independent of verse and verse forms. If we say that poetry is the finest type of creative writing—and that is what I claim for it—then I want to call the *Education Sentimentale* a poem. If we speak of a work like the *Orlando Furioso* as a poem, can we deny that praise to a work like *Du Côté de Chez Swann*, which contains beauties, perceptions and thoughts of which Ariosto was incapable? I am not attacking the *Orlando*. I am only claiming that for us to-day *Du Côté de Chez Swann* is the finer poem. Is it only Ariosto's " ottava rima " and rhyme endings which make his work poetry? Is it only the lack of these devices which makes M. Proust not a poet? Even if you make poetry a matter of verbal harmony—an opinion from which I violently dissent—there are in M. Proust's book finer cadences, more lovely conjunctions of sound, more original rhythms even than in that melodious Italian work to which I have referred. May we not, then, say that all good creative writing is poetry, though this poetry has many forms? Non-creative writing is not poetry at all; but a distinction may be usefully made between objective poetry which deals with action and manners—in which case the epic, the novel, the short story and the drama are congruous—and subjective poetry, which deals with personal emotions, subtle relations, acute momentary perceptions, reveries, in which case the form of the lyric or elegy or ode is proper. But this lyric utterance may perfectly well have the appearance of a short piece of prose, which we call a prose poem or a poem

in *vers libre.* Such writing is sharply distinct from objective poetry, though there are gradations of each which approach the other. It is with poetry of this lyric type that I am here concerned.

The germ of my conception of good writing and hence of poetry and of the " lyric utterance " is contained in these words of Sainte-Beuve:

> " The end and object of every original writer is to express what nobody has yet expressed, to render what nobody else is able to render."

In other words, before a man can properly be called a poet, he must convince us that he can give us something no one else can give. It is not that we expect him to discover a wholly original content, which would probably be impossible. But we do expect a personal vision from him. I agree with Mr. Flint that the first qualities to look for in a poet are sincerity, personality and style. Sincerity does not mean that a poet must tell other people the truth; it means that he must tell himself the truth. A poet is an artist whose medium is words, who expresses in words thoughts, emotions, and sensations as a painter expresses them in colour and a musician in sound. That sounds a truism, but it is of the highest importance that the poet should express *his* emotions, *his* sensations, *his* thoughts. All writers who call themselves poets imagine that they are sincere; they all believe that they express their own thoughts and emotions and sensations. Actually they do nothing of the kind; they repeat, more or less inaccurately, the thoughts of others, the sensations of others, the emotions of others. Their impulse is vicarious; their words are approximate. That is not art; it is not poetry. Books which are written without this sincerity, which is what Rossetti meant when he talked of " fundamental brain-work," are vain efforts, mere waste. Before the writer can

give his thoughts, his vision of the world, he must discover them for himself, he must be sincere with himself. Then, however slender his talent, he is an artist, he is a poet.

This sincerity is simply a piece of elementary justice to the world in general and to reviewers in particular; it is an examination of self to discover whether one really has anything worth saying, or, in other words, whether one has personality. The external mark of personality is style. By style I do not mean that "correctness" of schoolmasters and professors which is a dead rhetoric. I do not mean artificial graces, or singularity or affected speech; I mean neither Euphuism nor Purism; and I do not mean that absurd elegance which consists in avoiding split infinitives, final prepositions and the repetition of one word twice in a sentence. These are the mere aping of style. Style is thinking, perceiving and expressing oneself precisely and individually. Without sincerity (fundamental brainwork) there is no personality; without personality there is no style. And, we may add, if there is no style there is neither personality nor sincerity.

If we wish to discover whether a writer is a poet we must examine his style. This is the first elementary test. If his style is bad, if it is made up of conventional expressions, approximate phrases, dead or mixed metaphors; if we find he is using his medium, words, merely for their sound (as if he were a musician, not a writer), for their prettiness (as if he were a painter), for any quality first of all but their essential meaning; then he is not a poet. He has broken the great rule for all writers: Use words according to their meaning. It is a profound error to suppose that all writers do this. A small minority, a very few in each generation are sufficiently sincere, have enough personality to seek style, to use words according to their meaning. All the rest use words approximately, and theirs is an approximate

art. Poetry has no place for mere intellectual counters. It has no place for stereotyped phrases, unconscious quotations of other men's works. It has no place for the dead metaphor, the metaphor which was striking when new, which was the expression of a real perception, but which through use and misuse has become a mere phrase, the counterfeit of an emotion. To judge a book of poetry, to make it pass the first test, examine the style. Look for the precise expression of thoughts really thought, emotions really felt, perceptions really perceived. Look for the phrases which give one a sudden shock of illumination, which really evoke an object or convey a sensation. Examine the metaphors. If you find a writer's thought approximate, his phrases stereotyped, his metaphors dead, then you may conclude he is not a poet; he is not one of the few who are privileged to make the world live for us with a life of their giving.

There are some critics who judge a poet by the noise which his words make, as if poetry were merely a matter of sound. That seems to me a false criticism, an ignoring of far more essential qualities. The rhythm of words is something spontaneous, developed inevitably by the writer's emotion; it is not an artificial arrangement of syllables. Real rhythm comes from real emotion; it is not something copied from Milton or Shelley or Swinburne. A copied rhythm is false, the expression of a false or second-hand emotion. To put sound first and meaning afterwards in poetry is decadence. It is as decadent as the columns and flutes in the Anthology or the "picture-poems" of Apollinaire. I am no enemy of the traditional verse forms of English poetry, and I can enjoy Keats or Donne, or even Chaucer, as well as the next man. But I am an enemy of conventional imitations. And I think that five centuries of intense production have somewhat exhausted the possi-

bilities of our prosody. If our poetry is to be anything but a pastiche of masterpieces, we must get back to the essential qualities of poetry which may develop new methods of expression. *Vers libre*, which is still in the experimental stage, may be a move in the right direction. It has certain advantages. It forces the writer to concentrate on meaning; it compels, or rather incites towards, concision, exactness, sincerity. It has the admirable result of reducing output. It forces a man to create his own rhythms instead of imitating other people's. The absence of the accepted rhetorical devices, the discounting of virtuosity force both writer and reader to look for more essential qualities. The pleasant devices of rhyme and harmonious metres may impose bad work upon us for a time, but emptiness is at once obvious in the naked structure of *vers libre*. It forces the writer to abolish that mass of archaisms, inversions, stock poeticisms, poetic *clichés*, pretty and sonorous words—all the useless cumbering of the poetaster. It brings one face to face with a human personality, not with a dictionary and a commonplace book.

III

As I began by stating generally what poetry is not, so I shall begin here by quoting a piece of writing which is not poetry:

> "Do not think, Eve, I do not know you, Eve,
> Sailing your body down this London way.
> Sowing the air with rosy loves to weave
> Around us, Eve—or is it Lesbia?
>
> Robed in the graces of all Paradise
> In body, Eve, or is it in the soul?
> Circe, Medusa, whose enchanting eyes
> The script of Nature's debt shall here unroll."

Consider those lines carefully. The first line, if a little clumsy, is quite plain. The next introduces us to the

metaphor "sailing your body." Now, when the writer put down those words, did he have a vision of a street as a river, a woman as a boat, gliding on the waves between banks of houses? If he did he was sincere, he was a poet. But, if he had no such vision, if he merely used a phrase he had heard, or if he used "sailing" not to express "sailing" but only motion, then he was not sincere, he was not a poet. Let us grant him his sailing body, however, and, with that image he has evoked in our minds, let us read a little further. "Rosy loves" is a *cliché*, a dead phrase. But I, at least, am amazed to find that the "sailing body" has now begun to "sow," not seeds, but "rosy loves" which perform the singular feat of "weaving around us Eve." What does he mean? What is this curious monster, more odd than that described in the *Ars Poetica*, which is at once a sailing boat and a sower of such peculiar seed? Surely the words "sailing," "sow," and "weave" are used without any reference to their meaning? There is no thought, no vision here. There is only rhetoric.

The next quatrain is even worse. If we are to believe in the writer's sincerity, we must now visualise a sailing body which sowed rosy loves and then becomes Circe, Medusa, Lesbia and Eve, "robed in the graces" (a *cliché*). And lastly we are introduced to the enormity of "enchanting" eyes which perform the most singular feat of unrolling a script, the script of "Nature's debt," whatever that may be. Perhaps a misapprehension of certain metaphors of Shakespeare and Henley. Does all this mean anything? Does it give us anything? Did the writer feel any emotion but that of a confused mind? Is there personality, sincerity, style in those lines? I do not think so. I do not think that is poetry.

In order to be quite fair, it was originally my intention to analyse a piece of bad *vers libre* in the same way, but con-

siderations of space forbid. I regret it, because the analysis was instructive, if only because it showed how much more difficult it is to impose mere emptiness on the reader when *vers libre* is used.

IV

There are two poems in *vers libre* which I should very much have liked to quote as examples of fine writing, but both Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's *On Heaven* and Mr. F. S. Flint's *Otherworld* are far too long—a curious comment, by the way, on the usual journalist's complaint that *vers libre* poems are too short! Here is a piece of writing by Mr. D. H. Lawrence:

"It is not long since, here among all these folk
In London, I should have held myself
of no account whatever,
but should have stood aside and made them way,
thinking that they, perhaps,
had more right than I—for who was I?

Now I see them just the same, and watch them.
But of what account do I hold them?
Especially the young women. I look at them
as they dart and flash
before the shops, like wagtails on the edge of a pool.

If I pass them close, or any man,
like sharp slim wagtails they flash a little aside,
pretending to avoid us; yet all the time
calculating.

They think that we adore them—alas, would it were true!
Probably they think all men adore them,
howsoever they pass by.

What is it, that, from their faces fresh as spring,
such fair, fresh, alert, first-flower faces,
like lavender crocuses, snowdrops, like Roman hyacinths,
scillas and yellow-haired hellebore, jonquils, anemones,
even the sulphur auriculas,
flowers that come first from the darkness, and feel cold to the touch,
flowers scentless or pungent, ammoniacal almost;

what is that, from the faces of the fair young women,
comes like a pungent scent, a vibration beneath
that startles me, alarms me, stirs up a repulsion?

They are the issue of acrid winter, these first-flower young women;
their smell is lacerating and repellant,
it smells of burning snow,
of earth, winter-pressed, strangled in corruption;
it is the scent of the fiery-cold dregs of corruption,
when destruction soaks through the mortified, decomposing earth,
and the last fires of dissolution burn in the bosom of the ground.

They are the flowers of ice-vivid mortification,
thaw-cold, ice-corrupt blossoms,
with a loveliness I loathe;
for what kind of ice-rotten, hot-aching heart must they need to root
in!"

D. H. Lawrence.

If we examine that piece of writing, we shall notice that it really says something, that it has a significance. Words are used here for their meaning; there is no *cliché*, no dead metaphor. It is vivid, realised, and appeals directly to our senses, to see the colour and shape of these flowers, to feel the coldness of their touch, to realise the scents which are so elaborately defined. The thoughts, the emotions, the sensations which it "presents" may be something one dislikes, but that is not the point if it has the essential qualities. I think it has, and I think we are justified in calling it a poem.

Here is something of a different kind, a piece of writing which is less strongly emotional, less acrid, more personal, the record of an humble instead of a rather arrogant soul, but equally an experience and a reflection.

Immortality.

"Tired faces,
eyes that have never seen the world,
bodies that have never lived in air,
lips that have never minted speech,
they are the clipped and garbled,
blocking the highway.
They swarm and eddy

between the banks of glowing shops
towards the red meat,
the potherbs,
the cheapjacks,
or surge in
before the swift rush of the clanging trams—
pitiful, ugly, mean,
encumbering.

Immortal? . . .
In a wood,
watching the shadow of a bird
leap from frond to frond of bracken,
I am immortal,
perhaps.
But these?
Their souls are naphtha lamps,
guttering in an odour of carious teeth,
and I die with them. . . ."

F. S. Flint.

Now, whereas Mr. Lawrence's poem was rather complex, this is rather simple, a mood based on a contrast, an impingement of harsh reality on ideal beauty. So, as is natural, the first was broken into eight different strophes, the latter into only two; an example of instinctive form. The meaning of this poem is clear, adequately realised. First we get a London street, the spiritually maimed, physically thwarted people, the glowing shops, the street stalls, with shouting men, the confused movement and noise. Then, after a pause, the writer gives us his reflection, his significance. Can the minds, the desires, the passions of these crushed souls, creating and created by this hell, be immortal? A sensitive mind, one which would naturally delight in silent solitude among trees, such might be immortal; but these other souls, like flaring, smoky lamps, seem doomed to oblivion and seem also to involve others in their disaster. I think we may say that it is a poem, that it has the essential qualities of poetry, though the scene be sordid and the mood one of despair.

These two poems are records of experiences in the life of

a modern city. Here is a piece of writing of a more refined and abstract nature:

> "Be in me as the eternal moods
>   of the bleak wind, and not
> As transient things are—
>   gaiety of flowers.
>
> Have me in the strong loneliness
>   of sunless cliffs
> And of grey waters.
>   Let the gods speak softly of us
> In days hereafter,
>   The shadowy flowers of Orcus
> Remember Thee."
>
> EZRA POUND.

That is very different in content from the preceding poems; it is not "experiential" but a reverie, a rather exquisite mood of affection. I think it needs no analysis to show the sincerity, personality, and style of that piece of writing. Its simplicity, its masterly use of words, the absence of *cliché* of thought and phrase, are sufficiently obvious.

V

The poem I am about to quote is sharply different from the others I have cited. It is subtle, elusive, rather philosophic, tragical and symbolic; it is set in no particular age or climate, and yet every image is sharp and clear cut, every perception realised. It is a poem of great emotion restrained by intellect. What it has to tell is the tragedy of the artist's worship of beauty, his almost religious devotion, his agony and loss, and his knowledge that, in spite of this, he can do nothing but worship. Beauty is figured as a goddess, a statue in a shrine looking over the sea, a perilous and rocky sea, no safe harbour for merchants. The quiet men, those who are not marked by the fate of the lover of beauty, find this beauty evil, something to avoid. But beauty is un-

sheltered, set in the midst of thunder and sea and hail. This beauty is useless, a lure to disaster, if by disaster we mean worldly failure. The landsmen, the crowd, are certain beauty is useless, but for her lovers "honey is not more sweet than the salt stretch of your beach."

The mood changes to one of terror. This perception of loveliness brings with it a strange agony, that grief which Plato says is an inevitable part of the passionate love of beauty. It is a sorrow which seems to cleave the very bones, to stun and dazzle. Wise men, the prudent, the insensitive, gave warning of this, proved that beauty was useless, its service fatal. And yet, some are doomed to this barren agony which is also delight. And since the hands of the goddess have touched them, "the waves can never thrust us back from the splendour of your ragged coast."

THE SHRINE.
("She looks over the Sea.")

I

"Are your rocks shelter for ships—
have you sent galleys from your beach,
are you graded—a safe crescent—
where the tide lifts them back to port—
are you full and sweet,
tempting the quiet,
to depart in their trading ships?

Nay, you are great, fierce, evil—
you are the land-blight—
you have tempted men
but they perished on your cliffs.

Your lights are but dank shoals,
slate and pebble and wet shells
and seaweed fastened to the rocks.

It was evil—evil
when they found you,
when the quiet men looked at you—
they sought a headland
shaded with ledge of cliff
from the wind-blast.

But you—you are unsheltered,
cut with the weight of wind—
you shudder when it strikes,
then lift, swelled with the blast—
you sink as the tide sinks,
you shrill under hail, and sound
thunder when thunder sounds.

You are useless—
when the tides swirl
your boulders cut and wreck
the staggering ships.

II

You are useless,
O grave, O beautiful,
the landsmen tell it—I have heard—
you are useless.

And the wind sounds with this
and the sea
where rollers shot with blue
cut under deeper blue.

O but stay tender, enchanted
where wave-lengths cut you
apart from all the rest—
for we have found you,
we watch the splendour of you,
we thread throat on throat of freesia
for your shelf.

You are not forgot,
O plunder of lilies,
honey is not more sweet
than the salt stretch of your beach.

III

Stay—stay—
terror has caught us now,
we passed the men in ships,
we dared deeper than the fisher-folk
and you strike us with terror,
O bright shaft.

Flame passes under us
and sparks that unknot the flesh,
sorrow, splitting bone from bone,
splendour athwart our eyes
and rifts in the splendour,
sparks and scattered light.

Many warned of this,
men said:
there are wrecks on the fore-beach,
wind will beat your ship,
there is no shelter in that headland,
it is useless waste, that edge,
that front of rock—
sea-gulls clang beyond the breakers,
none venture to that spot.

IV

But hail—
as the tide slackens,
as the wind beats out,
we hail this shore—
spirit between the headlands
and the further rocks.

Though oak-beams split,
though boats and sea-men founder,
and the strait grind sand with sand
and cut boulders to sand and drift—

your eyes have pardoned our faults,
your hands have touched us—
you have leaned forward a little
and the waves can never thrust us back
from the splendour of your ragged coast."

H. D.

Had I permitted myself to go for examples to contemporary French poets, I could have fitted myself out handsomely from the works of men like Laforgue, Rimbaud, Vielé-Griffin, Régnier, Verhaeren, Romains, Spire, Valèry, Vildrac, Duhamel, to mention only a few. But it seemed preferable to stick to English examples. The medium of another language necessitates a certain readjustment, though, if we are considering the essential qualities of writing, the principles advanced in this article apply just as well, a virtue which can hardly be claimed by those who make prosody their foot-rule. Of course, every man brings to literature his own temperament, his own prejudices and qualities; it is an old truism. But not everyone who admires Shakespeare admires the best in him, not

everyone can tell you what he admires in the great Elizabethan. Similarly, not everyone who denounces the works of Miss X, the popular novelist, can give an adequate critical reason for his horror. Even the principles laid down here, simple as they are, will be interpreted by each person according to his former convictions. I do not desire to convert people to my views, even if they are right, because, if they are right, honest independent thought will come to similar conclusions by different means. Dishonest thought is of no permanent importance. And if my views are wrong, I should not like to have misled anyone.

XI

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE

By Viscount Haldane

You are students of the University of Wales, and I am a Scotsman whom you have invited here as being not unfamiliar with the conditions of University life. It is in the main with what University life can mean that I shall concern myself in this address. Of the general affairs of Wales and of Scotland I shall not speak. They remain to be topics of discourse by those, and they are numerous, who are well qualified to deal with them. I wish to direct your attention to something which seems to me to touch the foundations of national affairs at an even deeper level than that of ordinary politics.

There is a characteristic which the people of Wales and the people of Lowland Scotland, differing profoundly in other respects, appear to possess in common. They are both idealist in their cast of mind. You of Wales have the gift of imagination. It has enabled you to strike out some distinctive lines for yourselves in your higher education and in your religion. You are not easily daunted by difficulties, and you act together with an enthusiasm which penetrates to the humblest classes of the community. The common effort made to develop your higher schools and University Colleges has been an effort which in reality owed much of its success to the response of those who work with their hands. In the soul of your people there

is what George Buchanan called a *præfervidum ingenium*, a fire which is more Celtic than it is Saxon. We Lowland Scotsmen are also at heart idealist, but our idealism is of a different kind. Our temperament is reflective rather than imaginative. We move easily in the current of abstract discussion, and we are tenacious of intellectual purpose. The *Treatise of Human Nature*, the *Wealth of Nations*, and *Sartor Resartus* are books typical of a characteristic form of Scottish idealism. Probably no other part of the United Kingdom could have produced writers of this type, and, along with them, men like John Knox, and the Covenanters, and Dr. Chalmers. I think those to whom I have referred are at least as distinctively representative of Scottish habits of mind as are Burns and Scott. For they are the spiritual children of a race which loves abstract speculation as you love music and verse. In the case of both races there is present the spirit of idealism—idealism which when it comes to the surface flows in different channels, but is not the less on that account idealism.

To Ireland I can only allude in passing. It seems to me that in reality we study the Irish people too little to appreciate properly what the British nation has owed and to-day owes to that strain of Celtic blood. Differences of religion and habit of mind, and irritation over friction in the machinery of Government, have encouraged the Anglo-Saxon community in these islands to give the rein in the case of Ireland to our national habit of not taking the trouble that is necessary to understand those who have great gifts, but gifts that are not like our own.

Now I come to England, and here my patriotism lays me under no illusion. The Welsh, the Irish and the Scots have this in common, that in different ways they have had much to complain of in the attitude towards them of the English. Even when civilisation in England was a

long way ahead of civilisation in other parts of the United Kingdom—as it was, for instance, when Sir Robert Walpole was the real ruler of the country—we can gather from the not too sympathetic pages of Macaulay how the English habit of mind worried and galled Celt and Scot alike. And yet, speaking for myself as a Scotsman, I most genuinely admire this dominant race, even in their Philistinism. They think ahead but little. They are worse at organising for the fulfilment of definite ends beyond those of the moment than almost any of their rivals. And yet they hold their own in the world, and I see no indication that they are in the least degree failing to hold it. They are almost always late in coming on the ground, but when they do come they set to work silently and with courage. They proceed with marvellous initiative to repair their errors of omission, and they drop their practice of saying depressing things about themselves and their institutions until they see themselves again on the top. When a new invention, like the submarine or the motor, comes to light, the Englishman is usually behind. Give him a few years and he has not only taken care of himself in the meantime, but is generally leading. As it was with these inventions, so I suspect it will prove to be with aircraft.

Being at present charged with some part of the endeavour to see that we catch up other nations in matters of science applied to defence, I have experience of what happens when the British people are exhorted to make efforts in times of tranquillity. The reply is invariably that there is no necessity to worry them, and that the one thing needful is for the Government to spend the taxes plentifully, and to damn the differential calculus emphatically. Yet this very people, when it was caught unprepared and threatened with defeat a few years ago in South Africa, calmly put its shoulder to the wheel, and without a groan set itself to get

through a situation which would have appalled a nation with a more nervous temperament.

Well, the English are good partners for you Celts and for us Lowland Scots in our common business enterprises. All we need ask of them is to leave us to manage our purely domestic affairs and to conduct our family worship in our own fashion. They are on these conditions valuable comrades. And let us remember that they go on periodically producing from among themselves individualities of very great power, individualities that could only spring from a very great race. Shakespeare and Milton, Cromwell (whom I hold to have been in spirit, at all events, a most genuine Englishman, though I know you claim him as Welsh), Chatham, Nelson and Wellington, Newton and Darwin, these are indicative of a rich soil, a soil which I believe to be as rich and productive to-day as it ever has been.

The real question is how, in this remarkable partnership, we may best help each other through the medium of our special aptitudes, and develop not only the partnership but ourselves. Now the Englishman is short of ideas, so it seems to me, more than of anything else, and it is just ideas that we two races, in our different fashions, can put into the common stock. By ideas I mean large permeating ideas—ideas such as have been the origin of the remarkable power which the Welsh and Scottish Universities are showing of penetrating the people around them with the influence of the higher learning. And in the rest of this address I propose to confine myself to the very illustration which the higher education affords, because I believe that this is an illustration which throws light on every other part of the field of work. The development of the true spirit of the University among a people is a good measure of the development of its soul, and consequently of its civilisation.

I have taken as the title of this discourse, "The Soul of a People." The expression "soul" has a pretty definite meaning. It does not signify to-day a sort of thing existing apart from the body, the "*animula, vagula, blandula* of the Emperor Hadrian's famous verses. Nor has it its seat in any particular place in the body corporate. And just as this is true of the physical organism, so is it true of the State. The soul is to be looked for in no one class or institution. The soul of a human being is the highest form of his activity, which permeates the members and makes their life consist in belonging to the whole of which they form parts. Separated from that whole they cannot live. Although it is nothing outside or detached from these parts or members of itself, it is everywhere present in them. It is their formative principle, their ideal, the end which they fulfil, and which determines them, not as a cause operating from without, but as a purpose working itself out from within their course of development from birth to death. It preserves the unity of the organism and guides it along that course, notwithstanding that the material of that organism does not remain the same but is constantly changing. It is the higher and intelligent life of the organism without which it could not be a human being. More than two thousand years ago Aristotle discovered this truth, and called the soul the "entelechy" of the body. rea Ezalion

Now what is true of the human organism is true of the State. The soul of a people is just its entelechy, and the higher manifestations of its soul afford a test of the standard of civilisation to which that people has attained. The capacity for learning and the consequent development of the University spirit are, of course, no exclusive test. Literature and art, science and religion, may advance independently of Universities. But on the whole and as a rule, the development proceeds *pari passu*. And to maintain

The soul of a people means

the Universities of the country at a high level is thus an act of high patriotism on the part of the citizens. But not only the citizen but the student himself has a deep responsibility here. When the latter goes to the University, he is an adult and is treated as being such. He has consequently not only rights as a member of the University, but duties towards the institution to which he belongs. It is his privilege to be called on to keep high the level of its tone, and to contribute ideas for its development. To each student comes the opportunity for influencing those around him; in other words, for leadership. Moving his fellow-students individually he moves the University, and so in the end moves the State itself. Therefore I would impress on you who are here before me the reality of your duty and of its importance. Your way is clear—to get the best you can for yourselves in this generally unique period of your lives, and to strive with all your power to make the fullest use of what you have got, and to impart it to those around you. It is so that you will begin to fulfil the duty you have to discharge now, and will have to discharge still more later on in life—of striving to develop the soul of the people to whom you belong.

To the question how you may best equip yourselves for this endeavour, my answer is an old one—by getting ideas, ideas which, as has been said, have hands and feet, ideas which not only transform that on which they are brought to bear, but in doing so expand themselves and their meaning. For nothing is so expansive as the train of thought suggested by an idea that is really great; and if it has once been fully grasped, nothing transforms the whole outlook in the fashion that its suggestive power does. Now, to get great ideas we require great teachers. These teachers may be living persons with whom we come in daily contact, or they may be dead and yet reach us through great books which

they have given to the world. In whichever way it comes, the teaching required is that which guides to a large outlook and to none but a large outlook. Yet after all it is only to a limited extent that the teacher, be he living or one who though dead yet speaks, can mould his student. There is no royal road to learning. The higher it is the harder is the toil of the spirit that is required for its attainment. But this toil brings with it happiness. As we advance along the path, we see more and more new territory to traverse, new heights to scale, heights which are accessible only by patient labour, but the scaling of which promises us a new sense of possession. In all this there is much of the sweet in sad and the sad in sweet. Yet the mere endeavour, even apart from the result, brings its reward. There is a passage in *Romola* in which George Eliot describes this kind of inexpereince of the scholar:—"We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man—by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good." For him who seeks to live at the higher levels of life, be it in learning or in art or in conduct, adversity has its uses. It detaches his mind, and develops in it the sense of that freedom that can only come when the spirit is tied to no one particular possession, but has grown everywhere capable of rising to freedom. It is hard for the rich man, who cannot free himself from the obsession of his riches and treat them as a means to an end, to reach the kingdom of heaven. On the other hand, the mind that is really free is the mind that chooses to submit itself to toil and discipline, to renounce much, and to pursue its course, not as an arbitrary course, but as one of self-development in

accordance with law and principle. If we would succeed, nay, if we would be free from what is the worst burden of all, slavery to an arbitrary will which seeks only the gratification of its immediate impulses, we must learn to renounce and to limit ourselves. We must accept the negative, not to sit down helpless before it, but, in order to conquer, rise above it to a larger outlook brought about by what we started from, being enriched by its incorporation. Just as the body grows by assimilating inorganic and foreign material from the environment and transforming it to its own uses, just as the social organism develops in proportion as it gives rights to new classes of citizens and brings within itself and raises to a higher level and sense of responsibility those who in a previous generation would have been treated as unworthy of civil rights, so the mind of the scholar grows. It grows in strength and breadth as it assimilates what it costs a hard struggle and much renunciation of passing pleasure to grasp. But what is thus grasped is, in the process of being so grasped, transcended and freed from the appearance of being foreign and uninteresting. This is the meaning of the conquest of the negative, and without the conquest of the negative there is no real growth, intellectual or moral. If I may presume to suggest something to those of my hearers who are students, it is to acquire as early in life as you can a business-like habit of concentration. There are people who say that youth is the time to enjoy life, and that therefore much of youth should be reserved for enjoyment while that is still possible. Now I am far from suggesting to you that you should cut yourselves off from the resources of amusement. On the contrary, I think that the capacity for these forms a part of the widest life. What is called recreation has a detaching and enlarging quality. But do not jump from this to the conclusion

that apolausticism is a safe philosophy of conduct. In these days everything is so specialised and so difficult that nothing short of concentration of a close kind is enough. No one can in our time accomplish the production of any solid contribution to the common stock of ideas unless he is prepared to devote years to preparing himself and his whole soul for work which will be his chief interest and chief amusement. I do not mean that he will look on golf as a penance, but equally he will not feel it to be a temptation. These diversions had better not be left to become ends in themselves. They are apt to take a very firm hold on us Britons, a race peculiarly qualified to identity life with sport. But life is short, and there is too much to be got into it, if it is to be fully lived, to admit of anything being made its chief end, consciously or unconsciously, except that which weighs most when put into the ultimate balance. It is quality as well as quantity that counts.

What we have really got to do, all of us, is to keep our sense of fine quality. This sense is easily blunted. And we cannot rely on abstract maxims as that to which we can safely look to keep it whetted. Prigs are easily manufactured, and so are pedants, and each sort is apt to pass with itself and with none other for genuine. The surest way is to select, and concentrate on what is selected, and then to follow up that concentration by trying to work with passion. Without passion, said a famous critic of life, nothing great has ever been accomplished. It is no very different saying from one which is better known, that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Of course, in talking to you who are here, when I speak of selecting an object of study and concentrating on it with passion, I do not mean *any* object. I mean one which, being your free choice, is high enough in quality to admit

of the dedication of life to it—for a time or indefinitely. And here there is another snare to be avoided. Narrow and abstract views, alike in the selection of the object and in the pursuit of its study, have to be avoided. The sense of proportion must be present in the mind of the most faithful of students, if he is not to be preyed on by the imps of Comedy. That is why it is good to have before one's mind the figure of some great man who has been above this kind of criticism, in that his life and his study have been so simple and transparent that we are compelled not only to admire but even to reverence them. A Berkeley, a Newton, or a Darwin gives one this sense. Their striving seems so genuine as to suggest unconsciousness not only of any personal ambition but even of self. It is figures like these that inspire the University student, and that suggest to him great ideas. In the books they have written, and in the traditions of their personal lives, he finds leadership. In close spiritual contact with such figures he gains the inspiration which will in his own way make him a leader in some circle which may be great or may be small, but which will look to him who is thus inspired as a leader. By such examples, and through the training which close spiritual contact with such examples give, the soul of a people grows.

In the pursuit of learning, not less than in the management of the affairs of nations, stress ought to be laid on hero-worship. Nothing is more stimulating to him who is striving to learn, nothing increases his faith in what is possible, so much as reverence, though it may come only through books, for the personality of a great intellectual and moral hero. Of those heroic leaders there are different kinds, and their common quality is the possession of some kind of genius. An Alexander and an Aristotle, a Napoleon and a Goethe, are super-men, but super-men in virtue of

wholly different gifts from above. The characters of its greatest men are the greatest books the world possesses, and we do well to be constantly reading in them. Such records always stimulate, and sometimes inspire. They are priceless for the true student, for they are his best guides in the search for ideas. Some names come into my mind as typical of what I meant when I was speaking to you of idealism, idealism of the special kind which can bring to unity faith and thought, religion, morality and art. There are men who have consecrated their souls to this great endeavour, and, if the finiteness which is of the essence of humanity has made it necessary that we should pass beyond their modes of expression, they have none the less succeeded in carrying the advance of the Spirit towards truth a stage farther. None of us can read the account of the last hours of Socrates which Plato puts into the lips of Phædo, without recognising that here was one whose words are a permanent possession for mankind. He lived in constant striving to reach the truth, and for what he held against the Athenian citizens to be the truth he suffered death at their hands. When the hour of sunset was near, so Plato tells us, the jailer came to him to announce to him that now he must die, and made this speech:—"To you, O Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid men drink the poison—indeed I am sure you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what needs must be; you know my errand." Then bursting into tears, he turned away and went out. Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid!" Then turning to us, he said: "How charming the man is: since

I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows for me—but we must do as he says; Crito, let the cup be brought." "Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still on the hilltops, and I know that many an one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved; do not hasten then, there is still time." Socrates replied; "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I would gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should only be sparing and saving a life which is already gone, and could only despise myself for this."—Phædo tells of the final scene, and how Socrates alone was calm. And he concluded: "Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known."

Another great figure is that of Immanuel Kant. One thinks of him as one of the most conscientious searchers after the truth that the world has ever seen. The moral law dominated in him both heart and brain. I have been in Königsberg, and have stood by the grave where he was laid, and have tried to realise something of the personality and surroundings of one who lived a life concentrated on a single end—the search after truth. It is difficult at this distance of time to recall the tremendous impression which Kant made on contemporary Europe—Schiller tells us that a new light was kindled for mankind. Pilgrims came from great distances to gaze on the features of their revered teacher, himself the most modest and retiring of men. One enthusiast, a philosopher of some distinction, declared that in a hundred years Kant would have the reputation of

Jesus Christ. But when we forget these extravagances and look at the figure of Kant in the dry light of the judgment of posterity, it still stands out as deeply impressive. Whether one turns to the theoretical or to the practical side of his system, his writing seems to have a quality which is described in his own words when defending himself in the closing years of his life against a narrow-minded minister of Frederick William, King of Prussia: "I have always conceived the Judge in myself as standing by my side during the composition of my writings, so as to keep myself free, not only from every soul-destroying error, but even from every carelessness in expression which might cause offence." He left the world a stage farther on in the deeper sort of knowledge than he found it. In the words of one of his biographers: "For those who have learned Kant, many questions have ceased to trouble; many are bright with a light unknown before; and others are at least placed in a fair way for further solution."

I will try to sketch for you another of those "saints of Rationalism," to use a phrase which Mr. Gladstone employed about John Mill. And this time I will take the figure of one who lived down to our own time and whom I myself knew, a figure not of the very first order, it may be, but that of a great man, one who, himself a German, was able to call a halt to the powerful movement of German Idealism, and to force its advocates to subject their principles to a fresh and searching scrutiny. Hermann Lotze has become very well known in this country, partly by direct study, and not a little by the book written on his philosophy by Professor Henry Jones, one of the most brilliant thinkers whom your higher learning in Wales has produced. Lotze's doctrine was that abstract thought is by itself powerless to penetrate to the inner kernel of reality, and that the ultimate criterion of truth must be looked for

Saint of rationalism

in the highest forms of emotion, and in the faith which has its origin in that emotion. He sought to limit the region in which the power of mere logical reasoning can give results. He led the revolt, an almost passionate revolt, against what he believed, I think wrongly, to be the outrage committed by Hegel and his disciples against the riches and warmth of reality. "Du hast sie zerstört, die schöne Welt," cried out the chorus of spirits to Faust, and to the apostles of *Wissenschaft*, and *Wissenschaft* alone, Lotze cried it out not less vehemently. He refused to identify reality with thought, or to reduce the world to what Mr. Bradley has called an "unearthly ballet of bloodless categories." On the positive side he asserted that feeling was the source of the ideal of knowledge, and that, with no powers than those of mere intellect, we should not reach that ideal or even seek it. The good is a higher category than the true, and comprehends and exhausts its meaning.

I will quote the words in which he sums up in the concluding paragraphs of his *Mikrokosmus* the results of his investigations: "It has seemed to us that everywhere the universal was inferior as compared with the particular, the class as compared with the individual, any state of things insignificant as compared with the good arising from its enjoyment. For the universal, the class and the state of things belong to the mechanism into which the Supreme articulates itself; the true reality that is and ought to be is not matter and is still less Idea, but is the living personal Spirit of God and the world of personal Spirits which He has created. They only are the place in which Good and good things exist; to them alone does there appear an extended material world, by the forms and movements of which the thought of the Cosmic whole makes itself intelligible through intuition to every finite

mind." Knowledge finds its goal in Truth, Feeling in the Good, or Supreme worth. "Taking Truth," he says, "as a whole, we are not justified in regarding it as a mere self-centred splendour, having no necessary connection with those stirrings of the soul from which, indeed, the impulse to seek it first proceeded. On the contrary, whenever any scientific revolution has driven out old modes of thought, the new views that take their place must justify themselves by the permanent and increasing satisfaction which they are capable of affording to those spiritual demands, which cannot be put off or ignored." "Rather let us admit that in the obscure impulse to treat higher aspects of things which we sometimes glory in, and sometimes feel incapable of rising to, there is yet a dim consciousness of the right path, and that every objection of science to which we attend does but disperse some deceptive light cast upon the one immutable goal of our longings by the changing standpoints of growing experience."

Every man, said Emerson, is born to be either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Every man has a tendency either towards Idealism or towards a Realism which may or may not be such as the Realism of Lotze. He has produced a deep effect on German thought, and his influence has crossed the seas to Britain and America. The theological teaching of his fellow-professor Ritschl, and of Harnack later on, seems to me to be in a large part the outcome of the principles of Lotze. They turned away from the controversies about the Gospels and the investigations of the Tübingen school, to seek in the origins of Christianity for a foundation which should require no metaphysical assistance, but should be its own witness. Whether they have succeeded time will show. It may be that they and Lotze too will turn out only to have opened anew the door to scientific doubt. But their work has been a great work,

alike in the extent of its influence and in the spirit in which it was conceived.

I have spoken to you of Lotze—not merely because he was a notable figure, representative of some of the finest qualities of the soul of the great German people. He was great as a teacher, whether or not his thinking was more than that of a profound critic of other systems. He was great equally as a moral figure, a personality with which none could be in contact without being influenced by it. Thirty-six years ago I was bidden to choose for myself whether I would go to Oxford or to a German University, and I chose Göttingen because Lotze was there. I was only seventeen, little more than a boy. I remember vividly how spiritually as well as intellectually anchorless I felt in the early days of my residence in the old University town where lay the Hanoverian centre of learning. Göttingen was in those days full of great men. Gauss and Riemann and Weber were dead, but Wöhler was there, and Benfey and Sauppe and Von Jhering and Ritschl—names that stood in the 'seventies for what was highest in Germany in science and classical learning and jurisprudence and theology. Yet the figure that stood out above all the others was that of my old master, Hermann Lotze. I had the privilege, boy as I was, of seeing him often in his study as well as of listening in his lecture-room, and to the end of my life I shall hold the deep impression he made on me—of a combination of intellectual power and the highest moral stature. It seems to me but yesterday that he used quietly to enter the lecture-room where we students sat expectant, and, taking his seat, fix his eyes on space as though he were looking into another world remote from this one. The face was worn with thought, and the slight and fragile figure with the great head looked as though the mind that tenanted it had been dedicated to thought and

to nothing else. The brow and nose were wonderfully chiselled, the expression was a combination of tolerance with power. The delivery was slow and exact, but the command of language was impressive. Our feeling towards him as we sat and listened was one of reverence mingled with affection.

Such was Hermann Lotze as I knew him. I have often wondered whether Browning had not visited Göttingen before he wrote his *Christmas Eve*, and whether it was Lotze he had in his mind when he describes how the spirit took him from place to place, until at last—

> " Alone, beside the entrance-door
> Of a sort of temple,—perhaps a college,
> —Like nothing I ever saw before
> At home in England to my knowledge.
> The tall, old, quaint, irregular town!
> It may be . . . though which, I can't affirm . . . any
> Of the famous middle-age towns of Germany;
> And this flight of stairs where I sit down,
> Is it Halle, Weimar, Cassel, Frankfort
> Or Göttingen, I have to thank for't?
> It may be Göttingen,—most likely."

Then he describes how he enters the lecture-room and sits down among the students and a professor comes in:

> " I felt at once as if there ran
> A shoot of love from my heart to the man—
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And stood, surveying his auditory,
> With a wan pure look, well-nigh celestial,—
> Those blue eyes had survived so much,
> While, under the foot they could not smutch
> Lay all the fleshly and the bestial."

The figure of Socrates is typical of the soul of the people of ancient Greece. The figures of Kant and of Lotze are typical of much that has been distinctive in the soul of modern Germany, of its idealism and of its culture. We do well to study such typical figures and to hold them in

reverence. Especially do they represent much of what counts for the highest in University life in all countries. And it is in the Universities, with their power over the mind, greater in the end than the power of any government or of any church, that we see how the soul of a people at its highest mirrors itself. Your University life in this country of Wales is but young. We do not yet see how far it will develop. But what I know of the spirit of your people gives me the sense that the soil in which that young life has taken root is fertile in a high degree.

I will close this address with the words in which Fichte, a hundred and five years since, took leave of his hearers at the University of Erlangen on an occasion like this:

"If a thought of mine have entered into any now present, and shall abide there as a guide to higher truth, perhaps it may sometimes awaken the memory of this discourse and of me—and only in this way do I desire to live in your recollection!"

XII

EDMUND BURKE

By John Churton Collins

The two most pathetic figures in political history are two of the greatest men who have adorned it—Demosthenes and Burke. Both, animated by the purest motives, patriots to the innermost fibre, with no thought, with no aim, but for the public good, wore out their lives in leading forlorn hopes and in fighting losing battles. Both were prophets with the curse of Cassandra upon them, to be found wise after the event, to be believed when all was lost. Who can read the *Philippics* and *Olynthiacs*, who can read the speeches on American Taxation and on Conciliation with America, without indignant astonishment at the stupidity and supineness of those whom such irresistible logic could not convince, such overpowering eloquence arouse? But Demosthenes saw Athens at the feet of the Macedonian despot, and Burke saw England dismembered of America and at war with half the world. Of the superhuman efforts made by the great Athenian to retrieve the disasters in which the neglect of his warnings had involved his countrymen, there was not one which was not thwarted either by a cruel fortune or by the perfidy and levity of those whom he was striving in their own despite to save. Burke's failures and baffled virtues resulted in less tragical issues, it is true, but they must have been equally mortifying and grievous. To frame measures and propose schemes the nobleness and luminous wisdom of which posterity was

to discover, and to see them ignored or defeated by corrupt and selfish factions and by his own timid colleagues; to address to empty benches masterpieces of political wisdom eloquent with an eloquence the like of which mankind had never heard since Cicero; to be the one man who solved correctly almost every political problem of his time, only to find himself denounced as a visionary and fanatic—such was Burke's experience of public life. On the losing side in every important action of his life, he was on the losing side to the last, perishing miserably amid the ruins of his party and the wreck of his hopes. If the closing scene in the life of Demosthenes is more awfully impressive, it is scarcely more pathetic than the scene on which the curtain fell at Beaconsfield. History has done justice to Demosthenes, it has not done justice to Burke. The Whigs have never forgiven him for creating a schism in the party, and have availed themselves of his grave errors with regard to certain aspects of the Revolution to represent him, if they wish to speak tenderly of him, as a madman; if they wish to speak harshly, as an apostate. But he was neither a madman nor an apostate. He was a very wise and a very honest man. Assuming as he did that the Revolution on the Continent was a precedent for a similar revolution in England, and that what was at stake was nothing less than the whole fabric of our social and political system, he was perfectly justified in taking—it was imperative on him as a patriot to take—the course he did. Once taken and the fire kindled in him, the rest followed. He never deserted his party: his party deserted him.

Of all the charges which have been brought against Burke, the most baseless is the charge of inconsistency. Lord Brougham has said that it would be difficult to select one leading principle or prevailing sentiment in Burke's later writings to which something extremely adverse may

not be found in his former. It may be at once conceded that on a superficial view of Burke's attitude towards the constitutional struggle of which Wilkes was the centre, towards the American Revolution, and towards Economical Reform, and of his attitude towards the Revolution in France and the revolutionary party in England, there seems much to justify the charge. It would be very easy to marshal an array of sentiments and opinions drawn from the *Thoughts on the . . . Present Discontents*, the American speeches, and the speech on Economical Reform against an array of sentiments and opinions culled from the *Reflections* and the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, and ask triumphantly in what way they can be reconciled. It would be easy to point out that in 1772 he supported a Bill for granting the Dissenters privileges from which they were excluded by the Test Act, and that in 1790 he opposed a Bill granting them those privileges. But if we look a little carefully into them we shall find that these seeming inconsistencies are easily reconciled, that Burke's political creed in 1796 was precisely what it was in 1771, that it had changed in no article whatever. What had changed were circumstances, and the change in Burke was no change in principles and tenets, but in the part he was forced to play—the attitude he was compelled to assume for the conservation of those tenets and principles.

A short sketch of his career [1] till the breaking out of the Revolution will help us to understand how much of a piece that part of his life and conduct which those who taunt him with apostasy deplore and execrate, and excuse only on the ground that he had become half-insane, was with that part of it to which they point with pride and gratitude. Few men have entered public life so admirably

[1] He was born at Dublin probably in 1729, but even the year of his birth is uncertain.

equipped for its duties and so peculiarly predisposed both by circumstances and training, to approach it in a large and liberal spirit. With his father a Protestant, his mother a Roman Catholic, and his first teacher a Quaker, he was not only entirely free from religious prejudices but, what was more important, had had it early brought home to him that truth, and fruitful truth, has many sides. These early surroundings certainly go far to account for one of Burke's most striking characteristics—his flexible and hospitable mind. The variety of his studies at Trinity College, Dublin, and the ardour with which he pursued them we all know—how at one time he devoted himself to mathematics and had his *furor mathematicus*; then betook himself to logic, till the *furor logicus* yielded to a passionate devotion to history; the *furor historicus* yielded in its turn to the *furor poeticus*. Leaving Trinity College with immense stores of the most varied acquirements, having indeed surveyed, within the measure of a youth's capacity, almost the whole area of learning, he betook himself to London. There his literary occupations—among them the political survey of Europe in the *Annual Register*, and a *History of the American Settlement*, as well as his duties and opportunities while in the service of William Gerard Hamilton—were of invaluable service to him in his political education. In the year 1765 he was, by the influence of Lord Verney, returned to Parliament for the borough of Wendover. The party to which he attached himself and in the cause of which he laboured so long as it retained its identity was the party led by the Marquis of Rockingham. It was a party distinguished by its integrity, its disinterestedness, its moderation, and its consistency during a time of almost unexampled political profligacy and incompetence. It was the party which retained in their purity the principles of that great Whig party which had brought about the Revolution of

1688: with those principles it never paltered. It upheld them while the subserviency of a selfish faction to an obstinate and tyrannical king, and the feuds and dissensions of what should have constituted the opposition to this tyranny imperilled our liberties, lost us America and brought us to the lowest point of national depression. It upheld them when a third power, called into being by the natural course of progress and into importance through being made the counters with which these factions played their game—namely, what is now known as the democracy—was threatening to turn the scale to the opposite extreme. The Ark of the Covenant of this party was the Constitution of 1688, their aim the maintenance of a due equipoise between the principles represented by monarchy, aristocracy and democracy. But we must guard carefully against attaching to democracy the sense it bears now. The "people" were then, politically speaking, non-existent and were absolutely unrepresented, having no share at all in the direction of affairs; in fact, democracy in our sense of the term was an unknown quantity in the Constitution of 1688. The democratic element was represented by the Commons, and the Commons were, as political agents, the nominees either of the Crown or of the aristocracy and great landed classes, or members of these last bodies. It would be a great mistake to associate Burke at any period of his career with democratic ideas. The only parliamentary reform he and his party ever contemplated was to readjust the balance in the Commons between the representatives of the aristocracy and the representatives of the Crown—a balance which was then overwhelmingly preponderant on the Crown's side—and to infuse, but very cautiously, an element representing the interests of the great mercantile classes. His Ark of the Covenant was, let me repeat, the Constitution of 1688. That was his

ideal: on the preservation of that depended; in his belief, the safety, the prosperity, the glory of the English nation.

This places us in the very centre of Burke's political ideals, explains his motives of action, and enables us to reconcile his policy and position between 1790 and 1796 with his policy and position between 1765 and 1789. As the constitution which he so nobly describes had been the result of compromise, of a cautious and sober adjustment of the principles of prescription to the principles of progress; as it combined the results of purified experiment with the results of a spirit of reverent conservatism, so it became ideally, as he himself has said, a sort of Bible to him. And a Bible in a double sense—a Bible which he believed contained the gospel of England's political salvation, and a Bible out of which he derived the teaching which guided his actions and moulded and coloured the whole of his public conduct and policy. If we look at all the chief events with which he was associated before the breaking out of the Revolution and note the part he played in them, we observe the same prudent moderation, the same spirit of compromise. Thus, with regard to the American Revolution, he upheld the imperial authority and maintained the right of England to tax, but deprecated the exercise of that right on the ground of inexpediency. Thus he was wholly in favour of relaxing the commercial and legislative restriction on the Anglo-Irish, and even lost his seat in supporting a Bill in favour of alleviation; but though he tried to educate his party on the Irish question, he never pressed the matter further. Thus he at first supported Clarkson in his crusade against the slave-trade, but abandoned the attempt for fear of injuring his party by alienating the West Indian interest. Then he opposed Parliamentary Reform on the ground that it would lessen the power of those orders in the State who had the greatest

stake in the country. Thus in 1790 he refused the Dissenters the relief he had been willing to give them in 1772 because the time was not propitious to such indulgence. The same moderation marked his scheme for Economical Reform. He resisted all attempts which involved radical changes in any essential part of the Constitution. " I heave," he said, " the lead every inch of the way I make." In his Notes on the Amendment to the Address, 1774, he has a typical passage:

" Nothing is more beautiful in the theory of Parliaments than that principle of renovation and union, of permanency and change, that are happily mixed in their constitution; that in all our changes we are never wholly old or wholly new; that there are enough of the old to preserve unbroken the traditional chain of the maxims and policy of our ancestors and the law and custom of Parliament, and enough of the new to invigorate us and bring us to our true character by being taken from the mass of the people; and the whole, though mostly composed of the old members, have, notwithstanding, a new character and may have the advantage of change without the imputation of inconstancy."

He says in another place:

" The old building stands well enough, though part Gothic, part Grecian, and part Chinese, until an attempt is made to square it into uniformity. Then indeed it may come down upon our heads all together in much conformity of ruin; and great will be the fall thereof." [1]

But he has no objection to modification, and he would have the fabric elastic, for a State without the means of change is without the means of its conservation. His political philosophy is penetrated with the same spirit: it is of the essence of compromise: its criteria are the possible, the expedient, the becoming: it is not concerned with abstract principles except in their bounded application to facts and circumstances.

" Circumstances [he writes] give in reality to every political principle its distinguishing colour and discriminating effect. The circumstances are what render every civil and political scheme beneficial or obnoxious to mankind." [2]

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[1] *Observations on the Present State of the Nation.*
[2] *Reflections on the French Revolution.*

As Mr. Payne has observed, what a German metaphysical theologian at the end of the last century, after many wearisome attempts to square religion with abstract principles, observed of Christianity, *Das Christenthum ist keine Philosophie*, may be exactly applied to Burke's conception of politics, *Die Politik ist keine Philosophie.* It is purely empirical, not a matter of rules and ideas but of observation and practice: it is a computing principle: what it has to deal with are differences of good, are compromises sometimes between good and evil, sometimes between evil and evil—for it works "standing on earth, not rapt above the pole." Hence his defence of party in answer to the rhodomontade of Bolingbroke, and his constant insistence on the necessity of fidelity to party interests at almost any cost, except when issues of important moment to the welfare of mankind are imperilled.

> "I can see [said his friend Dr. Johnson] that a man may do right to stick to a party; that is to say, he is a Whig or he is a Tory, and he thinks that one of those parties upon the whole is the best, and that to make it prevail it must be generally supported, though in particulars it may be wrong. He takes its faggot of principles in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks to be sure, and they cannot well be separated." [1]

This was exactly Burke's view, and in Rockingham's party, in its faggot principles and aims, there were certainly far fewer rotten sticks than in the faggot of any other party in Burke's time. It is not, he contended, a question whether monarchy, whether oligarchy, whether democracy are in themselves desirable, but whether in their purity or their combination they are fitted to the needs of a particular community. Thus he argued of the Revolution, that if a great change were to be made in human affairs, the minds of men would be fitted to it: the general opinions and feelings would draw that way; and that those who per-

[1] Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides.*

sisted in opposing this mighty current in human affairs would appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself than the mere designs of men. The late Lord Coleridge once said to a friend of mine, an enthusiastic young barrister: "You cannot greatly help justice till you have ceased greatly to care for her." This was putting it a little cynically, but it exactly indicates Burke's conception of the relation of abstract ideals to the possibility of what can be realised. He had as little confidence as Bishop Butler in the perfectibility either of man or of the world. Facts are facts, and they must be confronted. He had no sympathy with the democracy, and yet he wrote:

"In all disputes between them [the people] and their rulers, the presumption is at least upon a par in favour of the people. . . . The people have no interest in disorder." [1]

So with respect to the American colonists he said:

"The question with me is not whether you have a right to render your people miserable; but whether it is not your interest to make them happy." [2]

And again:

"I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." [3]

In temper and constitution Burke was one of the noblest men who ever lived, a patriot as pure as Hampden and Washington, a philanthropist as ardent as Howard and Clarkson, as passionate a lover of liberty, justice and light, as passionate a hater of all that impeded them, as any man who has ever been in the van of aspiring humanity, as his career between 1765 and 1789 shows, and shows conclusively. But his sagacity and practical wisdom, his knowledge of human nature and of the conditions and laws

[1] *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.*
[2] *Speech on Conciliation with America.*
[3] *Ibid.*

under which life moves and men work, kept all this from wasting itself either in Quixotic action or in Quixotic speech. "I pitched," he said, referring to the outset of his political life, "my ideas of liberty low that they might stick to me and that I might stick to them to the end of my life." No man was ever more free from Utopian delusions; no man ever so shy of drawing bills on hope for experience to discount. What had actually been achievable and what was demonstrably possible bounded the horizon of his political sympathies and of his political aspirations. It is in such passages as the peroration of his speech on Conciliation with America that his greatness is seen. Here burst into flame and blaze—for they could serve occasion—the patriotism, the philanthropy, the love of justice, liberty and light which ever glowed an intense but suppressed fire within him. Here pure reason, plain sense and simple facts, penetrated with passion and clad in glorious apparel, seem like the raptures of the poet.

The Revolution found Burke in the vigour of his genius and of his intellectual powers, but depressed, harassed and broken by four-and-twenty years of almost superhuman labours. He had failed in everything except in bringing Warren Hastings to trial. He had seen America torn from England, Government a chaos of factions, his party wrecked, its remnant hurried into follies and crimes which had first disgraced and then proscribed it. And now the last and saddest chapter in his troubled life was to open.

In May 1789 met the States-General. In July of the same year the Bastille was taken. Then followed the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Decree of the Fourth of August and the irruption of the mob into the palace of Versailles.

These events drew from Burke in November 1790 his *Reflections*, though the work was directly called forth on

account of an address given by a Dr. Richard Price, a Nonconformist minister, to the Revolutionary Society. Contrary to the view taken by Price, Burke fiercely attacked the Revolution in these *Reflections* and in his subsequent writings, viz. *Thoughts on French Affairs* and a *Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*, in which he prophesied the course things were certain to take:

"The shifting tides of fear and hope, the flight and the pursuit, the peril and escape, the alternative famine and feasts of the savage and the thief, after a time render all course of slow, steady, progressive, unvaried occupation, and the prospect only of a limited mediocrity at the end of long labour, to the last degree tame, languid, and insipid. . . . They will assassinate the King when his name will no longer be necessary to their designs. . . . They will probably first assassinate the Queen."[1]

Meanwhile he had set the kingdom on fire, having previously broken with Fox and Sheridan and split the Whig party in two. Then came out in answer to the numerous attacks on him, *An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, 1791, in which he demonstrates that it is not he who has changed, but they: that he remains true to the old flag—that of the true Whigs—while they have gone off into mad democrats and incendiaries to break up and ruin the noble English Constitution, the Ark of the Old Covenant. The Whigs of this day, he concludes by saying, have before them in this appeal their constitutional ancestors: they have the doctors of the modern school. They will choose for themselves. The author of the *Reflections* has chosen for himself. The *Conduct of the Minority*, written two years later, is a defence of his own conduct, and an arraignment of that of Fox and his friends. Meanwhile the Revolution had been proceeding just as Burke had prophesied, horror on horror accumulating. The King had been executed, war had been declared between England and France, the Armed Coalition was melting away, England and Austria

[1] *Letter to a Member of the National Assembly.*

were left alone. France was in the hands of the Directory and everywhere triumphant, Fox and his party had, of course, opposed the war with France from the beginning; Pitt never loved it and was now anxious for peace with the Directory. So in 1796 Pitt opened negotiations for peace with France.

It was to oppose that peace that Burke wrote, and wrote in fire, the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, those scathing Philippics against what he called the pusillanimity and madness of England in attempting to establish friendly relations with a country which was agressively republican and revolutionary. Identifying France with lawlessness and anarchy, with the principles of all that was base and brutal, with all that was inimical to civil order and private decency; denouncing her as the enemy of the human race, as a common and insufferable nuisance stinking in the nostrils of Europe, as the blood-reeking, offal-loaded lair of robbers, pariahs and assassins, he conjured his countrymen, as they valued the Constitution, as they valued the existence of their national life and Church, Throne, State, as they valued social order, honour, religion, reason, decency, to have no peace with France, not to condescend to recognise its existence as a political unit, to expunge it from the roll of nations, to obliterate it from the map. In no works extant are there more magnificent passages of sustained and fiery eloquence, invective more terrific, sarcasm more blasting, more jewels of rhetoric and felicitous expression, nay, and making all allowance for intemperance and extravagance, heat and fury, more jewels of crystallised wisdom.

They were a voice from Burke's deathbed. They were written when he was reeling under the blow that broke him, the death of his son, when disease and anxiety and sorrow had bowed and broken him.

A miserable triumph over miserable adversaries closes the scene. It was known that Burke was on the verge of actual beggary, and Pitt procured for him a pension without bringing the matter before Parliament. The Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale, seeing in this a weapon for attacking Pitt, opposed the pension in the House of Lords. The head of the house of Bedford was not quite the proper person to oppose a grant from the Crown, and in the *Letter to a Noble Lord*, so justly described by Lord Morley as the most splendid repartee in the English language, Burke expresses his surprise that objection to his pension should have come from that particular quarter. For the pension was surely not altogether given without some equivalent, and was after all only a small one. But—

> "The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk: he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the Throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the royal favour?"

Sadly the old man pointed out how more than an equivalent might have been paid for the royal bounty.

> "Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line."

Pathetic indeed, pathetic beyond expression that it should have been in the midst of feuds like these—in the midst of gloom and storm like this—with no ray of the glory that was beyond even faintly perceptible to him, that the great soul of this man who had laboured for England and

for mankind, always in righteousness and sincerity, for five-and-thirty years was to take its flight. We now know that Burke with reference to the Revolution was a false prophet, that if he discerned clearly the immediate consequences he did not discern the ultimate consequences of that stupendous convulsion: he miscalculated on all sides: he miscalculated even ludicrously the power of France and of those whom principles allied with her: he confounded what was accidental with what was essential: he did not perceive the solidity, steadiness and good sense which underlay the superficial tumult and agitation in England. But let us not underrate the value of his anti-Revolutionary writings. If we have outgrown much which he regarded with superstitious reverence, if the glamour with which in his eyes sentiment invested monarchy and aristocracy is now dimming and fading: if we are pressing to other goals than had defined themselves to him, if experiment and experience have justified us in feeling confidence where he doubted and mistrusted, we should do well to remember and find guidance in many of his characteristic precepts and warnings—that if we look forward to posterity we should not forget to look backward to our ancestors, that prescription and tradition should neither be contemptuously ignored nor rudely violated, that what has grown up historically can only perish historically, that the application of abstract rights and principles to an organisation so composite and artificial as political society and its economy is the most difficult and delicate of problems, that the only sure test of political wisdom is expediency—expediency not in the narrow and selfish, but in the highest and most comprehensive sense of the term.

XIII

ON POPULARITY

By Arthur Clutton-Brock

There are two kinds of popularity which I will call intimate and long-distance popularity, and the first is far more real than the second. A man who is intimately popular is liked by those who know him; a man who is popular at long distance has, by some means, succeeded in propagating a favourable notion of himself among those who do not know him. The two kinds of popularity may go together, but often they are separate, and the man who enjoys long-distance popularity is disliked at close quarters.

Intimate popularity is always a proof of some virtue. If a man is liked by those who meet him, he may have many defects and even vices, but still he is liked for a cause, even though it be unknown to those who like him. His society gives pleasure; and it does so because he himself takes pleasure in the society of others, which means that he is disposed to like rather than to dislike them. It is to him a pleasure to meet those he has never met before; he expects to find them good company, and therefore is good company himself. He is ready to take risks in social intercourse, and will not wait to discover whether you are a bore before he opens out to you. He is, in fact, sanguine about human nature, and we like those who are sanguine, especially about ourselves, more than those who despond; they fill us with their own vitality and make us sharers in their own enjoyment.

You may say that this easy, instinctive liking is a slight virtue; but it *is* a virtue, for it makes you happy. It is better to like people for no particular reason than to dislike them without reason, better to make them happy than to make them miserable. The man who is intimately popular may be vain, but he is not an egotist—he is more interested in others than in himself; he enjoys, no doubt, the exercise of his social arts, but that is worth enjoying; he is a hedonist, but one who also gives pleasure to others. Very likely he would not go much out of his way to do you a good turn, but he would rather do you a good than a bad one, and his friendship, if not deep, is large; indeed he might plead for himself that he has too many friends to be deeply involved with any of them. We are apt to be unjust to him if we find that he seems to promise more than he performs; but there is some egotism in our injustice. We have no right to expect that he will think of us when we are absent just because he is so sympathetic when we are present. By his sympathy he does give us something and for that we should be grateful. Clearly he cannot feel deeply for all those whose society he enjoys, and why should he feel deeply for us more than the rest? It is not fair to call him a humbug because he forgets us, as soon as our back is turned, for someone else. His enjoyment of our society is quite genuine; he does not make up to us with any ulterior design, for, if he did, we should not enjoy his society; we do enjoy it, and for that we ought to be grateful.

But the way to be intimately popular is, above all, not to judge. The saying, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," is commonly taken for a divine command, but it is also a statement of fact. Nothing makes us dislike a man so much as the knowledge that he is always judging us and all men, that his instinctive reaction is judgment. A man who has the habit of judging others may be respected, as we say,

but he is also disliked; and while the respect is forced the dislike is hearty. If we can, we retaliate upon him by judging him with all the severity at our command. We seek eagerly for his weakness, and when we have found it insist upon it, as if it were a valuable scientific discovery, for it is indeed a discovery that liberates us from our unwilling admiration of him. When it comes to judging we feel two can play at that game. So it happens that a man who has the habit of judging, and who has overawed the world by his habit, as if he sat always in wig and robes in the seat of judgment, is suddenly and by universal consent dethroned. This has happened in literature to Carlyle. He was always judging everyone, and he overawed the world while alive. But now he is judged more severely than he deserves both as a writer and as a man, while Lamb of whom he spoke with bitter contempt is praised, more perhaps than he deserves, because he never seems to judge anyone, but rather enjoys the society of mankind. We are pleased to find that whereas Carlyle judged men by a heroic standard, Lamb in his way was a hero. Perhaps it was because Aristides had the habit of judging, that the unknown Athenian grew weary of hearing him called the just. What we desire from each other is not justice—for who knows what that is?—but liking; and we give liking rather than justice to those who enjoy our society too well to judge us. We may criticise them, but our criticism is only skin deep; we do not wish to discover anything against them because we know they do not wish to discover anything against us. In their society we get a holiday from judgment altogether, and that is one reason why we enjoy it. They may not be Christians, but at least they do not feel or think or act on any perverse and anti-Christian principle. They may not have attained to Charity in the high Pauline sense, but at least they have attained to good-nature by instinct.

Many humble people are popular for these reasons; but if a man can keep this good-nature, this freedom from judgment, this enjoyment of other people's society, when he has achieved eminence, then he is popular indeed. For, while most of us are instinctively and meanly on our guard against the advances of the humble, we are all flattered by the advances of the eminent; if they seem to have taken a fancy to us, we take a fancy to them. They win popularity easily, and that is a dangerous temptation to them. For a man may have a natural spontaneous virtue, and then become aware of it and exploit it. The successful are often afraid of envy, and have an uneasy sense that the world may suddenly combine to pull them down. There is to them something incalculable in the common opinion that gives them their reputation, and they fear that it may suddenly veer like the wind. So they try to ensure themselves against such a change by being agreeable to everyone; they will make friends wherever they go, so that they may not be overcome by unknown enemies. And they do naturally enjoy the exercise of their social power, which is, of course, enormously increased by their eminence. But the mischief of this is not so much that they get a habit of insincerity, as that they waste their energy in making themselves agreeable and lose the power of saying no. A man in any walk of life, whether he be lawyer or artist or statesman or man of science, when he has achieved excellence can keep it only by hard work. If he spends half his time in making himself agreeable, he will be more concerned with his reputation than with his work, and his work will deteriorate; and so finally will his reputation. Further, if he gets the habit of exploiting his pleasant manners, they will become mechanical and cease even to be agreeable, and he will lose even the popularity for which he has made so many sacrifices. For to succeed one must

be an artist even in social intercourse, one must really enjoy it; and the polite formulæ of the eminent are too obvious to give enjoyment.

Still, intimate popularity is worth having, if only for its own sake; but long-distance popularity is not worth having for its own sake; it is always a means to an end, like propaganda; it is, in fact, a kind of personal propaganda and no less dangerous than other kinds.

One may see the difference between the two kinds of popularity more clearly in the case of a writer. There are great writers who gain and who keep an intimate popularity, who are read and enjoyed, it may seem beyond their merits, because in their works they express a natural liking for mankind, because they themselves enjoy rather than judge. Among these are Dickens and the elder Dumas and Shakespeare himself. All of these would rather enjoy mankind than judge them. Even their dislikes are hearty and spontaneous; and the characters they dislike are those who themselves dislike others. There may be reactions against such writers; but through the fiercest reaction they are still read and enjoyed, for they make their readers happy. The elder Dumas, for instance, is at present little thought of in France, but he is still, I believe, read far more than Flaubert, who is always expressing judgments and dislikes, and is as full of unconscious malice as Dumas of unconscious enjoyment.

These writers win an intimate popularity because of a real virtue, and their sins which are often many are forgiven them, because they have loved much. The sins of Dickens are enormous, yet, as I read him, I find myself averting my eyes from them as Shem and Japheth would not look at Noah drunk; and that is because I get so much delight from reading him, to read him makes me happy. I feel that he would like even me, whereas a writer like Flaubert

seems to address himself to me, and all other readers, without contempt only because he has never met us; behind all his books there is an inexorable and malicious judgment passed by one who after all had no more right to be always judging than anyone else. But my liking of Dickens and such writers, even if too partial, does come of a real and close acquaintance. There are other writers who obtain a long-distance popularity, not because of any real merit, but because by some means or other they contrive to spread an idea of themselves and their genius which is not true at all; and this is the secret of long-distance popularity, whether enjoyed by a politician, a writer, a priest, or any kind of public character. Always they have, sometimes consciously, usually unconsciously, spread a notion of themselves among a public too ignorant and busy to exercise any right judgment yet eager to find a hero. For mankind desires a hero to worship; it makes life more exciting to believe that somewhere there is a wonderful man actually living, one who knows all the secrets of the human heart, or can save society, or can voice all the inarticulate yearnings and ideals of the people, and if for a penny or so you can every week buy a newspaper in which this hero tells the world what ought to be done, then you get immense comfort from that newspaper, even if it contradicts itself once a fortnight, and for the most part says nothing intelligible. Once the notion is spread that it is written by a man who knows, that notion persists if he can go on talking nonsense with the air of one who knows, and of one who is impelled to speak out by an urgent love of truth and justice. For it is a curious fact about this long-distance popularity that, after it is once established, it is not destroyed by closer contact. If a preacher or speaker gets a name for eloquence and inspiration, he too may talk nonsense for ever, provided he does it with an air of

conviction. The crowds, who assemble to listen to him, bring with them their idea of him which even he cannot destroy. His very vagueness helps him, for they can read into it what they will, and all go away believing that he said what they expected him to say. There are at the present time several of such heroes, all of whom won the war; though what they did to win it neither they nor anyone else can tell. It may be indeed, that if they had been allowed to wage the war in their own way, they would have ended it soon without defeat; but it is more probable that they had no way of their own ever present to their minds; their business was to shout directions through a megaphone, but directions happily so vague that no one could obey them even if he would. Not one of these was put to the test like their forerunner Cleon, whom the Athenians suddenly made a commander-in-chief, and who was luckily killed in battle before he could do much harm.

There is a kind of clown called a Marcelline who makes you laugh by pretending to share the work others are doing. When they are rolling up a carpet, he walks behind and imitates their movements in a bland and encouraging manner. Long-distance popularity is achieved in politics and journalism by the same means, except that in these cases the Marcelline is not laughed at but actually deceives others and himself. They, and he, think he is winning the war and what not, by his bland and encouraging, or fierce and obstructive notions; and when the thing is done, he turns round and bows and gets the applause, while those who have really done it are mopping their brows behind the scenes. But it would be an error to think that this kind of Marcelline is without talent. He needs great energy, but it is spent not in doing anything worth doing, but in spreading a heroic idea of himself. He is in fact like a tradesman who uses great business ability in puffing a worthless

patent medicine. What you pay for is the advertisement, and a country which gives power to Marcellines will certainly pay for their advertisements and pay very heavily.

In fact one of the chief problems of any large community like our own is to free itself from the spell of long-distance popularity, to find some means of discouraging the arts by which it is won. For it is certain that a man who achieves long-distance popularity will not have much time or energy for doing anything else. In that also he is like the tradesman who spends all his money on advertisements, and has none over to spend upon a good article. And the temptation to any unscrupulous man of talent and energy to aim at long-distance popularity is now enormous, if that popularity seems to him worth having. The newspapers are instruments ready to his hand; they seldom even try to have any judgment; if once a man can get himself talked about they will continue to talk about him; he becomes news as if he were the co-respondent in an everlasting divorce case. Millions of people hear of him who never hear of those who do the real work of the world, and just because he is heard of, he has power. What he says is reported, what he writes is read. If he stands for Parliament, people vote for him; and all the while he is incapable of any excellence, because all his energy goes in self-propaganda. It is so even with many popular writers. They would never write so badly if it were not that most of their energy goes in advertisement; but since they are well advertised, the public finds in their books virtues that are not there; just as it finds in patent medicines healing properties that are not there. So we are misled every way, because we are a community too large to know our public men except by report, and because we have got the habit of judging even books, not by what we find in them, but by the common report of them.

The only remedy seems to be in a psychology that does not yet exist. We must learn the symptoms of self-propaganda, and the symptoms with which it affects us. The man who aims at long-distance popularity behaves in a certain way, of which some of us are already dimly aware; but at present neither the public, nor he himself, know that he is a criminal of a very dangerous kind. What is needed is a science of the mind, much more precise than any which yet exists, to put us on our guard against him; for until we are on our guard we shall remain at the mercy of every kind of imposture, which is the more dangerous because it is usually half unconscious.

XIV

SIR ROBERT PEEL

By Augustine Birrell

English politicians, though of the first rank, must usually be content, like the heroes of the mimic stage, with full houses and loud cheers; with the verdicts of their contemporaries; the enthusiasm of their supporters; the respect of their opponents; with the loves and hates and jealousies of an active life; the sense of full days and stirring events, of proud moments and realised ambitions. Opportunists they all were, of course, else had they not been British statesmen and pilots in the dark hours. We do not search their memoirs for pregnant sayings, and if we read their speeches at all, Burke's only excepted, it is for purely party purposes, certainly not for intellectual profit or æsthetic enjoyment. To survey the comely series of volumes which contain the orations of our great Parliamentary figures from Pitt to Gladstone, is to summon up the same thoughts and to create the same atmosphere of melancholy pleasure, as when in some green-room library you take down from a seldom-visited shelf copies of the old plays in which a Betterton or a Garrick, a Siddons or a Jordan, once took the town by storm. Charles Lamb has moralised on old playbills; old orders of the day might well provoke kindred reflections.

When a great politician dies, a man whose name has been on the tongues of all, and in every kind of type for scores of years, the good-hearted British public makes the matutinal

observations, conventionally described as "mourning a loss"; attends his funeral or memorial service, and then, after scratching his name on the Abbey stones or elsewhere, is well content to leave him alone for evermore with the epithet or attribute it deems most appropriate to attach to his name. Thus, Pitt is majestic, Fox generous, Canning splendid, Palmerston patriotic, John Russell plucky, Disraeli romantic, Gladstone religious; and so on. Nor are these epithets open to revision. Whatever records leap to life they are not in the least likely to be altered. The fact is, Englishmen understand their political leaders from top to toe. They have never mistaken them for saints, heroes or philosophers. Indeed, they know them to be sinners, usually as blind to the future as the grocer down the street, and occasionally as ignorant of the past as the publican at the corner, but who for all that stood like men for their brief hour on the quarter-deck of the big ship, which is still groaning and grunting on its way. At all events, they never ran her aground.

Sir Robert Peel was born in 1788, in the old world, as one may say. And now, one hundred and eleven years afterwards, in a quite new world, in a country which takes every year from the pockets of its people £110,000,000 sterling, we are for the first time supplied with the materials necessary for forming what is called an instructed opinion upon his most remarkable public career. Everything is placed at our service, all is well arranged and clearly expressed, nothing seems kept back that relates to a public life; and yet for the purposes of reviewing contemporary judgments, or of revising the careless tradition of the street, or of enabling us to sit with confidence in the seat of judgment, I do not know that we find ourselves much better off than we were before. Affidavit evidence is now universally despised, and to form an opinion of a public man from his

memoranda and speeches is to rely upon the same dead-alive testimony. A good portrait, as Carlyle used to say, is half the battle, but there is no great picture of Peel—the best is the word portrait of Disraeli.

The angry passions of 1829 and 1845 have not permanently disfigured the character of Peel. They were fierce enough. Politicians who have lived through the years 1886–1894 can have no difficulty in appreciating the fury with which Peel was assailed by Protestant bigotry and Protectionist zeal, or how old friendships (so called) were severed, and party ties broken. He was fortunate in one respect. Through it all Wellington stood by his side. It was no doubt hard to hear Sir Edward Knatchbull exclaim, *Nusquam tuta fides*, almost intolerable to have to submit to the heartless raillery of Disraeli, hardest of all to look into his own heart and know that his ill-timed obstinacy had (perhaps) robbed Canning of what in his hands might have been a glorious triumph, and his well-timed conversion deprived Villiers of what would have been a famous victory. It is, however, the business of politicians to do a good deal of night-poaching, and it is a pardonable weakness to believe that an intelligent Providence must have meant *you* and not gentlemen opposite to save the country.

Peel entered Parliament for an Irish borough in 1809, when he was just of age. Is this a good thing? Lord Halifax, the Trimmer, thought not, and, in his shrewd hints for the choice of Members of Parliament, gives his reasons. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, thought it was. Certainly, few men become parliamentary hands quickly. For the business of a statesman ten years is a short apprenticeship, but it is a good-sized slice out of a life. There seems no very obvious reason why a seat in the House of Commons should either arrest a young man's intellectual development or ossify his imagination, yet if the young

man is by the order of his mind slow-moving, prim, frigid and mechanical, if he possesses none of that dangerous but precious acid which dissipates platitudes and disintegrates falsehoods, if he is apt to be a little uncomfortable in the presence of actual fact, but very much at his ease when amplifying and expounding in sonorous periods bookish conceptions and notions; and if to these positive and negative qualities he adds a liking for office and an aptitude for business, then it is that an early adoption of party creeds and party connections and a complete immersion into the affairs of the hour are certain to impede the free swing of the mind and the full muscular development of a truth-loving intelligence.

Robert Peel had an orderly mind, quick to absorb, ready to assimilate, and slow to deny. He never revolted from a lie, but slowly ceased to believe in it. He merely entertained his ideas, and therefore never found it hard to cease to be "at home" to any of them. He had none of the mental vehemence of his great pupil, who, none the less, was equally destined to do a great deal of unloading. It has been said of Mr. Gladstone, and with perfect truth, that he was never either a Whig or a Protestant. He arrived at his Liberalism by paths untrodden by the huge hosts of his followers, who had to be content to cheer the result without studying the process. Peel, like Gladstone, was brought up among Tories, and received a sound classical education in Tory strongholds, from port-wine dons, and divines bent on being bishops, the very last people in the world to teach their pupils to verify the accepted formulas of Church and State. The remark used often to be made that Peel was sprung from the people. In the already old-fashioned days of which Mr. Samuel Smiles was the popular *vates*, "the rise of the Peel family" was a favourite subject for the thrifty muse, and there were sentimentalists ready

to attribute Sir Robert's genuine devotion to the cause of labour and his fierce desire to cheapen living to his ancestry. But in England, where we are all woven strangely of the same piece, these things count for very little. Between a decent agricultural labourer and a decent duke there are no differences which cannot be easily accounted for by those personal habits which are engendered by their different ways of life. Twenty years in big houses, in labourers' cottages, in merchants' villas, in artisans' dwellings, in Whitechapel tenements, will explain all the differences noticeable between the varied ranks of Her Majesty's lieges. Peel is said to have had a provincial accent. Of the three great Lancashire orators of our own time, Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, the last alone was spotless in this matter; for a quick Lancastrian ear would easily detect his native accents in the scholarly tones of Gladstone, whilst they flourished unabashed in the manly discourse of the Rupert of debate. The Peel pedigree need not detain us. The gentleman-commoner of Christ Church of 1806 was like the rest of his brethren, except in one fortunate particular. He was the heir to great wealth, not made out of the ownership of the soil. Peel was destined to fight the landed interest, which then sought to throttle the nation, even as his high-spirited son is now engaged in fighting the drink interest, which seeks to throttle us. What made Peel's contest especially bitter was that the wounded country gentlemen had to confess that the pinion that impelled the fatal steel had been nourished in their own nurseries, and been awarded the pet diploma of the greedy monopolist, the representation in Parliament of the University of Oxford. And yet never was statesman more truly conservative in all his mental methods than Sir Robert Peel, whose tortured spirit never sought to escape from the blunt brutalities of the squires,

or the poisoned invective of their hired bravo, by the simple expedient of throwing wide open the windows of his mind and letting the free air of heaven sweep through its chambers. The history of the landed interest in England from the date when it plundered the Church of the territories that were intended to be, and often were, the support of the poor and the shelter of the aged, to the unhappy hour when it turned a deaf, because a selfish, ear to the report of the Devon Commission, has never yet been written; and to write it now would be, so far as the agricultural interest is concerned, to trample on a poverty-stricken race, who barely contrive to go on existing by avoiding those contributions to the Army and Navy which, under the name of death duties, are levied upon cash values only.

Insolent in the hour of its prosperity, the landed interest has become mean in more straitened circumstances. But even had its history been composed in Peel's time, he would have taken no pleasure in the perusal, so rooted was his love for the order of things as he found them. The conservatism of most men is based on fear and a lively sense of the risks to which all Governments are exposed. The surprising thing is that society should exist at all, and that dividends should go on being paid at the Bank. Any condition of things that has proved itself to be compatible with a social *status quo* is to be respected by statesmen, and, if possible, revered by the populace. Sobriety, security and peace were the real objects of Peel's devotion. Had the Dissenters of England been as strong as the Roman Catholics in Ireland, Peel would have disestablished and disendowed the Church of England on the best terms he could get for her, nor would his pillow ever have been haunted by ghosts in lawn. He had a true statesman's horror of enthusiasts and martyrs. So that he might dodge revolution and avoid bloodshed, there were few sacrifices

he was not prepared to make. He had not, indeed, reduced the art of capitulation to the simple formula of his colleague the Great Duke, who, whenever driven into a corner, was content to put the question, "How is the Government of the King (or Queen) to be carried on?" and then, having answered it in a particular way, proceeded to repudiate all his former political notes-of-hand with the effrontery of a South American Republic. Peel was a man who intellectualised his apostasies. True it was that he was taught by circumstance, and trod the tortuous paths of party rather than the narrow way of truth; still, he had a mind which, like some plants, instinctively turned to the light. Seriousness has not been a common quality with English Prime Ministers. The light-heartedness of most of them is amazing. Even the horrors of the criminal code have never turned a politician's stomach. Peel was a serious Minister, always, so Mr. Disraeli complained, "absorbed in thought." The Condition of England Question weighed more heavily on the statesman than ever it did on the novelist, although the imaginative genius of the latter enabled him without pain or labour to see deeper into the cauldron than could the former. But Disraeli did nothing for England, Peel saved her. "There was always," said Mr. Disraeli half-contemptuously, "some person representing some theory or system exercising an influence over his mind." Forcible is the retort made by Mr Thursfield in his short *Life of Peel*, the authority of which remains unimpaired by the elaborate publications of Mr. Parker: "To have learned the principles of currency and finance from Ricardo, Horner and Huskisson, the principles of criminal legislation from Romilly and Macintosh, and the principles of free trade from Villiers and Cobden, was not Peel's reproach but his everlasting honour."

No statesman of the century has left his mark so plainly

inscribed upon both the Statute Book and the life and business of the nation as Sir Robert Peel. He it was who resumed cash payments, established a gold standard, and told us "what is a pound." He was the author of the Bank Charter Act, and of the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents. We owe it to Sir Robert Peel that the Income Tax is always with us, and that a policeman is, or ought to be, at the corner of every street. The Budgets of 1842 and 1845 are chapters in our financial history, for was it not Peel who taught us to fight hostile tariffs with free imports? Across Ireland the names of most Chief Secretaries are writ in water, but Peel left behind him that constabulary force of which we hear every year when the Irish Estimates come on for discussion. The law reformer loves the name of Peel, who humanised the criminal code, and showed, at least, a willingness to listen to the voice of Bentham and to recast our judicature. Finally, he emancipated the Catholics, and carried free trade in corn. Here is a programme indeed, by the side of which that of Newcastle may well pale its ineffectual fires. Yet we are always told that there was something sinister about the career of Peel. There is a slouch in the gait of our deliverer. What is it? It is to be found in Greville's famous maxim, "The Tories only can carry Liberal measures." The men behind Peel cried, "Traitor!" and the men in front of him murmured, "Thief!" "The right honourable gentleman's life," said Mr. Disraeli, "has been one vast appropriation clause."

It was the subsequent boast of Disraeli, himself one of the most light-fingered of the fraternity, that he had educated his party, though what he really thought of the process to which he had subjeeted them it is better only guessing. Peel could not honestly say that he had educated his party, but as he succeeded in coercing it, no good Liberal will

grudge him his splendid record of great achievements or his imperishable fame. In these respects Peel is an exception to the general rule that encompasses departed statesmen in a trailing cloud of forgetfulness.

Mr. Parker's three capacious volumes enable us to form (if we are sufficiently imaginative and have any knowledge of affairs) an estimate of the great compass of Peel's public interests and his devotion to business. We see Mr. Gladstone's schoolmaster abroad in every page. Peel had a passion for good government and for competency in high places. In his disposition of patronage he was "a kinless loon," and passed over his brethren after a fashion which still excites our wonder. Nor was it only his own brothers; those of his colleagues fared no better.

We find Goulbourn, who wanted his brother made a judge, writing to Peel in 1835:

> "When there are no superior qualifications evidently marking out a man for an office, it is, I think, impolitic to select for appointment those men who have been uniformly opposed to a Government or only recently converted. I may live [*mark the sarcasm*] in a peculiar society, but I can assure you that I find nothing more prejudicial to our interests than the impression which prevails that such is our course. It deadens the exertion of zealous friends, and it makes the large mass, namely, those who act on interested motives, oppose us as a matter of profitable speculation. I believe that we have suffered more from making Abercrombie Chief Baron than from any act of our last Administration. So much I have thought it right to say on public grounds" (vol. ii. p. 273).

How familiar are the accents of the jobber! Mr. Goulbourn was quite right in hinting that it was Peel, and not his Chancellor of the Exchequer, who kept peculiar society. Nothing is rarer in our public men than a genuine devotion to *all* branches of the public service. Peel kept his eye on everything, even meditating a reform of the Scottish judicature. One disadvantage of the democratic system is that a Prime Minister no longer feels himself responsible for good government. He awaits a mandate from a mob who are watching a football match.

Full, however, to overflowing as was Peel's public life, the three most interesting things in its retrospect are his handling of Catholic Emancipation, his attitude towards Parliamentary Reform, and his dealings with Wheat. It was the way he dealt with these questions that puzzled his friends, piqued his opponents, and brought down upon his head the wrath of Oxford Combination-rooms and the fury of farmers' ordinaries. Peel was long a puzzle. "What will Peel do?" was for decades as provocative a question as his own famous query, "What is a pound?"

It cannot be said that Mr. Parker's volumes throw any entirely new light upon Peel's attitude, but they enable us at our leisure and in the ample detail of Peel's own elaborate diction to follow the mental operations and digest the conclusions of a cautious, sagacious and ambitious man whose lot was cast in perilous times. Nor can we help being repeatedly reminded of incidents in the career of Mr. Gladstone and of similarities, both of style and in the treatment of public questions, existing between the master and the pupil.

The Catholic Question stared Peel in the face from the very beginning. It was, like the Catholic University Question of to-day, left open. Cabinet Ministers were free to be Emancipators if they chose so long as they made no attempt upon the King's virtue. Peel had no passionate convictions about anything save the public credit and the administration of just laws by honest men, but his early associations with the stupid party, and the company he kept whilst Irish Chief Secretary from 1812 to 1818, had taught him to regard Protestant ascendancy as a condition of government not likely to be disturbed. In 1817 his political education was sorely encumbered by his proudly donning the chains which Canning had gloriously renounced, which Gladstone was destined too long to clank

—the Parliamentary representation of the University of Oxford, a constituency which has never consented to be represented by a man who has saved his country. The University muzzled Mr. Gladstone, it hindered and delayed Peel, who saw clearly enough that Catholic Relief was only a question of time. Canning openly espoused the cause, even as Mr. Balfour has done the kindred question of the present day. The House of Commons was at least equally divided; the House of Lords, despite a majority of forty against Relief, has never really fought any measure of reform recommended to it by a Tory Minister; and as for the Crown, Peel's lofty spirit scorned a policy which should be founded (to use his own words) "merely on the will or scruples of the King." The contempt entertained both by Peel and Wellington for George IV and William IV gives quite a literary flavour to many of the letters of the two statesmen. But though Peel saw emancipation afar off, he had no mind to be mixed up in it. It was Canning's question, and between Canning and Peel there was a very imperfect sympathy. Mr. Disraeli tells us that Canning was jealous of Peel, and that Peel did not like Canning. This need not surprise us. Peel was not famous for his friendships. The old Duke, whose behaviour to Peel was angelical, never could be got to believe that Peel did not actually dislike him. To keep Wellington and Peel on speaking terms was quite an occupation for a number of wealthy gentlemen, and inspired many a dull dinner-party in the 'thirties and 'forties. The old Tory party hated Canning, fierce anti-Reformer though he was, with the hatred it has ever felt "for d—d intellect." Arbuthnot writes to Peel just after Canning's death to remind him "that our great Tory and aristocratical support was caused by the dislike and dread of Canning." Peel relied upon Tory and aristocratical support, and consequently, when

Lord Liverpool retired, and Canning fiercely claimed the succession and obtained (somehow or another) a great hold upon the King, Peel and Wellington cleared out and left Canning to make terms with Lord Lansdowne and a section of the Whigs. Peel did not leave on the Catholic Question, for that was not to be agitated; he left because he would not work with Canning. The old King of Terrors dominates Parliaments. Canning's sudden removal from the playhouse of St. Stephen's made it much easier for Peel to add a new part to his repertoire, the character of an emancipator. Canning died in office in August 1827. In January 1829 a complete measure of Catholic Relief was decided upon by the Duke's Government, and the man to introduce it to the House of Commons was the statesman who, whenever Canning had advocated emancipation, had risen from the same bench to protest against it in language which drew down upon him the benedictions of the Protestants of Ireland. Oxford revolted. Peel resigned his seat, and after a contest the University found a much fitter representative in another Sir Robert whose surname was Inglis. The Bill became law in March 1829. Does anybody ask what became of the majority of forty against emancipation in our second Chamber? The answer must be that in 1829 the House of Lords was Wellington's pocket borough, just as in 1899 it is Lord Salisbury's. Had the Whigs introduced Catholic Emancipation in 1829 the Lords would have treated it as they did Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1894; but as the measure was countersigned by Wellington, they treated it as they did Lord Salisbury's vaccination Bill in 1898. Were I a Tory averse to Socialistic measures I would rather rely upon the sober, deep-rooted conservatism of the English people than upon the House of Lords.

Peel's vindication is, of course, that fascinating river—the

Father Tiber to whom all politicians pray—the course or current of events. The Clare Election, the revolt of the tenants, the transfer by the will of Parliament of political power from one party to another! Let us listen for a moment to the grave voice of Peel:

> " This afforded a decisive proof not only that the instrument on which the Protestant proprietor had hitherto mainly relied for the maintenance of his political influence [the forty-shilling franchise for tenants] had completely failed him, but that through the combined exertions of the agitator and the priest—or, I should rather say, through the contagious sympathies of a common cause among all classes of the Roman Catholic population—the instrument of defence and supremacy had been converted into a weapon fatal to the authority of the landlord."

However men might differ as to the consequences which ought to follow the event, no one denied its vast importance. It was foreseen by the most intelligent men that the Clare Election would be the turning-point in the Catholic Question, the point *partes ubi se via findit in ambas.*

" Concede nothing to agitation," is the ready cry of those who are not responsible, the vigour of whose decisions is often proportionate to their own personal immunity from danger and to their imperfect knowledge of the true state of affairs.

> " A prudent Minister before he determines against all concession, against any yielding or compromise of former opinions, must well consider what it is that he has to resist and what are his powers of resistance. His task would be an easy one if it were sufficient to resolve that he would yield nothing to violence or to the menace of physical force.
>
> " What was the evil to be apprehended? Not force, not violence, not any act of which the law could take cognisance. The real danger was in the peaceable and legitimate exercise of a franchise according to the will and conscience of the holder.
>
> " In such an exercise of that franchise, not merely permitted, but encouraged and approved by constitutional law, was involved a revolution in the electoral system of Ireland, the transfer of political power, so far as it was connected with representation, from one party to another (vol. ii. p. 48).
>
> " If the Irish Government could neither turn for aid to the then existing Parliament, nor could cherish the hope of receiving it from one to be newly elected, could it safely trust for the maintenance of its authority to the extreme exercise of its ordinary powers, supported, in he case of

necessity, by the organised and disciplined force at its command, namely, the constabulary and military force? (vol. ii. p. 49).

"I deliberately affirm that a Minister of the Crown responsible at the time of which I am speaking for the public peace and the public welfare would have grossly and scandalously neglected his duty if he had failed to consider whether it might not be possible that the fever of religious and political excitement—which was quickening the pulse and fluttering the bosom of the whole Catholic population, which had inspired the serf of Clare with the resolution and energy of a freeman, which had in the twinkling of an eye made all consideration of personal gratitude, ancient family connection, local preferences, the fear of worldly injury, the hope of worldly advantage, subordinate to one absorbing sense of religious obligation and public duty—whether, I say, it might not be possible that the contagion of that feverish excitement might spread beyond the barriers which, under ordinary circumstances, the habits of military obedience and the strictness of military discipline oppose to all such external influences" (vol. ii. p. 50).

This surely is convincing. But should Peel have been the man to tackle the job? He did not want to do so. He begged hard to be allowed to stand aside. The Duke was a plain soldier, ready enough, as Huskisson once found, to take even a politician at his first word; but the Duke would not take Peel at his first or second word, but made it plain to him (as perhaps it was plain before) that without him the Relief Bill must be abandoned. "I entreat you, then, to reconsider the subject, and to give us and the country the benefit of your advice and assistance in this most difficult and important crisis." So wrote the Duke (vol. ii. p. 81).

Peel consented. It required enormous courage.

"We were about to forfeit the confidence and encounter the hostility of a very great portion of our own party. The principle of concession had been affirmed by the House of Commons in the last discussion by the very smallest majority—272 to 266. It had been negatived in the House of Lords by a majority of 40. The King was hostile, the Church was hostile, a majority probably of the people of Great Britain was hostile, to concession" (vol. ii. p. 85).

Oh for an hour, in these cowardly days, of a statesman with a tithe of the courage of Sir Robert Peel!

"In a single session Peel and Wellington overcame the

resistance of a hostile Sovereign, a hostile Church, a hostile House of Lords, and a public opinion fast becoming hostile." So writes Mr. Thursfield, who also reminds us of the fine compliment paid by Peel in his speech on the second reading to the injured "shade" of Canning. "Would he were here," cried Peel, "to enjoy the fruits of his victory!

> "Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur Achillæ."

Admirably does Mr. Thursfield proceed:

> "The tribute was well merited and not ungenerously expressed; but, perhaps, if the shade of Canning could have revisited the House of Commons and could have watched Peel, shorn of the prize for which both had contended, writhing in agony at the whips and scorns of time, the irony of circumstance, the revenge of neglected opportunities, and the reproaches of friends who felt themselves abandoned and betrayed, the words to rise almost unbidden to his phantom lips would have been:
>
> 'Pallas te, hoc vulnere, Pallas
> Immolat, et pœnas scelerato ex sanguine sumit.'"

There is no end to capping verses. The compliments rival politicians occasionally pay one another are apt to be a little overdone. Great questions belong to the nation and not to individuals, however eloquent or long-winded. Besides, it is always easier to be generous to the dead than just to the living. Peel's conduct in this matter gave an envious stab at his reputation. He was "suspect" from that hour. One of his friends took on so about it that he had to be blooded (vol. ii. p. 94). He (the phlebotomised friend) got over it, for we find him in 1834 breathing a fervent prayer that Peel might be "destined by the Almighty to save the country at the moment of peril" (vol. ii. p. 262). Peel was the most prayed-over politician of recent times.

In the matter of Parliamentary Reform Peel was from the first a Moderate. He was the last man in the world to share Burke's romantic attachment to rotten boroughs, or the Duke of Wellington's babyish aversion to big towns;

nor was he gifted or cursed with the foresight of Canning, who perceived that a reformed House of Commons must eventually prove fatal to the pretensions of the landed interest in the House of Lords. Speaking at Liverpool in 1820, Canning had asked:

> "When once the House of Commons should become a mere deputation speaking the people's will, by what assumption of right could three or four hundred great proprietors set themselves against the national will?"

Peel was in favour of going slowly in the matter, and when opportunity offered (as it frequently did), of giving large towns parliamentary representation; but the Duke was obdurate, and the omniscient Croker was certain that the country was indifferent. We all know what happened. The flames of Nottingham Castle and the Bristol mobs intimidated the House of Lords, who in 1832 yielded to fear as in 1829 they yielded to the Duke.

Peel's opposition to reform can best be explained in his own words:

> "Why have we been struggling against the Reform Bill in the House of Commons? Not in the hope of resisting its final success in that House, but because we look beyond the Bill, because we know the nature of popular concessions, their tendency to propagate the necessity for further and more extensive compliances. We want to make the *descensus* as *difficilis* as we can—to teach young inexperienced men charged with the trust of government that, though they may be backed by popular clamour, they shall not override, on the first springtide of excitement, every barrier and breakwater raised against popular impulses; that the carrying of extensive changes in the Constitution without previous deliberation shall not be a holiday task; that there shall be just what has happened—the House sick of the question, the Ministers repenting they brought it forward, the country paying the penalty for the folly and incapacity of its rulers. All these are salutary sufferings, that may, I trust, make people hereafter distinguish between the amendment and the overturning of their institutions" (vol. ii. p. 201).

When the second Reform Bill had been defeated in the Lords on Lyndhurst's amendment, and Lord Grey resigned, the Duke of Wellington, whose political stomach could

digest anything, was ready and willing, and even anxious, to form an Administration, and become responsible for "an extensive measure" of parliamentary reform. He could not do this without Peel, and Peel would not on this occasion come to his assistance. The Duke never quite forgave Peel for this. Even Croker was on the Duke's side, but Peel was adamant. When reminded of his behaviour in 1829, he replied emphatically:

> "It is *not* a repetition of the Catholic Question. I was then in office. I had advised the concession as a minister. I should now assume office for the purpose of carrying the measure to which up to the last moment I have been inveterately opposed" (vol. ii. p. 206).

There can be no doubt he was right. It was all very well for the hero of Waterloo to play what pranks he chose in the political arena, but Peel was not a soldier but a statesman. Besides, after the events that had happened a compromise was impossible.

Peel's connection with the duties on corn is a thrice-told tale. If he is the victor who remains in possession of the field, nothing can now be said to impair the fame of the great statesman who, though surrounded as he was in the House he so dearly loved by men impervious to reason and indifferent to human suffering, resolutely thrust them behind him, and pursued amidst "detractions rude" the path of Free Trade and gave the people bread. His conversion may have been slow, but it was sure. His face was always turned to the cheap markets. Cobden, a not too generous foe, as early as 1842 pronounced Peel a free-trader. His budgets made it plain, his speeches were full of Free Trade. Corn, doubtless, always stood by itself. The staple produce of the land could hardly do otherwise in the mind of the leader of a party which, as Lord Ashburton put it in 1841, "was pledged to the support of the land; that principle abandoned, the party is dissolved"

(vol. ii. p. 507). It may well be that it was bad harvests and wet seasons that eventually forced Peel's hands, but it was not Peel's hands for which we may thank God—but his open mind. Let us listen again to the voice of Peel:

> " The Tariff does not go half far enough. If we could afford it, we ought to take off the duty on cotton-wools and the duty on foreign sheep's wool (vol. ii. p. 529). We must make this country a cheap country for living and thus induce parties to remain here, enable them to consume more by having more to spend (vol. ii. p. 530).
>
> " The danger is not low prices from the Tariff, but low prices from inability to consume.
>
> " If Sir Charles Burrell had such cases before him as I have of thousands and tens of thousands in want of food and employment at Greenock, Paisley, Edinburgh, and a dozen large towns in the manufacturing districts, he would not expect me to rend my garments in despair if ' some excellent jerked beef from South America ' should get into the English market and bring down meat from 7½*d.* or 8*d.* a pound " (vol. ii. p. 531.)

To the Marquis of Ailsa Peel wrote in March 1842:

> " Whatever the future may be, no one can think the present state of things very satisfactory. If I were a landed proprietor in the west of Scotland, and saw 17,000 persons supported during the winter, as in one Scotch town, Paisley, by charitable contributions, I should seriously inquire whether the continuance of such a state of things was quite compatible with the security or, at least, the enjoyment of property " (vol. ii. p. 527).

Such sarcasm was quite thrown away upon the Marquis of Ailsa; it might as well have been addressed to the Craig of that ilk.

To get a complete understanding of the progress of this question Mr. Parker's volumes must be supplemented by Mr. Morley's *Life of Cobden*, and by the speeches of Mr. Villiers and Mr. Bright. But the more the times are studied the more will Peel, as a practical statesman and a man of judgment and devotion, stand head and shoulders above his contemporaries.

An able writer in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review* is indisposed to call Peel a great man because he lacked imagination and preferred to co-operate with Wellington

and Sir James Graham than to bluster with Palmerston or hob-a-nob with Disraeli. It all depends upon your standard. What is a pound? In the currency of Parliament and in the estimation of the country Peel was a great man.

In one respect only do I find myself like Mr. Goulburn "in a peculiar society." I (no doubt I am wrong) deeply regret the publication of the Disraeli letters. Magnanimity is so beautiful a thing that its essential privacy should be preserved as a noble family tradition even at the expense of the public. Had Peel chosen in 1846 to produce the letter of 1841, of the existence of which he gave Disraeli a pretty broad hint, nobody could have complained and Disraeli could have replied. Peel did not do so, and what he, magnanimously, in the heat of conflict, and in the face of insult, forebore from doing, Mr. Parker does in 1899. It is of the essence of magnanimity that it should be complete and eternal. Unless it is that it is no magnanimity at all. To suppress a document for fifty years and until the man who wrote it is dead is no kindness. No good has been done by publication. For a couple of days the Tadpoles and the Tapers, that breed of curs, ran about sniffing and snuffing over the letters. The young lions of the Press roared over them, rejoicing that their client, the public, should be let behind the scenes. But the many-headed Beast is not nearly so big a fool as those who cater for his capacious maw would often have us believe. The many-headed knows its Disraeli perfectly well, and how he never pretended to be a man of nicety. He ate his peck of dirt and achieved his measure of dignity. In the vulgar struggle for existence Disraeli did some mean and shabby things; the letter of 1841 was perhaps one of them, the denial of it in 1846 was perhaps another, but a mean and shabby man Disraeli was not, and his reputation, such as

it is, stands just where it did before these disclosures. The two letters are out of place in these stately memorials of a saviour of society. They jar upon you like a vulgar word scribbled on the pedestal of a noble statue. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer the other day made his annual reference to the rise in the value of our shares in the Suez Canal, never were the cheers louder. Disraeli, too, had his day; and though, for my part, I would as soon think of coupling Dr. Johnson with Jacques Casanova as Peel with Disraeli, I can still, remembering all the differences in the circumstances of the two men, find room for a regret that these memoirs should be made the vehicle of seeking to cast an unnecessary slur upon the memory of a man who, when all is said and done, will remain the author of the finest literary tribute to the character of Peel ever likely to be written.

XV

THE ARTLESS ART OF REPARTEE

By Sir Edward Sullivan

I have used the word "artless" in my title for good reason, for if there be even a suggestion of premeditation about a repartee, it ceases to be what it is meant for—its power is gone. It is true that repartee has been diagnosed, analysed and defined in many ways from early times down to our own day; but, instead of wearying my readers with the results of such investigations, I prefer to state briefly that in my opinion a good repartee is the saying of something on the spur of the moment which, by the unanimous consent of its hearers, leaves the person replied to practically destitute of further speech by way of defence.

We are told by some authorities that a repartee should be courteous in form, though severe in substance, and difficult either to mistake or to resent. It is undoubtedly so in its most polished guise—where it takes on a high form of wit and leaves no rankling sting behind—but inasmuch as some of the best repartees ever delivered are not of that highly polished order, crammed though they may be with cleverness, I do not see that they should be altogether excluded in treating of the subject. I agree rather with the Irishman who defined repartee as "an insult with its dress suit on," because, like the quick and well-directed knock-out blow of a champion of the prize ring, it cannot be dissociated altogether from brutality. A collection of smart replies which conformed too closely to the more

polite and diplomatic standard might possess the elements of instruction, but would certainly be lacking in more amusing qualities.

No one is altogether immune from a witty reply: kings and others of exalted birth or high official standing, down to the man in the street, they all have had their turn: but the humorist is, of course, treading on rather dangerous ground when he knowingly takes too great a liberty with those of the highest rank, and when dealing with such the repartee has to be wrapped up with more than ordinary care if trouble is to be avoided.

One of the earliest witticisms of this kind is related by Cicero as having been said to the Emperor Augustus; and it is remarkable that the same tale has since then been repeated in relation to quite a number of royal people, especially in France.

The original story is well told in an English form in that delightful sixteenth-century courtesy book, Guazzo's *Civil Conversation*, as translated by George Pettie in 1581. He is discussing scoffing speeches where "malitiousness" is too easily "decyphered," and continues:

> "But as they are blame worthie, who with such taunts stirre up mennes choler, so those are to be borne withal, who being provoked, returne one scoffe with another: and those aunsweres ever are worth two of those which are made unprovoked. Whereof we have a thousand examples: amongst others this is known to most men, which was made to the Emperor Augustus, who meeting by chaunce with a straunger which resembled him verie much in favour, asked him if his mother had at any time been at Rome—insinuating thereby in flouting manner, that he might be his father's bastard sonne. But the stranger answered him no less boldlie than merily—my mother was never there, but my father hath."

We are not told what happened, but the great-minded Augustus probably laughed himself at the unexpected answer.

There are many cases where smart replies have been

served up so successfully with the sauce of courtesy that no mischief was likely to attend their authors, as, for instance, the following:

The Prince Regent being in Portsmouth one day, and seeing Jack Towers across the street, shouted out in his royal way: "Hullo, Towers! I hear you are the greatest blackguard in Portsmouth." Towers replied, with a low bow: "I hope your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my reputation."

The poet Waller had written a panegyric on the Lord Protector; and later on, at the Restoration, he addressed another ode of a eulogistic kind to Charles the Second. "Master Waller," said the King to him on his coming to Court, "the verses you wrote on Cromwell are far better than those you have written on me." "Sire," replied the courtier-like Waller, "poets always excel more in fiction than in truth."

At a later period in history the famous Wilkes was whistling "God Save the King" in the presence of the Prince of Wales. "How long have you taken to that tune?" asked the Prince. "Ever since I had the honour of your Royal Highness's acquaintance," was the answer.

Of a politer, but no less telling, kind was the reply of Provost Goodall to William the Fourth. "When he goes," said the King, speaking to Keate, and pointing to Goodall —"when he goes I'll make you him." "I couldn't think of going before your Majesty," said the Provost, with a profound bow. It was a case of clever courtesy against downright rudeness, and victory fell to the right side.

Examples of witty repartees are furnished in large numbers by courts of law, whether high or low, some of the best being reported from the legal domain in Ireland. It was there, for instance, that a certain judge of the High Court in bygone days refused to entertain an application

for the adjournment of a case over Good Friday. "Certainly not, Mr. Blank. The better the day the better the deed," said his Lordship, thinking he had disposed of the matter. "Well, my lord," replied counsel, "all I can say is that you'll be the first judge to sit on Good Friday since the time of Pontius Pilate."

Two farmers in the west of Ireland had a dispute over some land. The case came into the High Court. The presiding judge tried to throw oil on the troubled waters, and addressing the plaintiff when in the witness-box, he said: "This is a trivial case. Why not settle it? You men have got to be neighbours all your lives. Now, I suppose that, apart from this trespass, you consider the defendant a very decent man?" The plaintiff scratched his head and hesitatingly said: "Well, he is, sir, but he sometimes gets as drunk as a judge." "You mean as drunk as a lord," remarked the president of the court. "Yes, my lord," was the unlooked-for answer.

John Philpot Curran, a member of the old Irish House of Commons, a distinguished barrister, and afterwards Master of the Rolls, has been called "the high-priest of repartee,"[1] and so incisive were his witticisms in this direction that he was feared and respected by both judge and witness.

One of the Irish judges, Fitzgibbon by name, never attempted to hide his detestation of Curran, and took many opportunities of displaying it. Now this particular judge had a mastiff dog, that had been trained to sit beside him in court, and on a certain day, when Curran was arguing a

[1] By Mr. J. C. Percy, of Dublin, the most successful collector, editor and printer of humorous anecdotes, especially those of an Irish origin, in recent times. His *Bulls Ancient and Modern*, *Bulls and Blunders*, and *More Bulls and Blunders* should be read by everyone who looks for the brighter side of life and thinks that the philosophy of laughter is more satisfying than that of tears. I am much indebted to him for many of the examples of repartee given in this paper.

case of considerable importance, his Lordship gave every appearance of not attending to what was being said, and, as it were to accentuate his contempt, he turned to the dog and audibly addressed some remarks to him. Curran at once stopped. "Go on, sir," said the judge. "I beg your pardon," answered Curran. "I thought your Lordships were in consultation."

At a later period, when this same judge had become Lord Chancellor, Curran was arguing before him, when he was interrupted in one of his arguments by this cutting remark: "Mr. Curran, if that is law, I may burn my law-books." "Oh, no, my lord," replied Curran; "better read them."

On another occasion a vain and somewhat pompous barrister, the disarrangement of whose headgear had caused some merriment in court, addressed the wit: "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig, Curran?" "Nothing except your head, sir," was the response.

There is, however, one instance where Curran was absolutely knocked out in the very kind of contest in which he had himself scored so many triumphs. During an angry debate in the College Green Parliament House Curran exclaimed in a tone of lofty pride: "I am the guardian of my own honour." But Sir Boyle Roche, with the rapidity of lightning, retorted: "I thought the right honourable gentleman didn't believe in sinecures."

Before leaving Curran and going on to other exponents of the artless art I may perhaps mention one very characteristic touch of his on an occasion when he was asked to contribute a trifle to pay for the funeral expenses of an impoverished attorney who had just died. "How much do you want?" he said. "Ten shillings," they answered. "What!" said Curran, "bury an attorney for ten shillings? Here's a sovereign; bury two."

In somewhat similar circumstances, at a later day, Douglas Jerrold was appealed to by a friend on behalf of another. " Three and two noughts would put him on his feet again," said the friend. " Put me down for one of the noughts," replied the wit.

Included in the law-courts category I should perhaps mention a trivial example which is distinguished by a touch of picturesque description not often met with in the Court of Bankruptcy. The bankrupt was under examination in the Dublin courts on the subject of his assets. There was a suspicion that he had not made a full disclosure in his statement. The judge asked him if he had any other assets. " I am as free from assets, my lord, as a frog is from feathers," was his smart reply.

Lord Chief Justice Russell in his early days at the Bar was asked in court one day by a brother barrister what was the extreme penalty for bigamy. " Two mothers-in-law," was the answer.

Another excellent repartee was in recent times made by Mr. Oswald, Q.C. Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls, could occasionally be somewhat pettish with counsel, and when Mr. Oswald was opening an appeal before him the judge kept fidgeting in his chair, and at last burst out with " Really, Mr. Oswald, you might give judges credit for a little common-sense." " *That*, my lord," replied counsel winningly, " was the mistake I made in the court below."

" Why don't you two settle the case out of court? " said an Irish judge to the litigants before him. " Sure that's what we were doin', my lord, when the polis came and interfered."

It is not always necessary that some taunting speech or irritating observation should be made before a repartee can spring into existence. It may equally well be called into

being by *circumstances* of an annoying nature, and where no word is spoken. An excellent instance of this sort was furnished by a witty Hibernian called "Jacques" McCarthy some few years ago. He attended a certain dinner in Dublin, and as the proceedings were about to close he got up and asked the chairman's permission to propose one last toast. His request being granted, he rose and said: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, the toast I have the honour to submit is that of 'Absent Friends,' and with the toast I would like to couple the name of the wine-waiter who was supposed to look after me to-night." The effect was magical, and "Jacques" had more to drink in the last ten minutes of the banquet than in all the earlier and drier hours to which it had already run.

The subject of imbibing reminds me of a touching little episode that took place in the town of Limerick. A lady enthusiast from England was staying with some friends in the country, and thought to try her hand on the natives in the cause of temperance. Furnished with a list of names by her host, she proceeded to the poorer suburbs of the town and called on a Mrs. Doherty. "Good-morning, Mrs. Doherty," she said in a coaxing sort of tone. "Good-morrow kindly, ma'am," replied the woman of the house, taking her arms out of the washing tub at which she was engaged. "What can I be doing for ye?" "I'm collecting for a drunkards' home, Mrs. Doherty," said the visitor. "Ye are, ma'am?" replied the other. "Then, if ye send round about ten o'clock to-night, ye can collect Doherty." The propaganda work went no further.

A good many years ago, during assize time, the Munster Bar were travelling by train from Limerick to Kerry. Those in the compartment with me were playing whist. The old-fashioned oil lamp was doing its part rather badly, and on reaching a remote station I complained to

the one and only porter of the insufficiency of the light, telling him that my partner had found it difficult to distinguish between the Ace of Spades and the King of Clubs, which was a matter of much inconvenience. The porter's reply was " Ah, sure, when in doubt, always play a trump." We finished the journey without any improvement in the illumination of the compartment.

There was an old stager at the Bar in Ireland when I was called who held some very strong views of an original kind on a few legal subjects, one of which was that the nipping of a railway ticket was obviously illegal, inasmuch as it tended to destroy the evidence of the contract. This opinion struck my youthful mind as being based on both good law and sound common-sense, and some little time afterwards, on going into the station at Westland Row, when stopped by the old porter there for the purpose of taking a bit out of my ticket, I assumed an air of much gravity, and stated firmly, but politely, that I objected to my ticket being nipped on the ground that the process tended to destroy the evidence of the contract. " Ah, but sure it lightens the load," answered the official. What could one do but surrender in the face of so convincing an argument?

Perhaps one of the most deadly replies ever made to an impertinent observation was the following. About the end of the eighteenth century John Parsons was travelling by coach in the company of Lord Norbury, then popularly known as " the hanging judge," and happening to pass a gibbet, Norbury, with a chuckle, said to his fellow-traveller: " Parsons, where would you be now if that gallows had its due? " " Riding alone, my lord," was the well-deserved rejoinder.

Mr. J. C. Percy, already mentioned, is one of those open-minded story-tellers who have no objection to tell a

tale against themselves; and here is one of them, in connection with repartee.

At a sports meeting of the Irish Cyclists' Association he was acting, in company with a Father Boylan, as one of the judges. At the dinner that followed Mr. Percy was determined to say something in praise of his brother judge, who had, he thought, shown himself to be a genuine and fair-minded sportsman all through the meeting. His enthusiasm possibly led him into the mistake of patronising the reverend gentleman. Anyhow he opened the ball by saying: "Father Boylan, I wish I were a rich man." "Why so?" said the priest. "Because, after the broad opinions I heard you give expression to to-day, I would like to appoint you as my private chaplain." Again came the query: "Why?" "For the reason that I would not be afraid to make my confessions to you." The priest looked at him for a moment, and smilingly retorted: "That would be all very nice for *you*; but for me it might be a very dirty job." The teller of the tale acknowledges that he never felt so vanquished in his life, and after puzzling his brain for some fifteen years he was still without a suitable reply.

Electioneering is, of course, a fruitful soil for everything in the way of repartee. As a specimen of ready wit it would be difficult to beat a retort of Charles Burleigh, the great opponent of the slave trade. He was in the middle of one of his eloquent denunciations of slavery, when a well-aimed and very rotten egg struck him full in the face. "This," he said calmly as he produced his handkerchief and wiped his face, "is a striking evidence of what I have always maintained, that pro-slavery arguments are unsound."

"Now my friends," said the candidate, making a last strenuous effort to stir up enthusiasm in his hearers, "what do we need in order to carry this constituency by the biggest

majority in history?" "Another candidate!" yelled a voice from the back of the hall.

But it was the candidate that came out "top dog" on another occasion. He had finished his speech, when an unruly voice in front called out, "Mr. Candidate, if you was the angel Gabriel himself, you'd never have my vote!"

"My friend," replied the candidate, "if I was the angel Gabriel, your name would not be on the register."

There are many examples of repartee in connection with the clerical world, a selection from which is given here.

Cardinal Vaughan and Dr. Adler, the Chief Jewish Rabbi, were next to one another at a luncheon. "Now, Dr. Adler," said the Cardinal, "when may I have the pleasure of helping you to some ham?" The Rabbi replied without a pause: "At your Eminence's wedding." A reply that for appropriate neatness would be hard to improve upon.

There was quite a delightful reply once made by Dr. Potter, Bishop of New York, when asked by a lady how it was that in pictures and statues the angels are always represented as women or young men without beards or moustaches: "Everyone knows that women naturally inherit the kingdom of heaven, but the men only get in by a very close shave."

A visitor to St. Albans on one occasion complained that, though he liked the service, he objected to "the stink of the incense." "I am sorry my friend," said Father Stanton very gravely. "Why?" asked the stranger. "Well, you see," replied the clergyman, "there are only two stinks in the next world—incense and brimstone—and you will have to choose between them."

Famous amongst the humorists of the neighbourhood of Dublin in the last thirty or forty years of the past century was Father James Healy, parish priest of Little Bray. No

account of quick and witty answers could pretend to be complete without including at least a few of his. He was always a high favourite at the Viceregal Lodge, often in company with an old friend of his, Lord Justice Barry, of the Irish Bench. On one occasion at a Christmas luncheon-party, when the Londonderrys were in office, the conversation turned on the decorations of the season, and the Marchioness, thinking to put a poser to his Reverence, said across the table: "Father Healy, I wonder if you or Lord Justice Barry ever did such a thing as kiss anyone under the mistletoe?" "Oh no, your Excellency," answered the wit. "Whenever the Lord Justice or myself did anything in that line it was under the rose."

Sitting at lunch one day next to a Protestant rector, the latter remarked: "Do you know, Father Healy, I have been sixty years in this world, and I have not yet discovered the difference between a good Catholic and a good Protestant?"

"You won't be sixty seconds in the next world until you find out," was the rapid rejoinder.

At a dinner-party in Dublin, when the ladies had left the dining-room, his friend Lord Justice Barry found himself sitting next to the *padre* and remarked to him: "I say, Father James, did you ever see a woman quite so *décolletée* as the lady who was opposite to you at dinner?" "Never," said the *padre*, "since I was weaned."

The "Vicar of Bray," as he was often called, met a friend one day in Dublin who accosted him thus: "Father Healy, I have a crow to pluck with you." "Make it a turkey, and I'll be with you at 7.30 sharp," came the pacifying reply.

There is yet another brilliant flash of Healy's which should be mentioned here. Those who know anything of horses must have heard of a complaint from which they sometimes suffer called the *Navicular*. Now, amongst the *padre's*

many friends in Dublin was a certain brewer, a well-to-do citizen and the owner of a charming country residence, where the priest was always a welcome guest. This friend of his had one weakness—he affected learning, but was somewhat shaky in the terminology of the subjects in which he was fond of showing his knowledge. On one occasion, when travelling by train in the company of the reverend wit, this friend, in very dejected mood, told the *padre* that a valuable pony of his had been pronounced by a vet. to be suffering from the *Vernacular*. "God bless me," said the priest. "I thought the only animal that ever suffered from that complaint was Balaam's ass."

There is an excellent story told in connection with the famous and eloquent William Magee, Archbishop of York. He made a habit of entertaining in a small way at tea or other light repast such young aspirants for Holy Orders as had approached the closing stage of their novitiate, using the opportunity for the purpose of admonishing them on some particular portion of their future duties and responsibilities. On a certain occasion some five young men were his guests, amongst whom there was one Irishman. The host questioned them as to their knowledge of the spiritual comforts to be administered to the sick and dying, of the manner in which such distressing cases should be dealt with, and so forth; and then, satisfied with their theoretical conception of such matters, he announced to them that he would test their capabilities in a really practical way. He would retire to the next room, he said, and lie down on a sofa, representing for the time being the sick or dying individual whom they might be called upon to visit in the life that was before them. They should come in, he said, one at a time, and treat him exactly as if he was a parishioner of their own part of the country, with whose ways and manners of life they would be familiar. With much

perturbation the first four approached the awesome task. They were still trembling when they rejoined their comrades, and showing signs of having had but little success during the ordeal. The Irishman's turn then came—and it was the Bishop himself who revealed the scene that followed. He entered the room boldly, stood a moment inside the door, and then, turning with a look of severity and disappointment to the prostrate form, exclaimed: "Well, William, drunk again! What are we to do with you at all, at all?" This was the last occasion on which the practical test was applied.

The common-room, connected with the dining hall of Trinity College, Dublin, has been the arena of many witty combats; but owing to the sharpness of the rapiers which are usually employed by combatants in that merry meeting-place, it is not always that a thrust goes home so successfully as to leave the adversary altogether incapable of returning the hit. On one occasion there the Dons were arguing the pros and cons of the corporal punishment of boys in relation to the good or evil which resulted from its employment. Many had expressed their views, when Dr. Salmon, the then Provost, addressing Dr. Mahaffy, who sat opposite to him at table, said: "Mahaffy, we haven't heard any observations from you on this interesting educational question. Surely, with your great experience, you can contribute something, on one side or the other, that might enable us to make up our minds." (It should be mentioned that Dr. Mahaffy's reputation at the time was somewhat of the Baron Munchausen order.) "Well, Mr. Provost," replied the Professor, "I should perhaps mention that I was flogged once when a boy—but the curious thing about it was that it was for telling the truth!" "Anyhow it seems to have cured you, Mahaffy," answered the Provost.

The old Theatre Royal in Dublin was the scene of many strange occurrences in earlier days. There was a freedom of speech allowed to the occupants of the gallery which was regarded as their traditional and well-established privilege; and perhaps the cleverest retort that was ever made, there or elsewhere, was made over a hundred years ago, when the Duke of Rutland was the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The occasion was a great one, for it was "Command Night" at the theatre, and an enormous crowd of people, chiefly of the aristocratic or official classes, were gathered together to show their duty to His Excellency and his *entourage.* When the Duke of Rutland appeared in the viceregal box, he was greeted with a roar of applause which was continued for several minutes, drowning even the strains of the National Anthem, which was being played by the orchestra with every appearance of a vigorous loyalty. Now at this time there was a lady in Dublin, a Mrs. Margaret Plunkett, well known for her beauty and fascinating qualities in social circles in the Irish capital. It was even rumoured through the town that His Excellency himself had fallen under her fascination and that he was in the habit of seeing a good deal more of her than was consistent with his exalted official position. But to return to the theatre. "God Save the King" had ended, the tumultuous cheering had died down, and the Duke of Rutland, radiant with smiles, was making his last bow to the faithful lieges, when an unruly occupant of the gallery called out in a way to be heard by the whole house: "Who spent last Friday night with Peg Plunkett?" A paralysis of horror and indignation was about to fall on the assembled crowd, but no time was given for it, for, with the quickness of lightning, another voice from another part of the gallery had answered: "Manners, ye blackguard!" Whereupon

the pent-up feelings of the assembly vented themselves in uproarious shrieks of laughter.

There are two examples of smart replies connected, in a way, with the medical profession that are worth telling. Some of my readers may perhaps remember the Rugeley poison case, the villain of which piece was a Dr. Palmer. Public feeling was so deeply stirred by the revelations at the trial that the people of Rugeley could no longer tolerate the ill name that had been so widely connected with their town, and they took steps to have it changed. A deputation, in fact, waited on Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, with a view to enlisting his sympathy in their trouble, and asked him to help them in the renaming of the town. The Premier, who was a sly humorist, having heard what they had to say, told them that all he could do for them was to give them permission to use his own name instead of Rugeley, which had got into such bad odour. They thanked him and withdrew. It was only later that they discovered that *Palmerston* was a curious name to adopt for a town that was so anxious to get rid of the name of Palmer, so they concluded to leave things as they were. The Prime Minister's jest was, of course, intended as a reprimand for their silly conduct; but, severe as it was, it lacked the crushing neatness of a reply made about the same time by a Dublin cabby in connection with the same trial.

In those days in Dublin one could take a four-wheeler from one end of the town to the other for the sum of sixpence, *i.e.* if you were mean enough not to give any more. Now there was then a very stingy old Dr. Palmer in Dublin, who would never give more than the legal fare, and shortly after the execution of the Rugeley poisoner, which was much talked of in the city, the old man drove right across the town, a distance of some four miles, on a very cold and

disagreeable day, and at the journey's end handed the jarvey a sixpence. No outburst of unpleasant language came from Jehu; no, he was a philosopher. He held the coin in his open hand, gazed at it a while, and then muttered to himself, but loudly enough to be overheard by his fare: "Begorra, they hung the wrong man."

A doctor with a leaning to humour, on visiting a lady patient, found her reading *Twelfth Night*, and taking the opportunity to show his own knowledge, asked: "When Shakespeare wrote about 'patience on a monument,' do you think he meant doctors' patients?" "No," replied the lady: "they are mostly found *under* the monument."

The following scene is transported from a war hospital:

Patient (*to attractive nurse*): "Will you be my wife when I recover?" *Nurse:* "Certainly."

Patient: "Then you love me?" *Nurse:* "Oh, no; that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful; it was only this morning that I promised to run away with a married man who had lost both his legs."

A very neat reply has been attributed to Sir James Knowles when editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. He received a sonnet from the late Mr. Luther Munday entitled "Why do I live?" Sir James wrote in answer: "You live, my dear Munday, because you sent your poem by post, and did not bring it yourself."

There are but few to-day who have ever heard of "the kingdom of Dalkey," which flourished with much vigour towards the end of the eighteenth century. Dalkey Island is a small, but picturesque, island in the southern part of Dublin Bay, separated from the mainland by a channel some 300 yards in width, and it became famous at the time as the meeting-place of an extraordinary association or club. They had a King, an Archbishop, a Lord Chancellor,

a full Cabinet, and all the concomitants of a well-organised constitutional monarchy, but yet it was a monarchy in which every Minister held active office for only one day in the year, the whole proceedings being carried on in a rollicking spirit of humorous conviviality such as could only have had an origin in the neighbourhood of Dublin in pre-Union days.

The proceedings of the day—the election of the King and officers of state—were all of the most amusing character, but to describe them would outrun my limits, and what I have already said is really only introductory to a famous and diplomatic reply made by one of the Cabinet Ministers of that kingdom to the Irish Lord Chancellor of the day. At the time I speak of one Thomas O'Meara, a Dublin attorney, was a holder of high office under the Dalkey Crown, and he was summoned, as an attorney, to the presence of Lord Clare to explain his connection with a society which the wakeful Lord Chancellor fancied was being made use of for the promotion of revolutionary objects.

"I understand, sir," said the Chancellor, "that you are connected with what is known as the kingdom of Dalkey."

"I am, my lord," replied O'Meara.

"Pray, may I inquire if you are recognised by any title?"

"I am the Duke of Muglins," answered the attorney.

"Do you happen to hold any post under the Government, Mr. O'Meara?"

"I am Chief Commissioner of the Revenue."

"Are there any emoluments attaching to your office?" the Chancellor went on.

"Yes, my lord. I am allowed to import ten thousand hogsheads, duty free, in each year."

"Ten thousand hogsheads!" echoed the Chancellor. "Hogsheads of what, Mr. Commissioner?"

"Of salt water, my lord."

On hearing which Lord Clare allowed "the Duke" to take his departure, satisfied that for the present, at least, *his* Government had nothing to fear from its rival in Dalkey Island.

NOTES

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY

LORD ROSEBERY was born in 1847. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and has taken a prominent place in many departments of public activity. He has been a statesman, a man of letters and a sportsman, and in much his history has been that of the British Empire. In all that he has done there has been grace and brilliance. Of his longer writings perhaps the best known are his books on Pitt, Napoleon and Chatham. But he has also shown his strength as an essay writer in shorter studies such as that included in this volume.

I

WILLIAM WINDHAM

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1. *William Windham* (1750–1810) was an eighteenth-century statesman of great brilliance, whose performance, however, as Lord Rosebery shows, hardly corresponded with his undoubted powers. He was not a strong party man and hence never led a party; though there was hardly ground for his nickname of "Weathercock Windham." In much he was guided by Burke and took a prominent part in the Impeachment of Warren Hastings. It is perhaps pleasantest to think of him as the friend of Dr. Johnson, whose pillow he arranged when he was dying, and at whose funeral in Westminster Abbey he was one of the pall-bearers.

1. *Coke :* Thomas William Coke (1752–1842), earl of Leicester, a great reformer in agricultural matters, known as "Coke of Norfolk."

2. *Close boroughs :* the small, often corrupt boroughs which returned members to the House of Commons before the Reform Bill of 1832. The electors were usually under the control of some wealthy landowner.

2. *Higham Ferrers or St. Mawes :* two close boroughs in the old days.

3. *In the great agony of the Whig party :* at the outbreak of the French Revolution, when so many of the Whigs left Fox and joined Pitt.

4. *Bourbon :* the family of Louis XVI of France.

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4. *Peter the Hermit :* the man who by his fiery enthusiasm stirred up the first crusade in the eleventh century, 1095–9.

4. *When Pitt retired :* in 1801.

4. *Addington :* the Prime Minister who succeeded Pitt for a time. He made the Peace of Amiens in 1802.

4. *When Pitt returned to office :* in 1804.

4. *When Pitt died :* January 1806.

4. *Grenville :* Lord Grenville became Prime Minister on Pitt's death. He united with Fox, and their ministry was called that of "all the Talents." Windham was secretary for War and Colonial Secretary.

4. *Parr :* Samuel Parr (1747–1825), a Whig scholar and divine; something like Dr. Johnson, though not so great a man.

5. *Coup de main :* a sudden effort.

6. *A minor office :* the Secretaryship for War. This was in 1794, when the Duke of Portland and some of the Whigs, such as Windham, joined the ministry.

7. *Quiberon :* an expedition against the French in 1795 which was a failure. Quiberon Bay is in Brittany.

7. *His second short tenure :* when he held the Secretaryship for War and the Colonies in Grenville's ministry of 1806.

7. *Felbrigg :* Windham's family seat in Norfolk.

7. *Miss Burney* (1752–1840) : Fanny Burney, afterwards Madame d'Arblay, the authoress of novels and of very interesting memoirs. She was a friend of Dr. Johnson.

8. *Inter stellas Luna minores :* a moon among the smaller stars.

9. *Sir Philip Francis* (1740–1818) *:* the reputed author of the *Letters of Junius* and Member of Council in Warren Hastings' time. With reference to what is stated here it is interesting to find that George James Cholmondeley married Sir Philip Francis' daughter Catherine.

9. *Mrs. Crewe* (afterwards Lady Crewe) : Frances Anne Crewe, who was one of the most beautiful women of her day. Sheridan dedicated the *School for Scandal* to her, and Fox, Burke and Canning were among her friends. She lived till 1818.

9. *Lady Minto :* the wife of Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto, who, however, did not receive that title till 1813 at the rather sudden close of his term of office as Governor-General of India.

9. *Lord Holland* (1773–1840) : a great Whig nobleman at whose house the distinguished members of his party, such as Melbourne, Sidney Smith and Macaulay, used to meet. He was the nephew of Charles James Fox and held office in Grenville's administration of 1806 and when the Whigs came into power in the days of the Reform Bill. He wrote useful *Memoirs*.

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9. *Charles Greville* (1794–1865): the author of a very remarkable political diary which records all the important transactions in the public life of the country for the first half of the nineteenth century.

10. "*Gem of purest ray serene*": from Gray's *Elegy*.

10. "*The Vicar of Wakefield*": the novel by Oliver Goldsmith.

11. *Bull baiting:* a cruel sport in which a bull chained up was worried by dogs.

11. "*'Tis not in mortals to command success*": this well-worn quotation comes from Act I, scene ii of Addison's *Cato*.

ARTHUR SYMONS

ARTHUR SYMONS, who was born in Wales in 1865, occupies a position of authority. He is distinguished as a poet, as a prose writer and as a critic. He has too had the great advantage of being thoroughly at home in other languages and literatures than his own. Perhaps his best known books are *Days and Nights*, *Studies in Two Literatures*, *Studies in Seven Arts*, *Images of Good and Evil*, and *Charles Baudelaire*. To these may be added his *Romantic Movement in English Literature*, for which the fine essay which has been printed in this volume serves as an introduction.

II

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY

14. *Coleridge:* Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), the great poet and critic, author of *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, etc.

14. *W. J. Courthope:* William John Courthope (1842–   ) was Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1896. He assisted in a great edition of Pope's work and wrote an important History of English Poetry.

14. *Marlowe:* Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593), the great Elizabethan Romantic poet. These lines are Nos. 1328–9 of his play, *Dr. Faustus*.

14. *Milton or Ruskin:* Milton, though best known as a poet, was also a prose writer of great distinction. Ruskin, one of the greatest art critics of the nineteenth century, was perhaps more famous for the language which he used than for the message he delivered.

15. *Lyrical Ballads:* this was a collection of poems by Wordsworth and Coleridge, published in 1798, which is often considered to have begun the Romantic Movement. It really commenced much earlier.

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15. *Alice Fell:* a poem by Wordsworth published in 1807.
17. *Load every rift with more ore:* this is, slightly altered, an expression used by Keats.
17. *Joubert:* Joseph Joubert (1754–1824), a French critic. Matthew Arnold gives an account of him in the first series of his *Essays in Criticism.*
17. *Balzac:* Honoré de Balzac (1799–1850), one of the most powerful of the French novelists. *Père Goriot* mentioned a little lower is one of his best works.
18. *De Quincey:* Thomas De Quincey (1785–1859), a prose writer of great originality. His *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* is perhaps the best known of his works.
19. *Rémy de Gourmont* (1858–1915): a brilliant French essayist and critic.
20. *Rousseau:* Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778), one of the literary precursors of the French Revolution. Master of a wonderfully clear style, of which his *Confessions* here mentioned forms an excellent example.
20. *Poe:* Edgar Allen Poe (1809–1849), an American writer of stories and poems. *The Raven* is known throughout the world; his *Strange Tales* only less so.
20. *Baudelaire:* Charles Baudelaire (1821–1867), a French poet and critic whose *Fleurs du Mal* marked an epoch in French literary history.
21. *Brunetière:* Ferdinand Brunetière (1849–1907), a great French critic, for some time editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*
22. *Goethe:* Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), the greatest German poet.
22. *Chatterton:* Thomas Chatterton (1752–1770), a youthful poet who wrote remarkable verse in an archaic form, and pretended to have found a number of mediæval poems which he really composed himself. He died by his own hand, in poverty, when but eighteen years of age.
23. *Pope, Alexander* (1688–1744): the great poet. To deny him the title seems ridiculous, as Sir Leslie Stephen has shown. There are various kinds of poets; Pope is the best of one of those kinds.
24. *No fundamental relation:* it has a distinct connection with the poetry of the seventeenth century.
24. *Collins:* William Collins (1721–1759), a poet whose *Odes* have attained considerable celebrity.
24. *Warton:* this is Joseph Warton (1722–1800), the critic and headmaster of Winchester, who published in 1756 an *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope* which betrays the beginnings of the Romantic School of Poetry as opposed to the rather formal style of the eighteenth century.
24. *Christopher Smart* (1722–1771): a good poet who led a some-

what ill-regulated life. He went mad in his later years, and Dr. Johnson visited him in the asylum.

24. *Pomfret, John* (1667–1702), a poet, not indeed of the first rank, but who enjoyed a very wide popularity. His *Choice* was much read, and that fact may suggest at least a partial answer to Mr. Symons.

25. *Herrick :* Robert Herrick (1591–1674), a clergyman who was also a poet of a very high order. His *Hesperides* contains much fine verse.

25. *Keats :* John Keats (1795–1821), one of the finest of the Romantic Poets. Like Shelley and Byron he died very young.

26. *Milieu :* the circle in which a man lives.

26. *Weltschmerz :* pessimistic melancholy.

28. *The supreme Elizabethan :* Shakespeare and those of his time.

28. *The metaphysical poets :* men like Donne and Cowley. Dr. Johnson gives an interesting account of them in his *Life of Cowley.*

28. *Gifts of the Magi :* the Magi were Wise Men of the East who came, as related in the second chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, to see Jesus Christ when an infant. They brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

28. *Pan :* the God of the Woods. Here used as typical of romantic fancy.

28. *Thomson :* James Thomson (1700–1748), author of *The Seasons.*

28. *Dionysus :* the God of Wine and Poetry.

28. *Burns :* Robert Burns (1759–1796), the great Scottish lyrical poet.

28. *Apollo to Admetus.* When Apollo, the God of Music and Poetry, was banished from Olympus, the story goes that he tended the herds of Admetus in Thessaly and helped him to win his wife Alcestis.

29. *Leigh Hunt :* James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), a minor poet, the humble friend of Byron and Shelley, satirised by Dickens as Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House.*

29. *Landor :* Walter savage Landor (1775–1864) wrote little poetry, but what he did write was of the finest quality. Best known for his prose work the *Imaginary Conversations.*

29. *Blake :* William Blake (1757–1828), equally distinguished as an artist and a poet.

29. *Watts-Dunton :* Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton (1832–1914), a poet novelist and the intimate friend of the poet Swinburne.

29. *Zoroaster :* a philosopher and critic of early days supposed to be a Persian or Bactrian. The Zend Avesta contains the doctrines ascribed to him.

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29. *Cyril Tourneur* (1575?–1626): a dramatist of great tragic power.
30. *Crabbe:* George Crabbe (1754–1832), a realistic poet.
31. *Bowles:* William Lisle Bowles (1762–1850), a poet who, as is here stated, influenced Coleridge. Coleridge copied his sonnets out in MS.
31. *Erasmus Darwin* (1731–1802): physician and grandfather of the celebrated Charles Robert Darwin. Erasmus Darwin wrote poetry of an uninspired kind.
32. *Hogg:* James Hogg (1770–1835), the "Ettrick Shepherd," a Scottish romantic poet.
32. *The Cenci:* a poetical play by Shelley.

EDWARD THOMAS

This very remarkable man, for such he had proved himself to be when death claimed him, was born in 1878. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at Oxford, and early became what he continued to be throughout his all too short life, a writer. He was perhaps first and foremost a critic, but he was also a poet, a story-teller and an essayist. W. H. Hudson, who was one of his many friends, claims him as a mystic and points to *Cloud Castle* as a testimony. He was a man of the open air and had a fine eye for nature. But when the call came in the Great War he cheerfully and gladly obeyed it and fell in France in 1917; his fate recalls that of Rupert Brooke and many of the finest men of their time.

III

Cloud Castle

36. *Battlemented:* the battlements are the irregular walls of masonry which fortify the top of a tower and protect those behind them.
36. *Elder:* a kind of shrub.
36. *Carven imp:* usually these strange pieces of carved stone are found on the outsides of cathedrals, but they are sometimes found inside too.
37. *Kestrel:* a kind of small hawk.

FREDERIC HARRISON

This writer was born in an old manor-house in Surrey in 1831. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, where he became Fellow and Tutor. Later he was a Professor of Law in London. He adopted the religion known as Positivism, which,

founded in France by Auguste Comte, has never had very many adherents in England. But all his long life he was a man of letters and wrote well on many subjects, history amongst others. He died in 1923.

IV

De Senectute

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39. *Rector :* a clergyman in the church of England. The clergy are either rectors, vicars or curates. The rectors have usually a larger income than the vicars; the curates are licensed by the Bishop to help either rectors or vicars.
39. *College Don, Dean :* a Don is usually a fellow of the College, that is, a member of the governing body who has a fixed income, and either engages in teaching or maintains discipline; he often does both. The Dean is the Don who keeps order in the college.
39. *Blue :* one who has represented the University in some sport, such as rowing, cricket or football.
39. *Functus officio—rude jam donatus :* my duty is done—I have received my order of discharge. The *rudis* was a staff given to a gladiator when he was exempted from further service in the arena.
40. *Otium cum dignitate :* ease with dignity.
40. *Gerontes :* old men who form the chorus in the *Alcestis* of Euripides.
40. *Athena :* the Greek Goddess of Learning.
40. *Artemis :* the Greek Goddess of Hunting.
41. *Scott*, etc. : all well-known English novelists.
41. *Savoury :* the piquant dish at the end of a dinner.
41. *Menu :* the list of the dishes in a meal.
41. *Aristophanes :* the Greek comic dramatist.
41. *Cervantes :* the Spanish humorist whose masterpiece is *Don Quixote*. He lived 1547–1616.
41. *Molière :* the French dramatist whose comedies are still the delight of the world.
42. *Proh pudor !* for shame!
42. *Précieuses : Les Précieuses Ridicules :* One of Molière's finest comedies. A *précieuse* is a lady who affects erudition, and so makes herself ridiculous.
42. *The Français :* the Théâtre Français is the theatre in Paris where only the finest classical and modern French plays are performed. It has a staff of highly skilled actors and actresses attached to it.
42. *Coquelin*, etc. : famous French actors and actresses.
42. *Mascarille :* a character in Molière's *L'Etourdi*.

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43. *Cœnæ deorum :* feasts of the Gods. *Cœna* means a dinner or supper.
43. *Maison de Molière :* the house of Molière. Another name for the Théâtre Français. It is also called the Comédie Française.
43. *Peripeties :* sudden changes of fortune.
43. *Joie de vivre :* delight in living.
44. *Æschylus :* the great Greek dramatist of the fifth century B.C.
44. *Sophocles :* another Greek dramatist almost equal to Æschylus, of whom he was a younger contemporary.
44. *Trilogy of Oresteia :* Three plays by Æschylus dealing with the tragic story of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. They were the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoræ* and the *Eumenides*.
44. *Œdipus : Œdipus Tyrannus* was a play by Sophocles.
44. *Prometheus : Prometheus Vinctus* was a play by Æschylus.
44. *Jebb :* Sir Richard Jebb, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, edited and translated Sophocles.
44. *Verrall :* Arthur W. Verrall, editor and translator of Æschylus. He was a Cambridge don.
44. *Murray :* Sir Gilbert Murray, Professor of Greek at Oxford, translated Euripides.
44. *Dr. Way :* wrote much, and translated all the three Greek poets mentioned.
44. *Iambic :* the kind of metre used in the passages referred to. English Iambics are found in poems like Pope's *Essay on Man.*
44. *Libretto :* the words as distinguished from the music.
44. *Strophe :* lines which form a section of a recitation given by a Greek chorus. Really the lines recited during a movement of the chorus.
45. *Frogs :* Aristophanes, in his play *The Frogs,* ridiculed some of the innovations of Euripides.
45. "*Ion,*" etc. : plays of Euripides.
45. *Seneca :* a Roman writer who lived in the time of Nero.
45. *Marlowe :* the great Elizabethan dramatist who came before and who influenced Shakespeare.
45. *Webster :* John Webster, a seventeenth-century dramatist.
45. *Prometheus*, etc. : characters in the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles.
46. *Homer and Virgil*, etc. : Greek and Latin authors.
46. *Dante :* the great Italian poet of the Middle Ages. He lived in the thirteenth century.
46. *Fabliaux :* French popular stories in verse of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.
46. *Morte d'Arthur :* in the reign of Edward IV Sir Thomas Malory translated into English prose a number of legends connected with the British King Arthur, legends which reappear in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.*

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46. *Calderon :* a great Spanish dramatist of the seventeenth century.

46. *Corneille :* a French dramatist who also lived in the seventeenth century. He wrote tragedies, historical plays, and comedies in the classical manner.

46. *Hymn-book :* a hymn-book is a collection of sacred songs used in religious services. As Frederic Harrison was a Positivist, we may assume that his hymn-book was one which the people of that religious sect use.

46. *Golden Treasury :* a fine collection of English lyrical poetry made by Francis Turner Palgrave, who died in 1897.

47. *The Oxford Book of Verse :* a similar but larger and more recent collection.

47. *Lustra :* a lustrum is usually a period of five years, because at Rome the Censor performed lustrations or expiatory sacrifices every fifth year after making up the census. Sometimes the word is used for a period of four years (of the Julian Calendar).

47. *Jowett :* Benjamin Jowett (1817–1893), the famous Master of Balliol College, Oxford. He translated Plato, but is more celebrated for his influence on the young men of his day.

47. *Pattison :* Mark Pattison (1813–1884), Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. A fine scholar who wrote admirable essays. He also published a Life of Casaubon and left some curious and rather bitter Reminiscences.

47. *Monro :* this is probably a slip for Munro, as Harrison is referring to Hugh Andrew Johnstone Munro (1819–1885), Professor of Latin at Cambridge and famous for all time as the editor of *Lucretius*.

47. *Morley :* Lord Morley, one of whose essays appears in this volume.

47. *Saintsbury :* George Saintsbury, a critic and historian of literature who is happily still living (1927). Once a Saturday Reviewer.

47. *Gosse :* Sir Edmund Gosse, also still living, a writer of graceful verse and much criticism and literary history.

48. *Requiem :* a religious service for the repose of the dead; a dirge. The Latin words mean " They give us an eternal requiem."

48. *Limbo :* the borders of hell. The place where the unbaptised go in Dante's poem.

48. *Dante does with Virgil :* Virgil conducts Dante in Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

48. *Onorate*, etc. : Dante, *Inferno*, IV. 79 [Plumptre's translation]:

" Meantime a voice I heard which sounded so:
' Give honour to the poet loftiest;
His shade returns, that left short while ago.' "

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48. *The Ring and the Book :* One of Browning's poems.

48. *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον*: an unusual or rare word.

49. *Mumpsimus :* one who adheres to old ways. The word has a curious history which begins in a sixteenth-century story of a monk using bad Latin.

49. *Hortus Siccus :* Collection of dried plants.

49. *Einstein :* the discoverer of the theory of Relativity.

49. *Eddington :* Professor E. S. Eddington, the great Cambridge astronomer of the present day.

49. *Lodge :* Sir Oliver Lodge, a great living scientist.

49 *Wildon Carr :* Herbert Wildon Carr, born 1857, Professor of Philosophy at King's College, London.

49. *Rupert Brooke :* the young Cambridge poet who was killed in the war.

49. "*Mute inglorious Milton*" : a quotation from Gray's *Elegy*.

50. *First John Lillywhite :* a slip for Frederick William Lillywhite (1792–1854), who was the first great round-arm bowler, but not the inventor of that style.

50. *Circenses :* the *Ludi Circenses* were chariot races, gladiatorial contests, etc. in the *Circus Maximus* at Rome. They also took place in other cities.

51. "*Ἅλμα*, etc. : Jumping, running, quoit throwing, javelin-throwing and wrestling. These were the five famous exercises of the Greeks.

54. *Andrew Marvell :* the great Cromwellian poet. He died in 1678. There are two trifling errors in the quotations. In the first the fourth line should run: "Then whets, and combs its silver wings." The first line in the second ought to be: "While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close."

54. "*Labour and sorrow*" : Psalm xc. verse 10: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

55. "*In quietness and confidence*," etc.: Isaiah xxx. verse 15: "For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength: and ye would not."

55. *Lusus naturæ :* a curosity, some sport of nature, something very unusual.

56. "*My late espoused saint*": so Milton speaks of his dead wife in one of his sonnets.

57. *Nihil habeo*, etc.: I have no reason for complaining of old age.

57. *Conviva satur :* the guest who has had sufficient to eat. Horace, *Satires*, I. i. 119.

57. *Τετέλεσται*: "It is finished," the saying of Jesus Christ on the Cross. Quoted from the Greek Testament.

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57. *Alfred Rethel:* a German historical painter who died at Rome in 1859.

57. *Der Tod als Freund:* death as a friend.

58. *Pax vobiscum:* Peace be with you.

58. *Avete atque*, etc: My friends, I wish you luck and health—do not forget me.

SIR JAMES FRAZER

This well-known author was born in Glasgow in 1854, and was educated at the University there and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is perhaps best known as an authority on Comparative Religion and has written a very large book, *The Golden Bough*, on that subject. He has also published a translation of Pausanias. He does not, however, disdain lighter studies and has edited Cowper's letters; the essay which we publish belongs also to this class.

V

London Life in the Time of Addison

59. *The War with France:* the war of the Spanish Succession.

59. *The Tower:* the Tower of London, the old fortress of the city.

60. *Mons:* a fortress in the Low Countries; it was captured by Marlborough and Prince Eugene in 1709 after the battle of Malplaquet.

60. *John Evelyn* (1620–1706): lived in the great world in the times of Cromwell and Charles II, and has left us a very interesting picture of life in those days in his *Diary*.

60. *Dryden:* John Dryden (1631–1700), the great poet and critic.

61. *Boileau*, etc.: great French writers of the time.

62. *Garraway's:* a coffee-house in London where commercial men met.

63. *The Upper Flask:* an inn.

63. *Somers:* John Lord Somers (1651–1716), Lord Chancellor. A great statesman of the time after the Revolution of 1688.

63. *Halifax:* George Savile, the great Marquis of Halifax, Macaulay's hero, died in 1695, and his son William died in 1700.

63. *Congreve:* William Congreve (1670–1729), the dramatic author. He managed to keep on friendly terms with both parties in polities.

63. *Garth:* Sir Samuel Garth (1661–1719), a physician and poet. He was one of Pope's friends.

63. *Steele:* Sir Richard Steele (1672–1729), an essayist, dramatist and politician. He was a friend of Addison.

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63. *Pope:* Alexander Pope (1688–1744), the famous poet.
63. *Gay:* John Gay (1685–1732), a poet, also author of the famous *Beggars' Opera,* which took the town by storm in 1728.
63. *Swift:* Jonathan Swift (1667–1745), the author of *Gulliver's Travels.*
64. *Vanbrugh:* Sir John Vanbrugh (1664–1726) was both an architect and a dramatist.
65. *Handel:* George Frederick Handel (1685–1789), a celebrated musical composer, who though a German by birth was long settled in England.
65. *Cara sposa:* "Beloved wife," and—
65. *Lascia ch'io pianga:* "Let me weep." Two well-known songs in the opera. They are still sung.
66. *Otway:* Thomas Otway (1652–1685), an unfortunate dramatist of great ability who died young, perhaps of starvation.
67. *Betterton:* Thomas Betterton (1635?–1710), a famous actor who also wrote plays.
67. *Bullock:* this is William Bullock (1657?–1740?). His son, who died before him, was also a well-known actor.
67. *Norris:* Henry Norris (1665–1730?) was an actor who was popularly known as "Jubilee Dicky." *Penkethman:* another comedian.
67. *Roscius:* a great Roman actor who died about 60 B.C. Cicero appeared for him in a lawsuit.
69. *Beaumont and Fletcher:* Francis Beaumont (1586–1615) and John Fletcher (1576–1625) wrote plays together, such as *The Maid's Tragedy* and *Philaster.*
69. *Philomot:* really *filomot,* an old word for the colour of a dead or faded leaf.
70. *Titus Oates* (1650?–1705): made up the story of a Popish Plot in the days of Charles II, and a number of innocent people were put to death in consequence. He was punished in the reign of James II.
70. *Will Honeycomb:* a character in Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley papers in the *Spectator.*
70. *Paring:* cutting, shaving.
70. *Meeting:* for the purposes of a duel.
71. *Lord Mohun:* this nobleman was engaged in a lawsuit with the Duke of Hamilton about some property. They chanced to meet in the chambers of a master in Chancery and differed about the credibility of a witness. Mohun challenged the Duke. They fought with swords, and the affair caused much excitement, as Mohun was a prominent Whig.
72. *Cacography:* literally bad writing, but also used for bad spelling.

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73. *Sir Roger de Coverley :* the chief character in Addison's Papers in the *Spectator.*
73. *Dill :* a yellow-flowered herb.
75. *City sword :* the sword-bearer to the Lord Mayor.
75. *His pipes :* his air passages.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

Mr. Santayana was born in Madrid in 1863, and his parents were Spaniards, which is sufficiently remarkable in the case of so distinguished a writer of English. He was educated, however, at Harvard University in the United States and at the older Cambridge in England, and at Harvard he was for many years a Professor of Philosophy. He has written much poetry, philosophy, criticism, but there is always an individual mark on what he writes. We seemed to see him turning things over in his well-stored mind.

VI

The British Character

78. *Sir Joshua Reynolds* (1723–1792): the greatest of our portrait painters; a friend also of Dr. Johnson and other literary men of his day.
79. *En bloc :* all together.
79. *Converted :* here the word means undergo some sudden and violent religious change.
79. *Dissident :* here, perhaps, generally at variance with other people. Matthew Arnold spoke of " the dissidence of dissent," meaning that some people belonged to churches other than the Church of England because their temperament led them to disagree with others.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON

Austin Dobson, as he was always called, was born in 1840; he was a Devonshire man. After an education which was completed on the Continent he entered the Board of Trade as a Civil Servant in 1856, and for forty-five years he remained in the same office. He found time, however, to do a good deal of literary work, and the humdrum nature of his duties did not prevent him from achieving considerable distinction and also considerable popularity as a poet. He wrote and edited various books, his main subjects of interest being the writers and the artists of the eighteenth century. Here he was a master, and it is notable that although he knew a great deal he never became a dull writer;

a certain lightness of touch distinguishes all that he wrote. Indian students will not be familiar with many of the scenes and persons of the epoch with which he was mainly concerned, but they have all come across the Gordon Riots in studying the history of England, and will be interested to see how he deals with that incident. Austin Dobson died in 1921.

VII

The Gordon Riots

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82. *Pope's Molly Lepell :* Alexander Pope (1688–1744), the great poet, was very fond of Molly or Maria Lepell, a maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, and wrote verses to her. She afterwards married Lord Hervey, whom Pope often attacked with some cruelty. It is said that her father, Brigadier-General Lepell, made her a cornet in his regiment as soon as she was born and that she drew the pay of the commission for many years. Everyone seems to have liked her.

82. *A Howe or a Hawk :* the names of two great admirals.

82. *General Fraser :* this was Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat (1726–1782), a distinguished soldier who fought in the wars of the eighteenth century. His father, whose portrait was painted by Hogarth, the great artist, was a notable Jacobite who was executed after the rebellion of 1745.

83. *Mr. Burchell :* a character in Goldsmith's story *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

84. *Mass-houses :* Roman Catholic churches.

84. *North Britain :* Scotland.

85. *Parliament Street :* a street close to where Parliament met.

85. *Lord Mansfield* (1705–1793), the famous lawyer, Lord Chief Justice.

85. *Clarum et venerabile nomen :* a name renowned and to be revered.

86. *Silk bags :* their wigs. All gentlemen of position at this time wore wigs, and this alludes to what was called a bag wig made of silk.

87. *The Two Houses :* The House of Lords and House of Commons.

88. *Boswell :* James Boswell (1740–1795), the biographer of Dr. Johnson.

90. *Barnard's Inn :* one of the old Inns of Chancery which still stands in part. These Inns were like colleges composed of a hall—there is a very fine one at Barnard's Inn—and chambers for students.

91. *Wilkes :* John Wilkes (1727–1797), the famous demagogue.

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91. *Gibbon :* Edward Gibbon (1737–1794), the great historian, who was at the time of the riots a member of Parliament living in London, and therefore exposed to some danger.

91. *Holroyd :* John Baker Holroyd, who was afterwards made a peer with the title of Lord Sheffield. At his house, Sheffield Place in Sussex, Gibbon was a frequent guest, and to him Gibbon left his MSS.

91. *Walpole :* Horace Walpole (1717–1797), son of Sir Robert Walpole. He wrote Memoirs of the times in which he lived, stories, books upon art, and many delightful letters.

91. *Nouvelles à la main :* the latest news. Short and lively paragraphs.

91. *Mann :* Sir Horâce Mann (1701–1786), the British Envoy at Florence, to whom many of Horace Walpole's letters were addressed.

91. *Mason :* William Mason (1724–1797), a clergyman and minor poet. He had before this time in 1774 published a Life of Gray, and thus had become closely connected with Horace Walpole, who supplied him with information and continued to write letters to him. Sir Leslie Stephen describes him as "a man of considerable abilities and cultivated taste, who naturally mistook himself for a poet."

91. *Lady Ossory :* the Hon. Miss Liddell, daughter of Lord Ravensworth, married firstly to the Duke of Grafton, and secondly to the Earl of Upper Ossory. She died in 1804. The letters to her written by Walpole were first published in 1848.

92. *Selwyn :* George Augustus Selwyn (1719–1791), a famous wit, who had been at Eton with Gray and Horace Walpole.

92. *Palace yard :* an open space near where Parliament was sitting.

92. *Woolsack :* the seat on which the Lord Chancellor sits in the House of Lords. It is symbolical of what was once the most important department of England's foreign trade.

92. *Aspen :* the leaf of a kind of poplar tree.

93. *Strawberry Hill :* Walpole's house at Twickenham near London.

93. *Fanny Burney* (1752–1840), who became by marriage Madame d'Arblay, wrote novels which are seldom read though once popular, and a charming diary.

94. *Burke :* Edmund Burke (1729–1797), the great statesman and writer.

95. *Draw his sword :* all gentlemen wore swords at this time.

95. *North :* Lord North (1732–1792), Prime Minister at the time.

95. *Sir John Fielding :* a blind man, half-brother of Henry Fielding the novelist, and like him a magistrate. He died this same year, 1780.

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95. *Parson Warner:* John Warner (1736–1800), a clergyman, a wit and a good scholar.

95. *Lett'red store:* the first stanza of Cowper's poem "On the Burning of Lord Mansfield's Library," runs:

> "So then—the Vandals of our isle,
> Sworn foes to sense and law,
> Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
> Than ever Roman saw!"

The other two are given by Austin Dobson.

95. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum:* from Virgil. There are tears for human affairs, or, human things have their pathos.

96. *Caen Wood:* Lord Mansfield's house on the northern side of London, already alluded to.

96. *Silver-tongued Murray:* Murray was the family name of Lord Mansfield. "Silver-tongued" alluded to his eloquence.

96. *William Unwin:* a clergyman to whose mother Cowper was at one time engaged to be married.

96. *George Crabbe* (1754–1832): author of *The Borough* and other poems. He was a realist in style, and has great descriptive power.

97. *Henry Angelo:* a famous eighteenth-century fencing master, like his father. Fencing was a very important part of a gentleman's education when all men of any social position wore swords and drew them on the slightest provocation.

98. *Commercial place:* such as London.

98. *Wraxall:* Sir Nathaniel Wraxall (1751–1831), author of the interesting *Historical Memoirs of My Own Time*, which though much criticised have considerable value.

99. *Mr. Urban:* the *Gentleman's Magazine* was conducted under the name of Sylvanus Urban.

100. *The President of the London Protestant Association:* Lord George Gordon.

100. *Malone:* Edmund Malone (1741–1812), a great Shakespearean scholar. He published an edition of Goldsmith's works this year; he was a friend of Dr. Johnson.

100. *John Wesley* (1703–1791), the famous founder of the Wesleyan Methodist sect.

104. *Cagliostro* (1745–1795): an Italian impostor who deceived the world of his day in many countries.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

This distinguished writer and professor was born in 1861. He was educated at King's College, Cambridge, and was for some time a professor at the M.A.O. College, Aligarh. Later he held the chair of English Literature in the Universities of Liverpool,

Glasgow and Oxford. When the War came he gave great help with his pen and did much to show what we were really fighting for, and then he undertook to write the history of the Flying Corps, a work for which he really, and, from what we know of the man, gladly gave his life. He died in 1922. Raleigh wrote a book on style, and was always obviously, perhaps a little too obviously, concerned with the manner in which thought or fact should be expressed. The result is that there is sometimes evidence of effort in his writing, a love of the curious in word and phrase. We may even go so far as to say that he occasionally sacrifices the artist which is in him to please his audience. The example chosen will show both the strength and the slight weakness of its author, a fine manly spirit throughout, with just a faint whiff of the lamp.

VIII

John Dryden and Political Satire

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105. *Henry Sidgwick :* as Lord Morley noted in his essay on Mill, Henry Sidgwick was a great Cambridge professor. He was also intimately connected with Newnham College there, as his wife was principal of that ladies' college. Hence, as one of the memorials of him in Cambridge, it was arranged that an annual lecture should be delivered at Newnham College by a man of distinction.

105. *The Romantic Movement :* the new movement in English poetry which may be said to have begun with the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798. Its chief leaders were Wordsworth and Coleridge, and later Shelley and Keats.

105. *Donne and the Metaphysicals :* see p. 28.

106. *Francis Thompson* (1859–1907) : a writer of most unfortunate life but great power in both prose and verse.

106. *Glorious John :* i.e. John Dryden.

106. *Will's Coffee-house :* where the wits and writers used to meet.

106. *When he died :* a description of his funeral will be found in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.*

107. *The Romantic rebels :* see above.

108. *Sir Walter Scott :* edited the Standard Edition of Dryden's works in 1808.

109. *Johnson :* i.e. Samuel Johnson (1709–1784) : the passage quoted is to be found in his Life of Dryden in his *Lives of the Poets.*

109. *Thomas Shadwell* (1642?–1692) was not much of a poet although he was made Poet Laureate at the Revolution, when Dryden lost that post. He was a better dramatist, and some of his plays, like *The Squire of Alsatia*, were very successful.

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109. *Rochester:* John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester (1647–1680), a wit and minor poet of the Restoration.
109. *Cibber:* Colley Cibber (1671–1757), an actor and dramatist.
110. *Tom D'Urfey* (1653–1723): a famous song-writer who also wrote popular comedies. Addison says, "He has made the world merry."
110. *Shaftesbury:* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury (1621–1682), the great and violent Whig leader in the days of the Exclusion Bill. He died in exile.
111. *Settle:* Elkanah Settle (1648–1724), a playwright and poetaster.
111. *It produced:* the grammar seems obscure; what is meant is no doubt all four satires.
112. *Nathaniel Lee* (1653?–1692): a dramatist who sometimes collaborated with Dryden.
112. *Nahum Tate* (1652–1715): a verse-writer who became Poet Laureate on the death of Shadwell. He is well known as part author of a metrical but not very poetical version of the Psalms long used in Churches.
112. *Hebrew guide:* Moses.
112. *Helicon:* a mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo and the Muses. Dryden is said figuratively to sail upon it; perhaps for the sake of rhyme.
112. *Janus:* a Roman God with two faces who had charge of the gates of Heaven; possibly connected with Ganesh.
112. *Chronos:* the God of Time.
112. *Momus:* the God of Ridicule and Farce.
112. *Drury Lane:* a famous old theatre in London.
113. *Butler:* Samuel Butler (1612–1680), the author of *Hudibras*, a satire on the Puritans.
113. *Cleveland:* John Cleveland (1613–1658), the Cavalier poet and satirist; some of his verses, in spite of what Sir Walter Raleigh says, are direct and plain enough.
116. *Marcus Crassus:* the Roman Triumvir, who lived in the first century B.C.
117. *Richard Pigott* (d. 1889): the case of *The Times* newspaper against the Parnellite party, whom it accused of complicity in crime, depended largely upon letters which Pigott had forged. His evidence broke down and he confessed that he had forged the letters. He then fled to Madrid, where he committed suicide.
117. *Titus Oates:* see p. 70.
118. *Traill:* Henry Duff Traill (1842–1900), an author and journalist who wrote, amongst other things, excellent accounts of Shaftesbury and William III.
118. *Corah:* Titus Oates.

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120. *Aristophanes :* the greatest comic dramatist among the Greeks. He lived from about 444 to 380 B.C.

120. *Rabelais :* François Rabelais, a witty and learned French writer, whose life covers the first half of the 16th century.

121. *Congreve :* see p. 63.

VISCOUNT MORLEY

JOHN MORLEY was born in Lancashire in 1839, and educated at Cheltenham and at Lincoln College, Oxford. He became a capable journalist and man of letters and was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Fortnightly Review*. His work on the French precursors of the French Revolution made him widely known, but perhaps his *Life of Gladstone* was his most popular work. In later life he became a politician, but his views were hardly plastic enough for the changing times in which his lot was cast. Like other "old Whigs," he found himself out of place though he was more Radical than Whig at one time. He was, however, a good sound writer of the English tongue, and if we do not always feel that he was broad enough, or deep enough, for his subject, he always faced a problem fairly and gave us of the best that was in him. He died, the representative of a vanished age, in 1923. With much in Mill's thinking he was in sympathy, though he could not walk side by side with him throughout his mental history.

IX

JOHN STUART MILL

123. *The Alexandrian Sage :* probably Plotinus.

123. *Socrates* (470–399 B.C.): the great Greek Philosopher whose opinions we know from the works of Plato and Xenophon.

123. *Plato* (429–347 B.C.): the Greek philosopher whose dialogues have formed the groundwork of much of the world's thought.

123. *Sollemnia pietatis :* the offices which we render, the services due to the dead.

123. *A hundred years ago :* Mill was born in 1806 and died in 1873.

124. *Advocatus diaboli :* the man who says the worst that he can of the person under discussion.

124. *Henry Sidgwick* (1838–1900): was a famous Cambridge Professor of Moral Philosophy, but he was a man of many and great gifts.

124. *Herbert Spencer* (1820–1903): the famous evolutionary philosopher.

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124. *Taine:* Hippolyte Adolphe Taine (1828–1893), a French historian who also wrote about English literature.

125. *Rousseau:* Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778), one of the heralds of the French Revolution. Students will find his position defined in Maine's *Ancient Law* and in Lord Acton's *Lectures on the French Revolution.*

125. *Locke:* John Locke (1632–1704), the English philosopher who affected English thought throughout the whole of the eighteenth century.

125. *Comte:* Auguste Comte (1798–1857), a French philosopher who invented the religion known as Positivism, which still survives, though obscurely. He was also a political philosopher of note.

125. *Hume:* David Hume (1711–1776), a very original and powerful Scottish philosopher; master also of an admirably clear and pleasing fashion of writing.

125. *Newton:* Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727), the Cambridge professor who revolutionised our ideas as to the universe and its laws.

125. *Bentham:* Jeremy Bentham (1748–1832), the founder of the school of utilitarian philosophers.

125. *James Mill* (1773–1836): a disciple of Bentham, Father of John Stuart Mill, who has left a clear though not a very pleasing picture of him in his famous *Autobiography.* His history of British India is well known.

125. *Dugald Stewart* (1753–1828): an Edinburgh professor of moral philosophy.

126. *Grotius:* Hugo Grotius (1583–1645), the great Dutchman who invented the science of International Law, or at least reduced it to an authoritative system.

126. *Montesquieu:* Charles Baron de Montesquieu (1689–1755), a French writer on political philosophy of great note. His *Esprit des Lois* marked an epoch in the history of thought.

126. *Descartes:* René Descartes (1596–1650), an illustrious philosopher and mathematician of France. He originated the "Cartesian system."

126. *Jean Jacques:* i.e. Rousseau.

126. *Bain:* Alexander Bain (1818?–1903), a well-known Professor of Logic at Aberdeen University.

126. *Caroline Fox* (1819–1871): wrote a diary from which we learn much about John and Henry Mill, Sterling (the friend of Carlyle) and other remarkable men.

130. *Victor Hugo* (1802–1885): the great French Romantic poet and novelist.

130. *Bad parliament.* Not necessarily so. Palmerston died in 1865 and was succeeded by Lord Russell as Prime Minister. In 1866 Gladstone became leader of the House of

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Commons and introduced a Reform Bill which he could not carry. Then the Conservatives came into power, and Disraeli carried a Reform Bill, and in 1868 there was a General Election.

131. *Bright:* John Bright (1811–1889), the great orator of the Liberal party, though he by no means always agreed with them.

134. *T. H. Green:* Thomas Hill Green (1836–1882), an Oxford Professor of Philosophy of great reputation and high character. His influence is to some extent described in *Robert Elsmere.*

134. *Caird:* Edward Caird (1835–1908), a Glasgow Professor of Philosophy who became Master of Balliol College, Oxford.

134. *Hegel:* Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel (1770–1831), one of the greatest of the German philosophers.

134. *Buckle:* Henry Thomas Buckle (1822–1862), a writer of philosophical history. His *History of Civilisation in England*, though incomplete, is a very remarkable book.

134. *Hobhouse:* Mr. L. T. Hobhouse, born 1864, an Oxford Don and a well-known writer and journalist.

134. *Mr. Haldane:* now Lord Haldane, one of whose addresses is included in this volume.

135. *Leslie Stephen:* Sir Leslie Stephen (1832–1904), a very distinguished critic, man of letters and philosopher. He was the first editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and he also wrote numerous and valuable books on various subjects. Perhaps his *Hours in a Library* and *The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* are the best known of the latter.

135. *On ne se*, etc.: one only gets excited about things that are not clear.

135. *Bossuet:* Jacques Bénigne Bossuet (1627–1704), one of the most famous of the great French preachers.

135. *Burke:* Edmund Burke (1730?–1797), the great statesman, but above all renowned as a political philosopher.

135. *Newman:* John Henry Newman (1801–1890), who was made a Cardinal. While still a Protestant he was the leading spirit in the Oxford Movement, and had a wonderful gift of style. Whether Morley is right in his criticism of the use he made of it may be doubted.

136. *Malthus:* Thomas Robert Malthus (1766–1834), a political economist of very original mind. He was long professor at the East India College at Haileybury.

136. *Ricardo:* David Ricardo (1772–1823), a very eminent political economist.

136. *Coleridge:* Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), alike distinguished as a poet, philosopher and critic.

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136. *Wordsworth :* William Wordsworth (1770–1850), the greatest poet of the Romantic Movement. Lord Morley is showing how Mill began to take interest in literary and religious studies as well as in philosophy and political economy.

136. *Manichæan :* those who held the Manichæan doctrines in old days believed in the eternal coexistence of the two opposing principles of good and evil.

136. *Picturesquely described :* by Newman in his famous *Apologia pro Vita Sua.*

136. *These graces :* of style.

136. *Voltaire :* François Marie Arouet (1694–1778), whose name is probably an anagram of that of his father, was the greatest literary man of his time in France. His writings did much to prepare the way for the Revolution of 1789.

137. *Brougham :* Henry Lord Brougham (1779–1868), the great Whig Lord Chancellor and partisan. A clever but odd man whose support was sometimes of doubtful value to his party.

137. *Mansel :* Henry Longueville Mansel (1820–1871), Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral. A noted philosopher in his day—a day that has gone by.

137. *Bailey :* Samuel Bailey (1791–1870), a self-taught philosopher of considerable originality and power. In 1842 he published a *Review of Berkeley's Theory of Vision* which Mill answered in the *Westminster Review.*

138. *Hobbes :* Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679), one of the greatest of the English philosophers. He founded a school of political philosophy which has had influence over all later speculation of the same nature.

140. *Avignon :* its "sombre history and forlorn memories" were connected with the days when the Popes lived there, and especially with the horrors of the French Revolution.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

This well-known critic was born in Hampshire in 1892, and educated at Dover College and at University College, London. The training, however, which seems to have determined the bent of his mind was that gained in wandering about Italy and France; of French literature he is perhaps the most skilful interpreter that we possess. His *French Studies and Reviews* and *Literary Studies and Reviews* have been very widely appreciated. He has also published a book on Voltaire and some translations from both French and Italian. The essay included here indicates his point of view as regards English poetry, and the student will find in it much that will be new to him and significant of the new age in

which we live. Mr. Aldington has returned to the life of letters after service in the war, and he will certainly be one of the authorities in literary matters in days to come.

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The Art of Poetry

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141. *F. S. Flint:* Frank Stewart Flint, born 1885, a living poet and critic who translated various French poems, including those of Verhaeren mentioned later.

141. *Edouard Dujardin:* a French scholar and critic, wrote on Malarmé amongst others.

142. *Lorenzo Valla:* a great classical scholar who lived in Italy in the fifteenth century. Pope Nicholas V made him his secretary.

142. *Chateaubriand:* a great French writer and politician. The pamphlet which is referred to was *Buonaparte and the Bourbons*, which appeared in 1814. Chateaubriand was not very successful as a politician, but he was a very popular writer.

142. *Petrarch:* Francesco Petrarca, a notable Italian poet who lived from 1304 to 1374.

143. *Mons. Jourdain:* a character in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. The distinction is rather that of his teacher, that whatever is not prose is verse, and vice versa.

143. "*Education Sentimentale*": a novel by Gustave Flaubert published in 1869.

143. *Orlando Furioso:* the poem by Ludovico Ariosto (1474–1533), a great Italian poet.

143. *Du Côté de Chez Swann:* the work of Marcel Proust. It was published in 1922 and forms the first of a series of five stories (not poems) entitled *à la Recherche du temps perdu*.

144. *Sainte-Beuve:* Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804–1869), the greatest French critic. His *Causeries de Lundi* are still widely read.

145. *Euphuism:* a balanced and affected form of prose which was illustrated by John Lyly's *Euphues*, and which is reflected in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

145. *Purism:* the affectation of over-scrupulousness in style.

146. *Apollinaire:* Guillaume Apollinaire, a writer of stories, which were also studies, such as *L'enchanteur pourrisant*, 1909, *Calligrammes*, 1918, *L'Hérisiarque et cie*, 1919, *La Femme Assise*, 1920.

146. *Anthology:* the Greek Anthology, a collection of choice Greek poems. That which we now have was made between the tenth and the thirteenth centuries A.D.

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146. *Donne:* John Donne (1573–1631), a poet who, like Cowley after him, belonged to what Dr. Johnson in his Life of Cowley called "the metaphysical poets." These poets employed curious expressions and far-fetched conceits.
147. *Pastiche:* a mixture from various sources.
147. *Vers libre:* verse which is free from the usual rules as to metre.
147. *Cliché:* an expression which has been used so often that it has become stale.
148. *Henley:* William Ernest Henley (1849–1903), a poet, critic and dramatist, friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, and editor of Burns.
149. *Ford Madox Hueffer:* a living English poet.
149. *D. H. Lawrence:* an American critic and poet.
152. *Orcus:* the God of the lower world, the world after death, Pluto.
152. *Ezra Pound:* also an American.
155. *Laforgue*, etc.: a number of modern contemporary French poets.

LORD HALDANE

If Lord Haldane were not so distinguished a man, so powerful a thinker, one would call him a representative man. He is perhaps as fine a product of Scottish and German training as the world has seen, and if we ask him to be more than a great lawyer, a great philosopher and a great administrator, we are not very reasonable in doing so. He was born in 1856, educated at Edinburgh, and, as he tells us in this essay, at Göttingen, and then became a highly successful lawyer. He entered Parliament and, on being made Secretary for War, surprised the world by the boldness of his changes. In 1912 he was appointed Lord Chancellor. As a philosopher he is perhaps best known by his book entitled *The Pathway to Reality*, but his work on such subjects is still continuing.

XI

The Soul of a People

158. *George Buchanan* (1506–1582): a Scottish humanist and reformer; tutor to Mary Queen of Scots and King James I.
158. *Præfervidum ingenium:* a burning spirit.
158. *The Treatise*, etc.: the three books named are by David Hume, Adam Smith and Thomas Carlyle respectively. All were like Lord Haldane, Lowland Scots.

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158. *John Knox* (1505–1572): the great, if somewhat violent, Scottish reformer.
158. *Covenanters:* men who refused to worship in churches ruled by bishops. They developed into a strong party in Scotland after the Restoration and were much persecuted.
158. *Dr. Chalmers:* Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847), a famous Scottish preacher, who led a secession from the established Church of Scotland and founded the Free Church.
158. *Burns:* Robert Burns (1759–1796), the most famous lyric poet of Scotland.
158. *Scott:* Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), the great poet and novelist, who, like Burns, was a Lowland Scotsman.
159. *Sir Robert Walpole* (1676–1745): the great Whig statesman of the earlier half of the eighteenth century.
159. *Macaulay:* Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859), the famous historian and essayist. It is to his History of England that Lord Haldane is here referring.
159. *Philistinism:* Rough, unsympathetic contempt for others.
160. *Cromwell:* Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, is sometimes claimed as a Welshman because his great-grandfather was one.
161. *Hadrian:* the Emperor Hadrian, who died in A.D. 138, composed shortly before his death the following verses addressed to his soul:

> "Animula, vagula, blandula,
> Hospes comesque corporis,
> Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
> Pallidula, rigida, undula,
> Nec, at solis, dabis jocos?"

Which Pope is said to have translated:

> "Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire!
> That long hast warmed my tender breast,
> Must thou no more this frame inspire;
> No more a pleasing cheerful guest?
> Whither, ah whither, art thou flying,
> To what dark undiscovered shore?
> Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
> And wit and humour are no more."

161. *Pari passu:* at an equal rate.
163. *Romola:* perhaps the finest of George Eliot's novels. She said of its composition that she began it a young woman and finished it an old one.
166. *If he is not,* etc.: that is, if he is not to make himself ridiculous.
166. *Berkeley:* George Berkeley (1684–1753), Bishop of Cloyne, one of the greatest of the English philosophers. Also a very good man.

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166. *Newton :* Sir Isaac Newton. *Darwin :* Charles Darwin.

166. *Goethe :* Johan Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), the greatest poet that Germany has produced.

167. *Plato*, etc.: the Dialogues of Plato have been translated by Jowett.

168. *Immanuel Kant* (1724–1804): one of the finest of the German philosophers.

168. *Schiller :* Johann Christoff Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805), the most celebrated of the popular poets of Germany. The friend of Goethe.

169. *Lotze :* Rudolph Hermann Lotze (1817–1881), a laborious German Professor of Philosophy.

170. *Hegel :* Georg Wilhelm Friedrich (1770–1831), see p. 134.

170. *Du hast*, etc.: thou hast killed it, destroyed the beautiful world.

170. *Wissenschaft :* science or knowledge. Here idealism.

170. *Bradley :* Francis Herbert Bradley (1844–1926), a notable Oxford philosopher.

171. *Emerson :* Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882), the American transcendentalist and poet. Better perhaps as a poet than as a philosopher. For a study of him Matthew Arnold's fine lecture in Discourses in America may be consulted. The weaker side of his teaching is represented in an exaggerated form in passages of *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

171. *The Tübingen School :* at the Univeristy of Tübingen in the early part of the nineteenth century new views as to the nature of Christianity and the Life and claims of Jesus Christ arose. They were represented by books like Strauss' *New Life of Jesus*, which George Eliot translated. This school had great influence in its day.

172. *Thirty-six years ago*, etc.: it is interesting to consider this enthusiastic and interesting account of a German University from the pen of one who had benefited so markedly by its teaching. It is at the same time a melancholy thought that the result of the very highly developed intellectual life of Germany should be the "soul of a people" which encouraged and approved the wickedness and folly of 1914. But we have not space to deal with this matter, which indeed has been amply discussed elsewhere.

173. *Browning :* Robert Browning (1812–1889), the great poet.

173. *Fichte :* Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762–1814), a great German philosopher.

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS

This fine writer was born in Gloucestershire in 1848, and educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, whence many

men of distinction have come. He afterwards went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he lived a happy life, read much, but did not specially distinguish himself. He then passed some years as a lecturer and writer, ultimately becoming, after much hard work in London and elsewhere, Professor of English Literature at Birmingham University. He died accidentally in 1908. Collins was a lover of letters and a trenchant critic. The article included here, however, shows his skill in presenting knowledge gathered from many different sources.

XII

Edmund Burke

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175. *Burke :* Edmund Burke (1730?–1797), the greatest political thinker of the eighteenth century. His speeches in Parliament have become classics and are alluded to later in the essay.

175. *Demosthenes* (382 B.C.–322 B.C.): the great Athenian orator and patriot.

175. *Cassandra :* daughter of Priam and Hecuba, a prophetess who foretold the fall of Troy.

175. *Philippics and Olynthiacs :* orations of Demosthenes.

175. *Speeches on American Taxation and on Conciliation with America :* speeches of Burke made in Parliament in 1774 and 1775.

176. *Cicero* (106 B.C.–43 B.C.): the great Roman orator.

176. *Closing scene :* finding that all his hopes for Athens were vain, Demosthenes took poison.

176. *Beaconsfield :* the house in Buckinghamshire where Burke lived at the close of his life.

176. *Lord Brougham* (1779–1868), Lord Chancellor. A great Whig writer and statesman.

177. *Wilkes :* John Wilkes (1727–1797), a somewhat disreputable member of Parliament and wit, who played an important part in the struggle for the privilege of Parliament and freedom of the Press.

177. *The Test Act :* an Act of Parliament passed in 1673. It obliged all those who held office under the Crown to take the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, and make a declaration against transubstantiation. This was directed against the Roman Catholics and Dissenters.

178. *Annual Register :* a publication giving a summary of events. It is still carried on.

178. *William Gerard Hamilton* (1729–1796): "Single speech Hamilton" as he was called on account of a very brilliant

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maiden speech—he made others—in the House of Commons. He was a man of great ability but indolent. Burke quarrelled with him. He was a friend of Dr. Johnson, and by some, quite wrongly, thought to have written the *Letters of Junius*.

178. *The Marquis of Rockingham* (1730–1782): a great Whig statesman who in 1766 and again in 1782 was Prime Minister.

179. *The Ark of the Covenant:* the sacred symbol, what the Ark was to the Jews.

180. *The Revolution:* the French Revolution.

180. *His seat:* his seat for Bristol in the House of Commons. He lost it in 1780.

180. *Clarkson:* Thomas Clarkson (1760–1846), one of the earliest and most active opponents of the slave-trade.

181. *I heave the lead:* he means "I proceed with great caution."

182. *Mr. Payne:* Edward John Payne (1844–1904), who edited an edition of Burke's writings.

182. *Das Christentum*, etc.: Christianity is not a system of philosophy.

182. *Bolingbroke:* Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke (1678–1751), statesman and political writer.

183. *Lord Coleridge* (1821–1904): Lord Chief Justice of England.

183. *Bishop Butler:* Joseph Butler (1692–1752), Bishop of Durham; author of the famous *Analogy*.

183. *Hampden:* John Hampden (1594–1643), the Puritan leader.

183. *Washington:* George Washington (1732–1799), the leader of the colonists in the American Revolution.

183. *Howard:* John Howard (1726–1790), a philanthropist who strove to improve the prisons of his time.

184. *Warren Hastings:* Burke led the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

184. *The States General:* the States General of France, a representative body summoned after many years of disuse.

185. *Richard Price* (1723–1791): a preacher, also a writer on morals and politics.

185. *Fox:* Charles James Fox (1749–1806): was a supporter of the French Revolution.

185. *Sheridan:* Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan (1761–1816), a man of many talents who wrote very popular comedies and assisted in the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

186. *They were written*, etc.: notice how badly constructed this sentence is; "broke" and "broken" awkwardly following each other.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK

This pleasant writer was born in 1868 in Surrey, and educated at Eton and at New College, Oxford. He was for a time a barrister, but soon turned, as other barristers have done, to journalism. He was for some time on the *Speaker*, but later entered the service of *The Times*, for which he was art critic for some years. He died in 1925. His opinions are not those of the mass of ordinary people, and they are therefore none the less important. At the same time he has a curiously personal way of expressing them which makes us interested in him as a man as well as a man of letters.

XIII

On Popularity

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189. *His society gives pleasure*, etc.: is it open to question whether a man's society always gives pleasure because he himself takes pleasure in the society of others. In some cases it is rather because he is curious and interesting, not necessarily because he is attractive, least of all because he is fond of seeing his fellow-men.

190. *Hedonist:* one who regards pleasure as the chief good.

190. "*Judge not that ye be not judged*": St. Matthew, vii. 1.

190. *Reaction:* the effect we produce upon him.

191. *Wig and robes:* like a judge in the law courts.

191. *Carlyle:* Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), a writer and thinker, also a talker, of extraordinary force. His essays and his *Life of John Sterling* show him at his best as a writer; less admirable perhaps is his *Life of Frederick the Great*. But his voice, as Matthew Arnold has pointed out, is apt to be harsh and strained, and his teaching is not always consistent. His habit of judging here insisted upon is one phase of his high opinion of himself and his powers; partly justified, perhaps partly not. He did not understand Lamb, nor did he understand Coleridge, who were both in very important respects greater men than himself.

191. *Lamb:* Charles Lamb (1775–1834), the essayist and critic.

191. *Aristides:* the Athenian statesman of the fifth century B.C. The story here alluded to has reference to a peasant who was asked why he was voting for Aristides' banishment, and replied that he was tired of hearing him called "the Just."

191. *High Pauline sense:* the sense indicated in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

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193. *Dumas:* Alexandre Dumas (1803–1870), the great French novelist.

193. *Flaubert:* Gustave Flaubert (1821–1880), a French writer of romances. *Salambo* and *Madame Bovary* are the best known of his works.

193. *Shem and Japhet:* the sons of Noah.

193. *The sins of Dickens*, etc.: rather an awkward sentence.

194. *There are other writers*, etc.: it would have been better had there been a new paragraph here.

195. *Cleon:* an Athenian demagogue who was killed in the war with Sparta in 422 B.C.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

This author, happily still living, has had a varied life. He was born near Liverpool in 1850, and not long ago he published an interesting account of his native district in the old days. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and became a barrister, a professor of law, and a politician. Fortunately for the world he also turned his attention to literature. *Obiter dicta*, a series of light critical essays, early attracted attention, and from the time of their publication Mr. Birrell occupied a position of his own as a critic and an essayist. In some respects he compares with the late Canon Ainger, but he is a man with a wider experience of life than that charming and witty writer. He resembles him, however, in possessing a delightful combination of humour and seriousness, and in being the master of a light and pleasing style. One may not agree with Mr. Birrell, but one may be quite sure that he will never be dull or troublesome. The essay printed here is dated 1902 in Mr. Birrell's collected papers, and no doubt was revised then, though it seems from the text to have been written a year or two earlier.

XIV

Sir Robert Peel

198. *Burke's only excepted:* because Burke's speeches have great literary as well as political value.

198. *Betterton:* Thomas Betterton (1635?–1710), a famous actor.

198. *Garrick:* David Garrick (1717–1779), perhaps the greatest English actor.

198. *Siddons:* Sarah Siddons (1755–1831), the greatest actress who ever appeared on the English stage. Her grandson was the first Principal of Aligarh College.

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198. *Jordan:* Dorothea Jordan (1762–1816), a great actress, mistress of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV.

198. *Orders of the day:* printed statements of what business is to be done in the House of Commons.

199. *Abbey:* Westminster Abbey, where many great statesmen are buried.

199. *Materials:* the "Life" which had recently been published by Mr. C. S. Parker.

200. *Word portrait:* the tribute of Disraeli to Peel in a speech made in the House of Commons just after his death.

200. *The years* 1886–1894*:* the years of the great Home Rule controversy in England.

200. *Nusquam tuta fides:* our confidence is nowhere safe, *i.e.* we cannot rely on those we thought true to us. Sir Edward Knatchbull made this quotation in the House of Commons on the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill with reference to Peel's change of front.

200. *Ill-timed obstinacy:* about the Catholic Emancipation Bill question.

200. *Well-timed conversion:* when he changed sides in 1845 about the Corn Laws.

200. *Night-poaching:* Literally stealing game that belongs to others. Here it refers to the way politicians have of adopting the measures of their opponents and carrying them as their own.

200. *Opposite:* the gentleman sitting on the oppisite side of the House of Commons.

200. *Lord Halifax:* George Savile, Marquis of Halifax (1633–1695), of whom students will find much said by Macaulay in his history. He figures in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, and was wont to see a great deal on both sides of every question.

200. *There seems*, etc.: this is a good example of a long sentence skilfully managed.

201. *Entertained:* received them in a friendly but not intimate fashion, did not let them get any great hold on him.

201. *Port-wine dons:* respectable college officials who drank their glass, sometimes glasses, of port after dinner and were of a very conservative cast of mind.

201. *Samuel Smiles* (1812–1904) : an author who preached the gospel of self-help and vigorous independence.

201. *Vates:* authority, oracle.

202. *The Rupert of debate:* a nickname for the great Lord Derby.

202. *Gentleman-commoner:* a young man who on account of his birth and social advantages was admitted at a college in Oxford in a privileged position. He dined with the Dons,

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not with the other undergraduates, and wore a distinctive gown.

202. *Christ Church :* a college at Oxford where Peel studied. It was founded by Cardinal Wolsey.

202. *Son :* should be grandson.

203. *Hired bravo :* a bitter description of Disraeli.

203. *The date*, etc.: the time of the dissolution of the monasteries in the sixteenth century.

203. *The Devon Commission :* appointed by Peel in 1843 to inquire into the laws regarding land in Ireland. Its chairman was Lord Devon and it issued a famous report in 1845.

203. *Status quo :* position of things as they are.

203. *Ghosts in lawn :* ghosts of bishops, who occupy the highest positions in the Church of England, and wear on ceremonial occasions robes which have sleeves made of lawn or very fine linen.

204. *Political notes of hand :* promises that he had made of a political kind.

204. *South American Republic :* some of the South American Republics when in difficulties declared that they would not pay their debts.

204. *The Statesman :* Peel.

204. *The novelist :* Disraeli, who wrote some famous novels, such as *Lothair* and *Sybil.*

205. *Resumed cash payments :* in 1823, when England went back to a gold currency after the finanical troubles of the long war.

205. *The Bank Charter Act*, 1844, established the Bank of England on its final basis and settled the monetary system of England for many years to come.

205. *Three per cents. :* the funds, that is National Debt, which paid three per cent. per annum interest from 1844 onwards. In 1888 the three per cents. were converted into two and three-quarter per cents., by Mr. Goschen. There have been changes in the rate since that time.

205. *That of Newcastle :* a programme, the work of John Morley, drawn up in 1891 and accepted by the Liberals, who were in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. It included other items than Home Rule for Ireland, such as Disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, Electoral Reform and Payment of Members of Parliament.

205. *One vast appropriation clause :* he is like a Bill to devote money to particular objects; that is, he is always taking his policy from others, from his opponents.

206. *Mr. Parker's three capacious volumes :* Sir Robert Peel from his *Private Papers;* edited by C. S. Parker, 1899. The subsequent quotations are, unless otherwise stated, from this book.

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206. "*A kinless loon*": a fellow without any relatives—that is, to place in lucrative positions.

207. *Oxford combination-rooms:* the comfortable rooms where the fellows of Oxford Colleges sit and talk.

207. *Farmers' ordinaries :* an ordinary is a substantial dinner at a fixed price provided at a hotel in a country town on market days. There the stout farmers assemble to eat and talk.

207. *The stupid party :* Mr. Birrell means the Tories.

208. *Relief :* Catholic Relief, Catholic Emancipation.

209. *The old King of Terrors :* Death.

210. *Father Tiber*, etc.: a reference to Macaulay's poem of *Horatius.*

210. *The Clare Election :* in 1828, O'Connell, a Roman Catholic, and unable, therefore, to sit in Parliament, was elected for the county of Clare against William Vesey Fitzgerald, the Government candidate.

210. *Partes ubi se via findit in ambas :* the parting of the ways. Literally, where the way divides into two parts; hence the place where one must decide which course to adopt.

211. *As Huskisson once found :* this refers to an incident on the 19th of May, 1828, when Huskisson, who had voted against the Government, offered to resign. Wellington accepted the offer, although Huskisson said that he had not meant to resign unless Wellington asked him to do so.

212. *Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur Achille :* the passage runs:

> " If Heav'n, my Lords, had heard our common Pray'r,
> These arms had caused no quarrel for an Heir;
> Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
> And we with great Achilles had been bless'd."
>
> Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xiii. 130.

212. *Pallas te*, etc.: *i.e.* Pallas, Pallas guides the blade:

> " From your cursed blood his injured shade
> Thus takes the atonement due."
>
> Virgil, *Æneid*, xii. 948.

212. *The most prayed-over politician :* Mr. Birrell perhaps forgets Wilberforce.

213. *Croker, John Wilson :* an industrious politician of the second rank satirised by Disraeli and Thackeray. As a literary man, in spite of Macaulay's venomous review of one of his books, he was perhaps more successful. He was a kindly and independent man.

213. *Nottingham Castle and Bristol :* riots took place in these two towns when the contest over the Reform Bill was in progress.

213. *Descensus*, etc : there is an allusion here to the Latin quotation, *Facilis descensus averno*, easy is the descent to hell.

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216. *The letter of* 1841: this is the famous letter asking for office which Peel possessed, but which he never produced, although he could easily have shown that Disraeli, in stating that he had never solicited a place in the Government, was lying.

216. *Tadpoles and Tapers:* men of minor importance interested in politics, busy bodies. Satirised by Disraeli and Thackeray.

216. *The many-headed Beast:* the general public.

217. *Jacques Casanova:* an eighteenth-century adventurer who left memoirs of an immoral character.

SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN

It is well to include amongst serious essays one of a humorous kind. For humour ought to play a great part in the life of a wise man. We must learn to laugh at many things and to laugh with many people. Sir Edward Sullivan is a capital story-teller, but he is much more. The son of a Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he was born in 1852. He distinguished himself highly at Trinity College, Dublin, the University of Burke and Swift, studied law, and wrote on Dante. So that he is a man of varied life and varied powers.

XV

The Artless Art of Repartee

220. *Prince Regent:* the eldest son of King George III, who afterwards became King George IV.

220. *Waller:* Edmund Waller (1606–1687), a famous English poet.

220. *Provost Goodall:* Joseph Goodall (1760–1840), Provost of Eton. The provostship ranks higher than the head-mastership and has less onerous duties.

220. *Keate:* John Keate (1773–1852), a famous head-master of Eton.

221. *John Philpott Curran* (1750–1817). An Irish judge and wit.

221. *Fitzgibbon:* John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare (1749–1802), Lord Chancellor of Ireland and a great politician. He fought a duel once with Curran, but Lord Plunkett said "unluckily they missed each other."

223. *Russell:* Charles Lord Russell of Killowen (1832–1900), one of the greatest advocates at the English bar.

225. *Westland Row:* a railway station in Dublin.

225. *Lord Norbury:* John Toler Lord Norbury (1745–1831), Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland.

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227. *St. Albans:* St. Albans church in Holborn, London, has always been noted for its elaborate ritual. Father Stanton was long a very devoted and popular clergyman there.

228. *The Londonderrys:* the Marquis of Londonderry was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1887 to 1892.

228. *A crow to pluck:* a dispute to settle.

229. *William Magee* (1821–1891): was Bishop of Peterborough and then Archbishop of York. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was an eloquent preacher.

230. *Dr. Salmon:* George Salmon (1819–1904), Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, a man of almost universal talent.

230. *Dr. Mahaffy:* Sir John Pentland Mahaffy (1839–1919), a fine classical scholar whose writings about Greece are very popular.

230. *Baron Münchausen* (1720–1797): a German officer who published a somewhat mythical account of his adventures in various countries.

235. *Lord Clare:* see above, John Fitzgibbon.

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